

PHOTOPLAY^{N.S.E.}

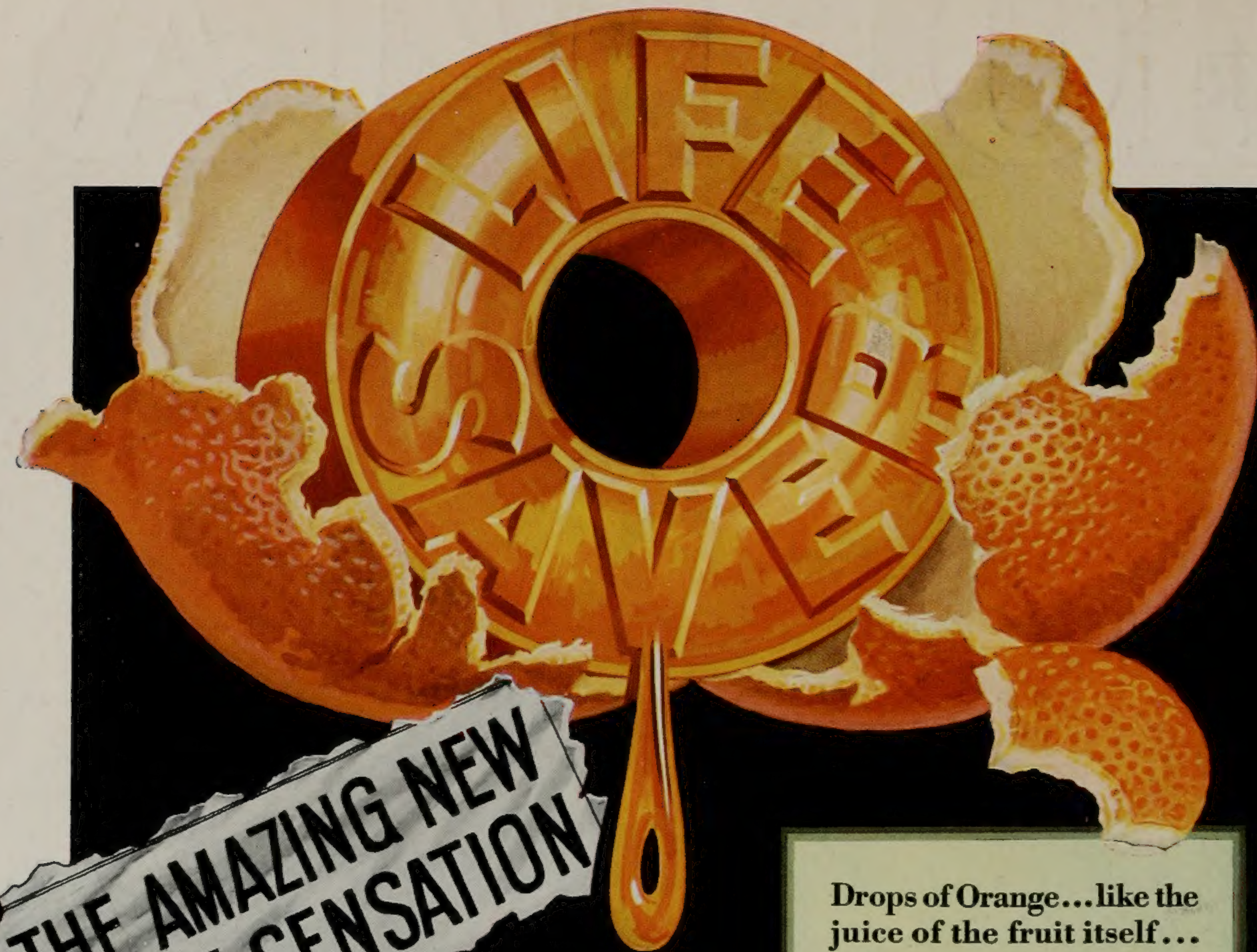
NOVEMBER
25 CENTS

The
National
Guide to
Motion
Pictures

LORETTA
YOUNG

Earl
Christy

The Port of MISSING STARS
HOLLYWOOD Children of DIVORCE



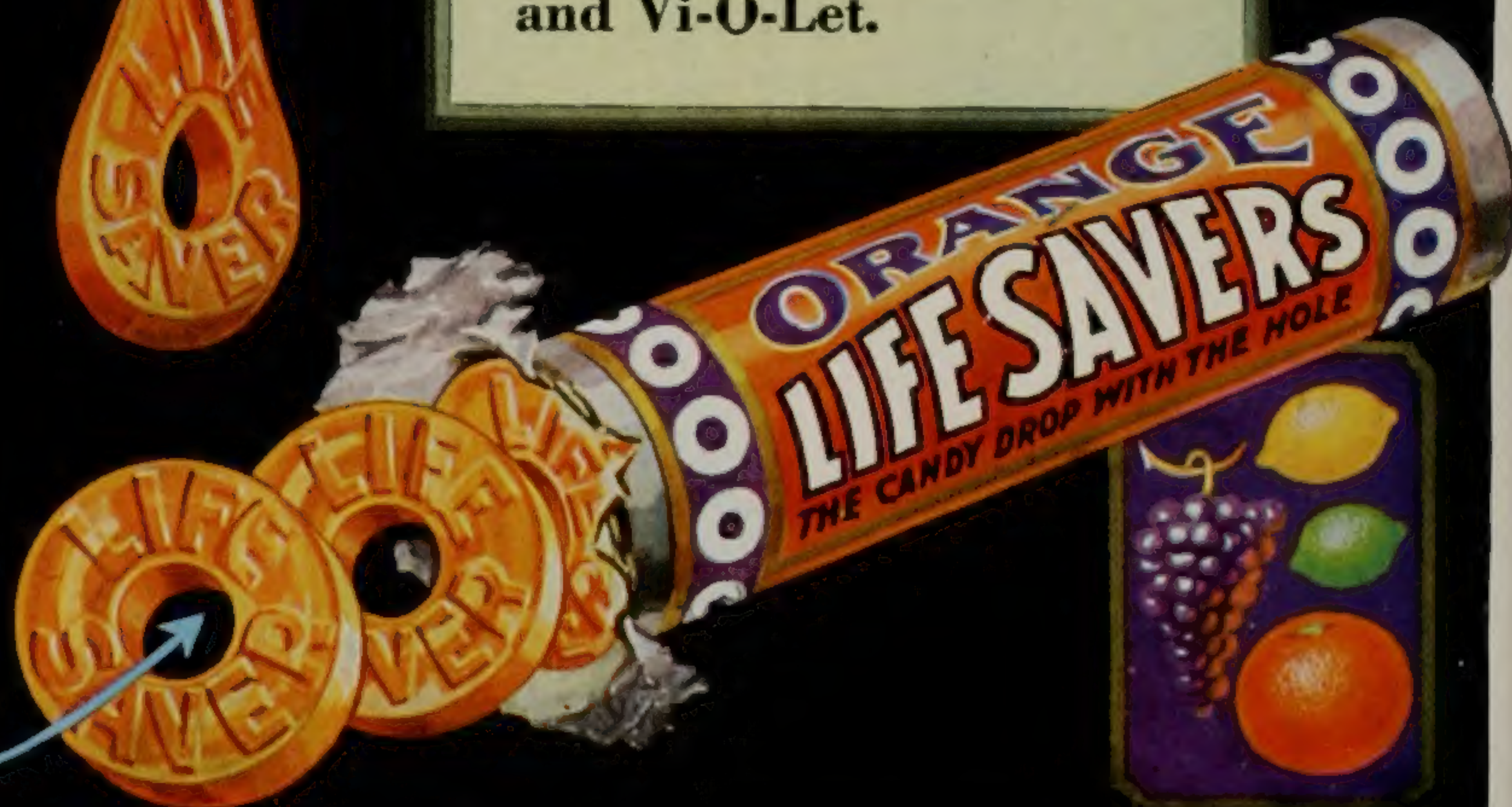
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with
the
HOLE

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*I don't like
the looks of that—*



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YOUR gums may bleed, slightly or occasionally, without causing you any pain. Perhaps it would be better if they hurt you severely!

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* * *

Modern life encourages weak and flabby gums. The foods you eat are soft, and lack the stimulating roughage that keeps gums firm and healthy. The circulation of the blood within their walls grows languid, sluggish. Wastes clog the tiny cells, the gums break down—begin to bleed.

So wake up your gums! Massage them with Ipana when and while you clean your teeth. Use either the brush or your finger. Spur the fresh, clean blood to swift circulation through the tiny cells. Let it sweep away poisons and wastes. Regular brushing of the gums with Ipana will soon restore them to firmness, to hardness, to health!

For Ipana contains ziranol—the hemostatic and antiseptic dentists, themselves, use in treating gum disorders.

Ipana, as well, keeps your teeth flashing white. It has a delightfully refreshing taste. It gives to your whole mouth an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

Get a tube today; use this modern and scientific dentifrice for one full month. Note how much firmer your gums are—how much whiter your teeth. There are some tooth pastes that you can buy for a few pennies less than Ipana but a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.



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Pictures
PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVIII No. 6

November, 1930



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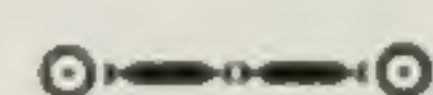
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Who Is The Social Leader of Hollywood?

That is the question we ask, and then investigate and answer thrillingly, in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY. The talking picture has changed the old order in Hollywood. Newcomers to the screen, with stage traditions and varied social ideas and ideals, have stormed and captured many of Hollywood's firmest and most famous social fortresses. Who are they? How have they toppled older idols, to rule themselves? The current picture of film society is a great comedy drama. And we know you'll enjoy reading about it in next month's PHOTOPLAY!

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The Girl on the Cover

SHE hadn't all her second teeth when Herbert Brenon chose her to play the ingénue lead of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." He didn't know Loretta was only fourteen, but he liked her little girl teeth. So Loretta Young, who had spent one year as stand-in for big sister, Polly Ann, became a movie actress at an age when most girls are choosing between a pink or blue sash for grammar school graduation.

That was only three years ago.

At seventeen, Loretta is a married woman, queen of the First National stars, with a salary high in five figures and a five-year contract.

She told her mamma she was quite old enough to be Mrs. Grant Withers.

She told Mr. Grant Withers marriage wasn't going to interfere with her career.

She told executives that she was quite capable of developing into a fine emotional actress.

Nobody has successfully contradicted seventeen-year-old Loretta.

Poised and complacent, the young duchess just refuses to get excited about her good fortune.

Cartwheels and handsprings may be becoming to the Alice Whites and the Clara Bows, but not to Mrs. Grant Withers.

"I'm pleased, of course," she confesses. "It is a pleasant thing to know your future is assured. But I'm not awfully excited. Somehow, I've never worried about options being taken up. I've always felt sure of my job. If the options were not renewed I knew that there were other studios. I've had offers."

Loretta's self-confidence has carried her a long way in her leap to fame.

SHE does not regret missing a childhood. She is composed and unresentful when solicitous friends pity her that loss, or when they lament that she is too young to be married.

"Maybe seventeen is rather young to be married," she admits, "but I had gone with Grant a year. I don't think I will feel a bit differently at twenty-one than I do now. Why should I change my mind? I'm very much in love with Grant. So much in love with him that I couldn't do my best work if we were not married. If I had thought that marriage would have harmed my career I might have considered further. But it won't. Nearly all the biggest stars are married, and the public is no less interested in them."

Oddly enough, a picture titled "Too Young to Marry" is the last picture which will co-star Mr. and Mrs. Grant Withers.

Mrs. Withers believes that fans are unmoved by love scenes played by husband and wife.



A Movie Actress
at Fourteen!

Last Minute News

Eleanor Boardman has given a nurse daily charge of her two-months-old daughter and is to play the leading rôle in the Metro talkie version of "The Great Meadow."

Ann Harding has become reconciled with her father, Col. Gatley, U. S. A. He never forgave Ann for going on the stage until his recent serious illness in San Francisco brought them together.

The Constance Bennett-Marquis de la Falaise romance is reported blazing brighter.

Claire Windsor and Phil Plant—Connie Bennett's ex—have parted, New York reports. Keeping company for months.

Clara Bow admits she is in love with Rex Bell, young cowboy actor. Her new picture is "Usherette."

George Arliss has two more stories for Warners, "The Devil," by Molnar, his first American stage hit twenty years ago, and "The Ruling Passion," by Earl Derr Biggers.

George O'Brien is out of Fox and free-lancing. James Gleason the same at Pathe.

While First National is shut down, Loretta Young is playing opposite Ronald Colman in "The Prodigal."

Director Herbert Brenon and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., squabbled during the start of "Beau Ideal," sequel to "Beau Geste." Doug out, and young stage actor, Lester Vail, gets part in Radio Pictures special.

She wants no more comedies, but to suffer in powerful emotional drama. She aspires to the art of the late Jeanne Eagels, nothing less.

Studio executives would make her another Janet Gaynor. But the strong little duchess holds out for Jeanne Eagels.

"BROWN hair, blue eyes, 100 pounds, 5 feet, 3½ inches," these are the physical attributes of the new star. They could be matched a thousand times over by any casting director.

It wasn't beauty or physical perfection which made Loretta Young. It was charm, refinement, sensitivity, well-modulated voice.

The most distinguished actors, with the most severe standards of finish, want her in their pictures. John Barrymore selected her for "The Man from Blankley's"; Otis Skinner, for the poetic "Kismet."

No voice culturist forced the low tone into Loretta's voice. No finishing school polished her carriage or manufactured her poise. Loretta is self-made. Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, her sisters, may have introduced her to the studios. But once on the inside, the thirteen-year-old baby sister set about conquering on her own.

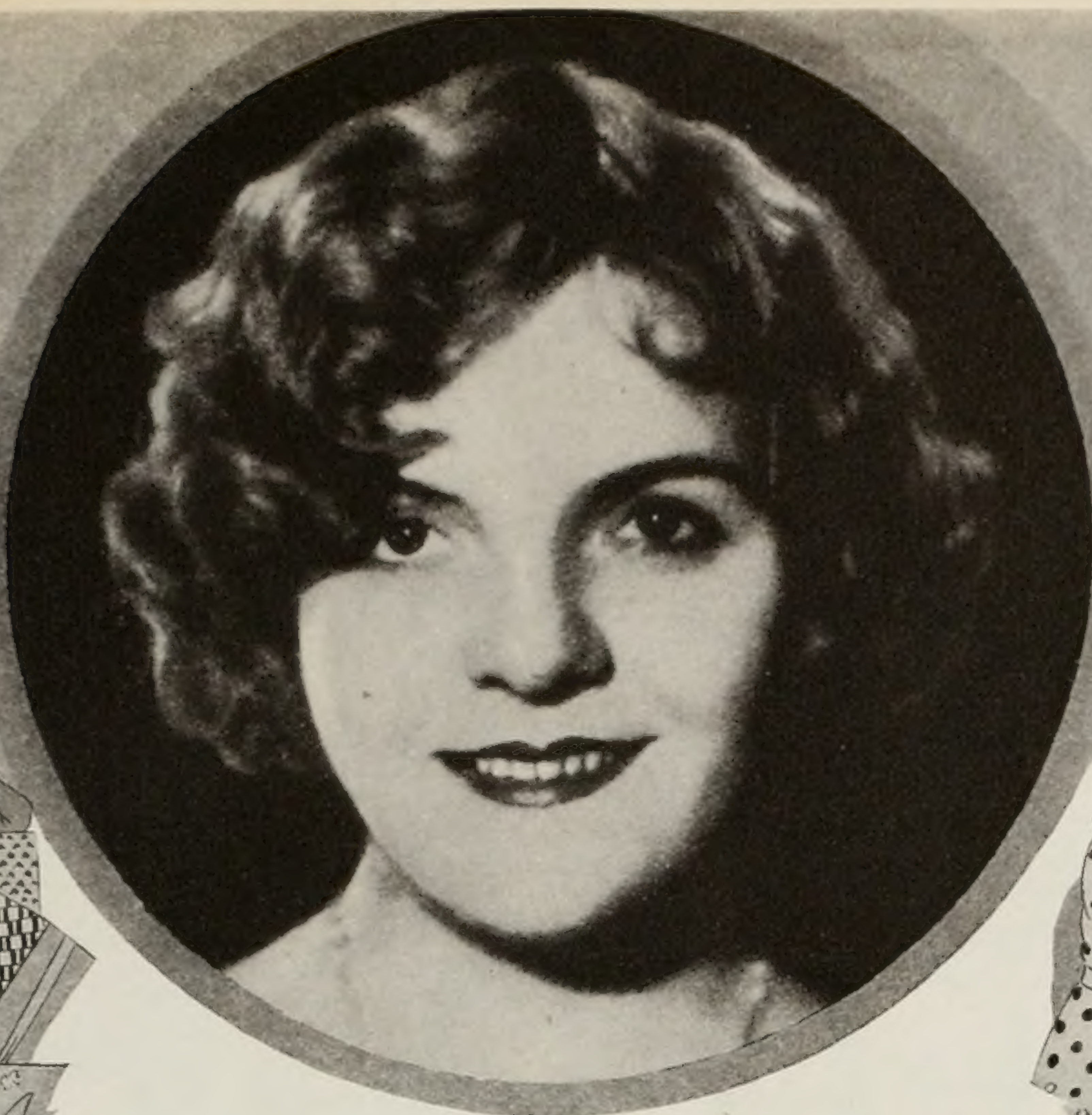
The romantic elopement of the young folks was the only dramatic episode in the girlhood of the young matron—and it had all the elements of farce and young love's tragedy marvelously mingled.

There was the flight by plane and the return to the maternal doorstep. There was, in effect, the age-old cry of "Never darken my door again!" A modern note was the attempt of Withers' first wife to get a little more alimony—just at the moment of his union with the little Loretta.

Oh, it was hectic! Mamma Young wanted an annulment, and that right quickly. But, as though to perfect the scenario, young love triumphed—no pun intended. Grant and Loretta disappeared, refused to be parted—and were not. And since then the Southern California sun has shone brightest on the dove-cote of Grant and Loretta.

NOT since the old days, when little Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, and Lillian Gish put on long dresses to furiously enact mature emotions, has a youngster achieved such dazzling success as Loretta Young.

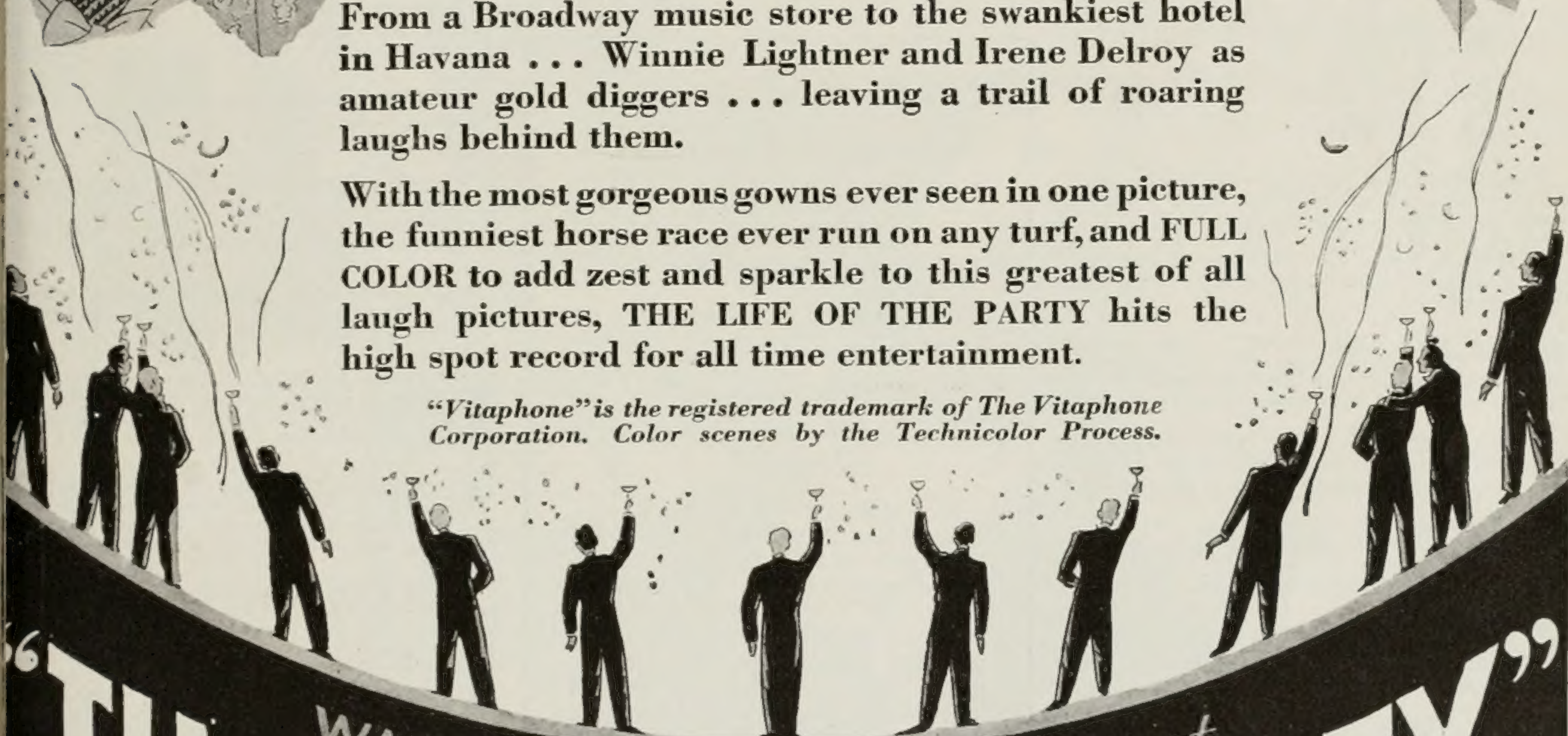
Nineteen-year-old Joan Bennett, born to the stage, trained and educated to act, was a sensation in her leap to fame only a few months ago. Her reign as Queen of Hollywood's Carnival of Youth was a short one. Hail the new Queen of seventeen, Loretta Young.



From a Broadway music store to the swankiest hotel in Havana . . . Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy as amateur gold diggers . . . leaving a trail of roaring laughs behind them.

With the most gorgeous gowns ever seen in one picture, the funniest horse race ever run on any turf, and FULL COLOR to add zest and sparkle to this greatest of all laugh pictures, **THE LIFE OF THE PARTY** hits the high spot record for all time entertainment.

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor Process.



"THE LIFE of the PARTY"

WARNER BROTHERS *Present*

with WINNIE LIGHTNER

IRENE DELROY JACK WHITING CHARLES BUTTERWORTH CHARLES JUDELS

BASED ON THE ORIGINAL STORY by MELVILLE CROSSMAN
DIALOGUE and ADAPTATION by ARTHUR CAESAR
DIRECTED by ROY DEL RUTH



A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review

★ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Walter Huston is a majestic *Lincoln*. (Oct.)

★ **ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE**—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Veiller's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (June)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (June)

★ **ANIMAL CRACKERS**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical shows into a talkie comedy, and click again. (Oct.)

★ **ANYBODY'S WAR**—Paramount.—The *Two Black Crows* join the army, with mildly amusing results. (June)

★ **ANYBODY'S WOMAN**—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled burlesque queen. The story misses greatness, but the Chatterton-Brook team is well worth your money. (Oct.)

★ **ARIZONA KID, THE**—Fox.—Warner Baxter follows "In Old Arizona" with another fine performance and an excellent picture. (July)

★ **BACK PAY**—First National.—Too bad it doesn't leave us with pleasanter memories to mark Corinne Griffith's retirement from the screen. (Aug.)

★ **BAD MAN, THE**—First National.—Walter Huston swaggers through this, making it good entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Dolores Del Rio as a cafe singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (June)

★ **BENSON MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Another elegant Van Dine murder mystery. Suave Bill Powell, as detective *Philo Vance*, gets his man. See it. (May)

★ **BIG BOY**—Warners.—Al Jolson, mostly in blackface, sings generously and cracks funny gags. Race-track intrigue made into comedy. (Sept.)

★ **BIG FIGHT, THE**—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—Amusing enough. Lola Lane and Guinn Williams, but Stepin Fetchit almost shuffles off with the show (July)

★ **BIG HOUSE, THE**—M-G-M.—Inspired by real life stories of prison riots and intelligently produced. Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery outstanding. (Aug.)

★ **BIG POND, THE**—Paramount.—Chevalier clicks again! See him as a poor but romantic Frenchman trying to make good in an American chewing gum factory. Claudette Colbert, and some typical Chevalier songs. (July)

★ **BORDER LEGION, THE**—Paramount.—Jack Holt, Dick Arlen, Fay Wray and Eugene Pallette in a Zane Grey thriller. (July)

★ **BORDER ROMANCE**—Tiffany Prod.—Worthwhile only because the little Mexican minx, Armida, stars. (Aug.)

★ **BORN RECKLESS**—Fox.—Maybe the fear of censorship took the thrill out of this gangster film, made from the exciting best seller, "Louis Beretti." Eddie Lowe, Lee Tracy and Catherine Dale Owen. (July)

★ **BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT**—First National.—Sumptuously mounted, Technicolored operetta, but slow-paced. (Aug.)

★ **BRIGHT LIGHTS**—First National.—All-Technicolor musical extravaganza. You'll like Dorothy Mackaill and Frank Fay. (Aug.)

★ **CALL OF THE FLESH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Singer of Seville")—Romantic story tailored to Ramon Novarro's talents. Ramon sings and acts with charm and Dorothy Jordan is delightful. (Sept.)

★ **CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD**—Universal.—John Boles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marseillaise* that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (June)

★ **CAUGHT SHORT**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, rough fun. (June)

★ **CHASING RAINBOWS**—M-G-M.—This ninety-ninth carbon copy of "The Broadway Melody" is pleasant enough. Bessie Love, Charles King, and the Moran-Dressler comedy team. (May)

★ **CHEER UP AND SMILE**—Fox.—Good comedy drama, with Arthur Lake, Dixie Lee and the vampish Baclanova. (July)

★ **COMMON CLAY**—Fox.—Interesting dramatic talkie from the old stage play, with a "Madame X" type of plot. Constance Bennett stars. (Sept.)

★ **CONSPIRACY**—Radio Pictures.—Bessie Love's talents are lost in this. Reminds us of the senior class play! (Sept.)

★ **COURAGE**—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett. Leon Janney fine as *Bill*, the youngest. (June)

★ **CRAZY THAT WAY**—Fox.—Bubbling comedy about two lads in love with a blonde who loves another. Joan Bennett wears beautiful clothes beautifully. (May)

★ **CUCKOOS, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Check your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (June)

★ **CZAR OF BROADWAY**—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, if you haven't seen the original. (June)

★ **DANCING SWEETIES**—Warners.—Grant Withers and Sue Carol in a story of that much discussed "first year" of marriage. (July)

★ **DANGER LIGHTS**—Radio Pictures.—You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, with Robert Armstrong at the throttle and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. (Oct.)

★ **DANGEROUS NAN MCGREW**—Paramount.—Proving that mere "cuteness" doesn't make a picture. This one needs a story. Helen Kane is *Nan*. (Sept.)

★ **DAWN PATROL, THE**—First National.—Nary a woman in this. Barthelmess, Doug, Jr., and Neil Hamilton in powerful war picture with thrills a-plenty! (Sept.)

★ **DEVIL'S HOLIDAY, THE**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll in emotional drama, giving the best performance of her career! Directed by Edmund Goulding, who made "The Trespasser." (July)

★ **DEVIL WITH WOMEN, A**—(Reviewed under the title "On the Make")—Fox.—A McLaglen formula picture, with Vic the usual swaggering, lovable bully. Mona Maris is lovely. (Sept.)

★ **DIVORCEE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Norma Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (June)

★ **DIXIANA**—Radio Pictures.—Everett Marshall from the Metropolitan Opera adds voice and personality to a charming operetta. Bebe Daniels at her best. (Aug.)

★ **DOUBLE CROSS ROADS**—Fox.—A gang of thieves and a mess of machine guns. But Robert Ames as the boy and Lila Lee as the girl decide to go straight. Entertaining, at that. (May)

★ **DOUGHBOYS**—M-G-M.—An evening of laughs. Sad-faced Buster Keaton wanders through some of the funniest gags ever. (Oct.)

★ **DUMBBELLS IN ERMINE**—Warners.—Prize-fights and love. Robert Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason, and Beryl Mercer. Lots of fun. (Aug.)

★ **EYES OF THE WORLD**—United Artists.—This Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. (Oct.)

★ **FALL GUY, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Jack Mulhall and Mae Clarke in a simple little story about an out-of-work husband. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

"Romance"
"Abraham Lincoln"
"Old English"
"The Dawn Patrol"
"Anybody's Woman"
"Common Clay"
"All Quiet on the Western Front"

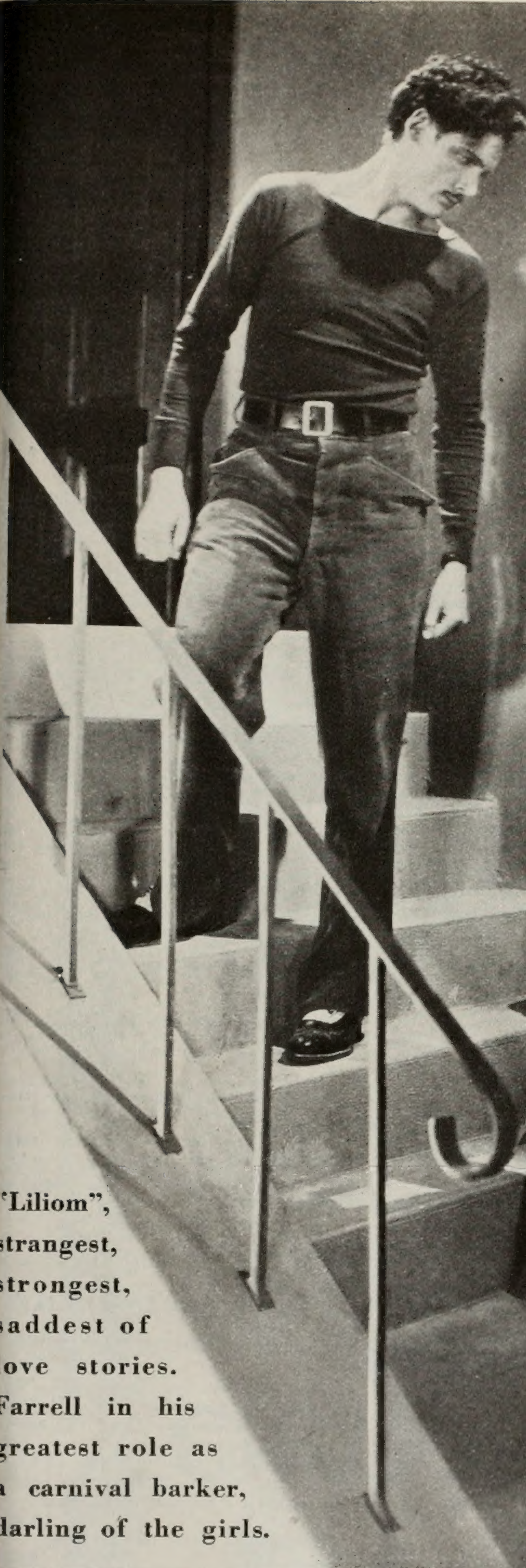
As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

★ **CHILDREN OF PLEASURE**—M-G-M.—All about a song-writer's sorrows. Noteworthy only for Lawrence Gray's singing of two hit numbers and the swell work of Wynne Gibson, a new screen face. (May)

★ **CHINA EXPRESS, THE**—Sovkino.—Foreign rough stuff, but tremendously exciting. Action occurs on a fast train in China. *Silent*. (May)

★ **COCK O' THE WALK**—Sono Art.—WorldWide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (June)

★ **COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND**—Universal.—When, and if you see this, you'll know where to send them on their next trip—one way! (May)



Who is the most popular man in the world—Lindbergh? Prince of Wales?

Motion picture fans in America's two largest cities through their ballots cast with those great newspapers, the Chicago Tribune and New York Daily News, voted

CHARLES FARRELL

the most popular man in the movies

Even better than in "7th Heaven" with the added realism of sound, you'll thrill to his performance as

LILIOM

Franz Molnar's
striking stage success

with

ROSE HOBART

H. B. WARNER

Estelle Taylor

Lee Tracy

Directed by

FRANK BORZAGE

only director who has
twice won the Photo-
play Medal.

"Liliom",
strangest,
strongest,
saddest of
love stories.
Farrell in his
greatest role as
a carnival barker,
darling of the girls.

Ask at your favorite theatre
when they will show this **FOX** Dramatic Triumph

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING LEGION, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard scores as an outlaw who follows his better impulses. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. Ridin', fightin' and comedy. Worth your money. (May)

FLIRTING WIDOW, THE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill scores a bull's-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. (Oct.)

★ **FLORODORA GIRL, THE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies as one of the original Florodora Girls. Gags, costumes and atmosphere of the Gay '90's make this a riot of fun. (July)

FOLLOW THRU—Paramount.—All-Technicolor golf musical comedy, and all good, fast entertainment. Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers. (Sept.)

FOR THE DEFENSE—Paramount.—Bill Powell as a criminal lawyer who lets love interfere with business and lands in prison. Kay Francis the girl who waits for him. Good. (Sept.)

FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES OF 1930—Fox.—By now the single-talkie revues have lost their novelty. Comedy, fair songs, and a bit of a love story. (July)

★ **FREE AND EASY**—M-G-M.—Buster Keaton's first big talkie. A whizzing comedy that takes you to a big sound studio. With Anita Page and Robert Montgomery to serve the romance, how could you go wrong on this one? (May)

FURIES, THE—First National.—Murder in the smart set. Weighty and wordy, yet fairly interesting. H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson and Natalie Moorehead. (July)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National.—Ann Harding gives zest to the old Belasco drama. Fine support and a surprise finale. (Aug.)

GOLDEN CALF, THE—Fox.—Mediocre. Sue Carol, as an efficient but unattractive secretary who makes herself over into a belle, redeems it a little. So does El Brendel's comedy. (May)

GOLDEN DAWN—Warners.—Vivienne Segal in all-Technicolor operetta. Dull. (Oct.)

GOOD INTENTIONS—Fox.—Crave excitement? See Eddie Lowe as a master-crook in love with a high-society lass. (Aug.)

GOOD NEWS—M-G-M.—College run rampant, and set to music. Bessie Love, Stanley Smith and Lola Lane. (Aug.)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—First National.—Made from the grand old play. Dorothy Mackaill overacts as a flip society lass, and Ian Keith is hammy as her reformer. (May)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Warners.—George Arliss is great as the sleek Rajah. The producers didn't make the most of this. (May)

★ **GRUMPY**—Paramount.—Grand entertainment. Cyril Maude's screen debut, in his famous stage portrayal of a lovable old crab. (Aug.)

GUILTY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Valli, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (June)

★ **HAPPY DAYS**—Fox.—A corking review, starring the pick of the Fox lot. A bunch of entertainers help an old showman save his troupe. That's the story, told with singing, dancing, comedy and romance. (May)

HE KNEW WOMEN—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman and Alice Joyce in a photographed play, "The Second Man." Good for some sophisticated chuckles. (July)

HELLO, SISTER—James Cruze Prod.—Sentimental, but sprinkled with humor. Olive Borden is the flapper who reforms for a million dollars. Lloyd Hughes is the nice boy who loves her. (May)

HELL'S ANGELS—Caddo Prod.—Three years and \$4,000,000 were invested in this. Worth seeing—but \$4,000,000 worth? (Aug.)

HELL'S ISLAND—Columbia.—The Jack Holt-Ralph Graves team turns out a slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. (Oct.)

HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett-Educational.—Howling short comedy about bridge-maniacs. (May)

HIDEOUT—Universal.—James Murray glowers. Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (May)

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES—Fox.—A musical romance, carried to fair success by the popular Gaynor-Farrell team. (July)

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingeniously envisioned. Interesting. (June)

HOLD EVERYTHING—Warners.—Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (June)

★ **HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Ann Harding as a poor little rich girl, Mary Astor and a perfect cast make a splendid picture. (Aug.)

HOT CURVES—Tiffany Prod.—Not what the title might indicate, unless you know your baseball vernacular. (Aug.)

IN GAY MADRID—M-G-M.—College whoopee in Spain, played with duels and guitars. How that Ramon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he serenades Dorothy Jordan. (May)

INSIDE THE LINES—Radio Pictures.—Old style war stuff, with spies, secret service, trick Hindus, and a love in wartime theme. Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes. (Sept.)

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (June)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betty Compson and Noah Beery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (June)

★ **JOURNEY'S END**—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgettable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dugout under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (June)

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN—Tiffany Productions.—Sally O'Neil is the colleen. Save your money. (Oct.)

★ **KING OF JAZZ**—Universal.—Pretentious, all-Technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (June)

LADIES IN LOVE—Hollywood Pictures, Inc.—Let's not talk about this one. (Aug.)

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft is a crude but wealthy builder who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (June)

★ **LADIES OF LEISURE**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck grand as a little party girl who falls for a serious young artist. Fine supporting cast. You mustn't miss it. (July)

★ **LADY OF SCANDAL, THE**—M-G-M.—Ruth Chatterton in delicious light comedy, from the Lonsdale play, "The High Road." (July)

LADY WHO DARED, THE—First National.—Billie Dove in an aged and faltering story about a diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. (Oct.)

LAST OF THE DUANES—Fox.—Even if you're not a "Western" fan you'll like this. George O'Brien stars. (Sept.)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Lowell Sherman in sophisticated melodrama that you'll like. (Sept.)

LEATHERNECKING—Radio Pictures.—Another musical romance, but you'll roll with laughter while a rare cast of funsters do their stuff. (Oct.)

LET'S GO NATIVE—Paramount.—Wonderful nonsense in this burlesque of the old shipwreck-on-a-desert-island theme. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Oakie. (July)

LET'S GO PLACES—Fox.—Our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot. Funny as the dickens, and at least two songs will keep you humming. (May)

LET US BE GAY—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer in another swell sophisticated drama, with Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery and Rod La Rocque. (Aug.)

★ **LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE**—Paramount.—Horse opera, but dressed up in snappy dialogue and played convincingly by Dick Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. You'll like it. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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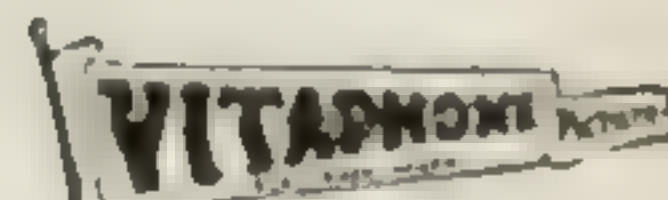
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LITTLE ACCIDENT, THE—Universal.—The stage play was funny and a hit, and so is the talkie. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a grand part. Anita Page plays feminine lead. (Sept.)

LONE RIDER, THE—Columbia.—Slow-moving. Western. Best work done by Buck Jones' horse, Silver. (Sept.)

LOOSE ANKLES—First National.—So farcical that it goes a little lame. Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are the principals, but the comics run away with the honors. (May)

LOTTERY BRIDE, THE—United Artists.—The thrill of this one is Jeanette MacDonald, who goes in for histrionics in a big way. And the music is grand. (Oct.)

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES—Paramount.—Clara Bow gets much too cute in this lukewarm musical comedy. (Sept.)

LOVE IN THE RING—Terra Productions.—Max Schmeling's made-in-Germany movie, before he won the title. As an actor, he's a good fighter. (Oct.)

LOVE IN THE ROUGH—M-G-M.—Golf, romance, slap-stick and music. You'll like it if you don't take it too seriously. (Oct.)

LOVE RACKET, THE—First National.—The depressing spectacle of pretty Dorothy Mackaill buried alive under a heavy dramatic rôle. (Oct.)

LOVIN' THE LADIES—Radio Pictures.—Clap-trap farce, but it's nice to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again as screen billers-and-coers. (May)

★ **MADAM SATAN**—M-G-M.—Another lavish DeMille spectacle. A dull wife acquires a French accent and *risqué* clothes to win back her husband. You'll enjoy Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. (Oct.)

MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.—Advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. War between British and German troops, and an East African native revolt. Jean Hersholt does brilliant work. (May)

MAMMY—Warners.—Al Jolson rises above his story and makes an entertaining movie. A minstrel piece, with Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (June)

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE—Warners.—The Barrymore profile in slapstick! He's a good *farceur* in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (June)

MAN FROM WYOMING, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and June Collyer, both splendid in a war picture with a Western title. (Aug.)

MAN HUNTER, THE—Warners.—A beach-combing melodrama, that totters to a feeble end. Rin-Tin-Tin is the star. (June)

★ **MANSLAUGHTER**—Paramount.—The silent version was great in its day, but the talkie is a boost for vocalized films. Fine emotional drama played by Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. (Sept.)

MAN TROUBLE—Fox.—Underworld stuff, but not too depressing. Milton Sills sensational as a gangster and Dorothy Mackaill plays appealingly. (Sept.)

MATRIMONIAL BED, THE—Warners.—A good cast, wasted on a poor picture. (July)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—Warners.—Maybe it's love, but it isn't college. Gridiron scenes are good. Joan Bennett and James Hall provide the love. (Oct.)

MEDICINE MAN, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Pretty good hokum, but you *could* afford to miss it. (Sept.)

MELODY MAN, THE—Columbia.—Pleasantly sentimental story about the conflict of youth and old age. William Collier, Jr., Alice Day, and a good performance by John Sainpolis. (May)

MEN OF THE NORTH—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Monsieur Le Fox.") Just another story of the Northwest. (Oct.)

MIDNIGHT MYSTERY—Radio Pictures.—A practical joker starts something he can't finish. Betty Compson and Lowell Sherman. (Aug.)

★ **MOBY DICK**—Warners.—*Captain Ahab's* vengeful search for the white whale, Moby Dick, is full of thrills. John Barrymore plays the same rôle as in the silent "Sea Beast." Don't miss this. (Oct.)

★ **MONTE CARLO**—Paramount.—Witty, piquant operetta in the best Lubitsch manner. Jeanette MacDonald sings gloriously. (Oct.)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Kettle Creek.") That Ken Maynard can ride! The rest is negligible. (May)

MURDER WILL OUT—First National.—Thrills and mystery against high society background. Good acting. Elaborate settings. Jack Mulhall, Lila Lee and Noah Beery. (May)

NAUGHTY FLIRT, THE—First National.—Alice White as an heiress pursued by fortune-hunters. Speedy action, peppy dialogue, gorgeous clothes. First-rate entertainment. (Oct.)

NIGHT WORK—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan stars in a nice comedy drama that goes a bit melodramatic. (Aug.)

NOT DAMAGED—Fox.—Sounds like melo-drama, but it's supposed to be comedy. (July)

Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

Columbia Pictures . . . Page 125

First National Pictures . . Page 11

Fox Film Page 9

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . Page 123

Paramount Pictures . . . Page 4

Technicolor Page 13

Warner Brothers Page 7

NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone the faithless husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (June)

NUMBERED MEN—First National.—Fair entertainment. From the stage play, "Jailbreak." (Aug.)

★ **OFFICE WIFE, THE**—Warners.—Dorothy Mackaill is the girl who starts out to vamp her employer, played by Lewis Stone, and ends by falling in love with him. A sophisticated, but human and convincing story. (Oct.)

OH SAILOR BEHAVE—Warners.—Lowell Sherman is a swell comedy prince. Otherwise it's not so good, dramatically or musically. (Sept.)

OLD AND NEW—Sovkino.—Powerful, Communism propaganda film, co-directed by Eisenstein of "Potemkin" fame. Silent. (July)

★ **OLD ENGLISH**—Warners.—Don't miss it. George Arliss is perfect. If you liked "Disraeli" you'll rave about this one. (Sept.)

ONCE A GENTLEMAN—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—High comedy, with a touch of pathos. Eddie Horton is elegant. (July)

ONE MAD KISS—Fox.—Don Jose Mojica, young operatic tenor, and Mona Maris afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening. (Oct.)

ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S—First National.—One night at Susie's is enough of this sort of thing. Billie Dove plays a chorine. (Sept.)

★ **ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT**—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first phonoplay, ably aided by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (June)

ON THE LEVEL—Fox.—Gusty, lusty melodrama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual he-man rôle. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-crook. (May)

★ **ON YOUR BACK**—Fox.—Irene Rich in gorgeous clothes, as a fashionable New York modiste, is splendid in an interesting picture. (Sept.)

OTHER TOMORROW, THE—First National.—Gorgeous Billie Dove in the usual love triangle. Just so-so. (Aug.)

★ **OUR BLUSHING BRIDES**—M-G-M.—You must see Joan Crawford in those lace step-ins! Swell box-office picture, with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and some more popular youngsters. (Sept.)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—Too much dialogue and too little action. (Oct.)

PARADISE ISLAND—Tiffany Productions.—This struggles along in a South Sea Island setting. (Sept.)

★ **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—Paramount.—Paramount goes revue, using its best talent, Technicolor, stirring music, lovely voices, satire, burlesque, romance! Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie, and lots more. Take the family. (May)

PARDON MY GUN—Pathe.—A Western comedy with not a dull moment. Two champion juvenile trick riders and ropers outdo Will Rogers. (Sept.)

PLAYING AROUND—First National.—Alice White, Billy Bakewell and Chester Morris. Trite story, fair acting, fair entertainment. (June)

QUEEN HIGH—Paramount.—An ace musical comedy with laughs, lilting tunes and pretty girls. (Aug.)

★ **RAFFLES**—United Artists.—Ronald Colman, as an English gentleman-thief, charms even while he cops the jools. A talkie that moves, and entertainingly! (Sept.)

RAIN OR SHINE—Columbia.—Joe Cook's talkie debut. A circus story with a punch finish. (Oct.)

RECAPTURED LOVE—Warners.—A bright little picture. You'll probably like it. (Aug.)

REDEMPTION—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's first talkie, made before "His Glorious Night," but shelved and now largely remade. A tragic story by Tolstoi that proves John can act. (July)

RENO—Sono Art-World Wide.—Ruth Roland's screen comeback. She looks beautiful but her acting is hopelessly old-fashioned. If there was a story, it got lost in the making. (Sept.)

RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU, THE—Paramount.—Grand melodramatic hokum. Warner Oland is a swell Manchu. (July)

RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE—M-G-M.—Louis Mann as the dad of an ungrateful family. A good cast and happy ending. (July)

RIGHT OF WAY, THE—First National.—Starts out well but toward the end you may wish you'd stayed home. (Aug.)

ROAD TO PARADISE—First National.—Twin sisters are at it again, complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. (Oct.)

★ **ROMANCE**—M-G-M.—Garbo personifies all the title implies in her second talkie. F'evens sakes, don't miss it! (Aug.)

ROMANCE OF THE WEST—Hammond Prod.—Pistols crack, and Jack Perrin rescues the gal from the Mexican joint. And bye and bye it ends. All-action and all-talkie, but why? (May)

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox.—All about the goings-on of lumberjacks. Helen Chandler goes Gish. George O'Brien and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the chorus routines. (June)

ROUGH WATERS—Warners.—Another personal success for Rin-Tin-Tin. The children will love it. (Oct.)

ROYAL ROMANCE, A—Columbia.—Romance and adventure in a mythical kingdom. Buster Collier gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (May)

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Radio Pictures.—Murders, thieves, and a string of pearls. Clap-trap melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. (June)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]



SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA**, with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures), Technicolor Sequences; **FOLLOW THRU**, with Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**, with Claudia Dell and Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); **TOAST OF THE LEGION**, with Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS**, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WHOOPEE**, starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn—Florenz Ziegfeld).

Marion . . . as she *is*

Through even the gray, shadowy limitations of black and white films, the color of Marion Davies's personality reached out and touched the hearts of millions.

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With Technicolor's aid you see, at last, reality on the screen. Color—lavish, laid on with Nature's true touch—fires your imagination. You see the stars as they really are.



MARION DAVIES gives the screen one of the finest performances of her colorful career in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's musical vehicle—"The Florodora Girl," embellished with Technicolor scenes.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Paramount.—Peaches-an'-cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He sings half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money whose worldly-wise uncle puts him in care of three "Follies" girls. (June)

SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie's bubbling personality puts this across. Jack plays a good-natured boob who masquerades as a famous engineer. No panic, but good. (Oct.)

★ **SARAH AND SON**—Paramount.—What a characterization by Ruth Chatterton! And what a restrained and dignified performance by Frederic March! A picture you simply can't miss. (May)

SCARLET PAGES—First National.—Elsie Ferguson's talkie debut, from her stage play. Elsie is interesting as a woman attorney. (Sept.)

SEA BAT, THE—M-G-M.—Just another talkie, ho-hum! By the way, its Nils Asther's first audible film. (Aug.)

SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY, THE—Warners.—Novel mystery-comedy, with Loretta Young and Grant Withers. (July)

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Paramount.—The usual delightful William Powell performance, but the story could be better. (July)

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners.—Winnie Lightner should have said NO when they cast her as a broken-hearted night club hostess. (May)

SHE'S MY WEAKNESS—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake and Sue Carol in a story of love's young dream. Rather nice. (Aug.)

SHOOTING STRAIGHT—Radio Pictures.—A deft mingling of under-world drama and comedy gives Richard Dix his best part in a long time. (Sept.)

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting studio scenes. (June)

SILENT ENEMY, THE—Paramount.—Beautifully photographed story of the Ojibway Indians' struggle for food in the far North, played by real Indians. Amazing animal scenes. Sound. (July)

SINNERS' HOLIDAY—Warners.—(Reviewed under title "Women in Love.") Just as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (Oct.)

SISTERS—Columbia.—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fair. (Sept.)

SLUMS OF TOKYO—Schochiko Film Co.—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (Sept.)

SOCIAL LION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village braggart who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Heaps of fun. (July)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Columbia.—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (Aug.)

SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A—Warners.—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slap-stick and hot thrills, catch this. (Oct.)

SONG OF THE FLAME—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, deep bass, free Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (July)

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (May)

SON OF THE SADDLE—Universal.—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (Oct.)

SO THIS IS LONDON—Fox.—The Will Rogers-Irene Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (Aug.)

SOUP TO NUTS—Fox.—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak statues, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (Oct.)

SPRING IS HERE—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (June)

STRICTLY MODERN—First National.—Pretty obvious humor and thin story, but Dorothy Mackaill is fine as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (July)

STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—M-G-M.—The original play, "The Circle," was subtle English comedy. The phonoplay misses fire. (May)

SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it isn't. (June)

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—First National.—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (Sept.)

SWEET MAMA—First National.—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (Sept.)

SWELLHEAD—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (July)

Cut Picture Puzzle Winners

Winners of the 70 cash prizes, totalling \$5,000 in PHOTOPLAY's famous Cut Picture Puzzle Contest, will be announced in the January, 1931, issue of

PHOTOPLAY

On sale at all newsstands on or about December 10

SWING HIGH—Pathe.—Love and intrigue in an old-time wagon circus. Color, action, peppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (July)

TEMPTATION—Columbia.—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (Sept.)

TEXAN, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (July)

THOSE WHO DANCE—Warners.—Monte Blue, in another underworld story that doesn't ring true. (Sept.)

THREE FACES EAST—Warners.—A great stage play and fine silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (Aug.)

TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE—First National.—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (Aug.)

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY—First National.—(Reviewed under title "Broken Dishes.") Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loretta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (Sept.)

TOP SPEED—First National.—Musical comedy with the irrepressible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (Aug.)

TRIGGER TRICKS—Universal.—Typical Hoot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life rôle of girl-friend. (Aug.)

TRUE TO THE NAVY—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a boy on every ship. Then the whole fleet comes in! Can y' imagine the fun! (July)

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (Oct.)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas. A gay and dashing Technicolor singie, with Frank Fay and Armida. (June)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lila Lee's fine performance do much for this one. (July)

★ **UNHOLY THREE, THE**—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney talks, at last, in five voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (Aug.)

★ **VAGABOND KING, THE**—Paramount.—Flash and clang of sword play. Dennis King, as *Francois Villon*, sings and acts with operatic abandon. Gorgeous Technicolor. Liltling Friml music. Jeanette MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, and O. P. Heggie is grand. (May)

VENGEANCE—Columbia.—Melodrama with a punch. Another African native revolt. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. (May)

WAY OF ALL MEN, THE—First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s in it. (Sept.)

WAY OUT WEST—M-G-M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (Aug.)

WEDDING RINGS—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original title and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (July)

WHAT A MAN!—Sono Art—World Wide.—(Reviewed under the title "His Dark Chapter.") Reginald Denny's nice voice, and a trifling story about a gentleman-crook who isn't a crook after all, provide a pleasant enough evening. (May)

WHAT A WIDOW!—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light farce. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (Oct.)

WHAT MEN WANT—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (Sept.)

WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.—Banned by Will Hays, but produced in London. Slow, badly recorded. Wasn't worth bootlegging. (May)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party sets out. Wonderful Swiss snow scenes and breath-taking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (July)

★ **WHOOPEE**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (Oct.)

WIDE OPEN—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (June)

WILD COMPANY—Fox.—Another of those wild younger generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (Aug.)

WINGS OF ADVENTURE—Tiffany Productions.—Armida saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (Oct.)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You'll have to see Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (Aug.)

WOMEN EVERYWHERE—Fox.—J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that ooh-la-la Ma'mselle, Fifi Dorsay. (July)

YOUNG DESIRE—Universal.—Conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Pace, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (June)

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount.—Not another "Wings." Buddy Rogers the flying hero. Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent air photography, and satisfactory enough story. (May)

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temperamental. Claudette Colbert and real-life husband, Norman Foster, Charles Ruggles adds hilarious comedy touches. (July)

Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, for we want to be helpful when we can. Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come on in and speak your mind!

The \$25 Letter

Fort Worth, Texas

CRITICS and fans seem to be joined together for once in a loud cry for better pictures. We hear on all sides that dark days are ahead for the industry. But, after all, are producers to be blamed? Is there any sure proof that better pictures are really wanted?

The box-office does not indicate a deep longing for them.

Let us glance over the leading money-makers. We find Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford, Alice White, Gary Cooper, Buddy Rogers, Charlie Farrell. These people may be attractive, but no one could accuse them of genius, or of playing in artistic pictures.

As long as audiences prefer to see young ladies prance about exhibiting pretty figures or gentlemen determinedly hold one expression for several reels, the producers will continue to manufacture uninspiring pictures.

It is our fault: "When better pictures are made, the public will make them!"

MARY LINDSEY.

The \$10 Letter

Alberene, Va.

I LIVE in a small, isolated, mining town, where poverty and ignorance are badges of social prestige, and intelligence is shunned as censors shun babies. So, imagine my surprise on returning after three months' absence, to hear a dance tune, instead of "Frankie and Johnnie"; a foreign event being discussed, instead of the crops; and see some modish calico gowns.

The mine owners, tiring of week-end fights, had installed talkies, hoping that diversion would stop them.

They did. And furthermore the talkies

are an unqualified success, except for one old girl who fainted at a shooting scene, realistically acted.

And the educational advantages. Why I recently heard a miner's lass murmur, "I cawn't get none," in a true Chatter-tonesque manner. Such a civilizing influence needs lots of encouragement. And may we soon have a village peopled by miner hoofers and chorines! F. M.

The \$5 Letter

Yuba City, Calif.

SINCE the advent of the talkies we of the smaller towns see pictures of a much higher quality. Talkies have eliminated the cheap vaudeville acts that were foisted on us. Now we have darling Mickey Mouse or Laurel and Hardy, instead of the jugglers, sister acts or "Goldie, the Trained Seal."

We see George Arliss, Ruth Chatterton and Lawrence Tibbett, whereas we always

knew it would be Tom Mix on Sunday and Buck Jones on Friday.

IONE THOMPSON.

A Call for Dr. Chaplin

San Pedro, Calif.

SOUND intoxicated the fans for a while. Now we have the headaches. The fans are eagerly waiting to find some silent and peaceful place to nurse their sore heads. Our ear-drums are almost busted with those theme songs from half-baked amateurs. We have seen so many leg swingers we are dizzy. And heard so much noise that we are going crazy.

Bring on Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" so we can once more have a real entertainment. JOHN LEHTO.

And Baked Potatoes?

Toledo, Ohio

I THINK that Greta Garbo is neither a great actress nor good looking. She is just a thin woman needing food, and something in her spine so she won't be able to slink. Maybe starch. H. H.

Now Here's a Brickbat!

Los Angeles, Calif.

I nominate for *Oblivion!*

Catherine Dale Owen in "The Rogue Song."

Vivienne Segal in "Song of the West."

Clara Bow in Everything.

Johnny Mack Brown in "Montana Moon."

Buddy Rogers in Anything.

Bill Haines in Everything.

VIRGINIA BERRY SANBORN.

A Fan Economist

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

WHY all the knitted brows over empty movie houses? Aren't they a natural result of financial conditions? Producers, directors, actors became millionaires overnight not [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Costume Jewelry

*One way to spend
that \$3 you save*

Costume jewelry is merely one suggestion for spending that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.



Women, sternest judges of tooth paste *acclaim this modern one at 25¢*

Listerine Tooth Paste has passed the greatest test that can be put to a dentifrice.

Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25¢.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness

and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely natural lustre of sound beauti-

ful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25¢ the large tube, effecting an average saving of \$3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes





Barbara Kent's prettiness and charm are largely due to her unaffected appearance and manner

Too Much Straining for Effect

does some characteristic she has decided will turn the trick. One girl feels sure that coyness wins—so she prattles “baby talk” and alternately pouts and giggles until every man she knows retreats in boredom.

Another girl is determined to be “bookish” and make her appeal an intellectual one. She skims every new book as fast as it comes out, gets a smattering of all the great names in literature and history, and talks glibly about nothing at all in an effort to appear well-informed.

WHEN the man is all set to tell about a screamingly funny situation in the latest Wheeler and Woolsey comedy, she gets the conversation off to a quick start on the relative merits of the monarchical and republican systems of government. And thinks she is impressing him!

The same thing applies to writing. The novice sits down before his typewriter and searches his mind for all the fine phrases he has ever heard. That blank piece of paper scares him. Only truly worthwhile, sonorous writings must mar its whiteness.

And so all the flavor of his thinking, the identifying phraseology of his usual conversation, is obscured by the overwhelming desire to put down something great—something that will endure as “literature.” He forgets that the ordinary man’s conversation of today frequently becomes the literature of tomorrow. He strains too much for effect, and thereby loses all.

O. O. McIntyre, who has been writing pungently, genially, and successfully about big and little subjects for some years, has this to say in a recent issue of *Cosmopolitan Magazine* on the subject of “being yourself”:

“I found it [New York] little different from Gallipolis, Ohio. I have been able to appease the rent collector by writing just as informally and ungrammatically about the people of New York as I wrote about the local folks when I was ‘the’ reporter in my jerkwater burg.”

If the “big city” had overawed him into concocting those fine phrases of which I speak, there would have been no homely McIntyre philosophy to delight readers and bring him success.

Whether they live in big cities or country towns, whether they are accustomed to luxury or poverty, people are “just folks” at heart. Most of the differences are exterior ones—if we could look into souls I’m sure we would find only similarities.

Remember that you sometimes detect insincerity or artificiality in
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

NOT long ago I pointed out a beautiful girl to a man I knew, and commented: “Isn’t she beautiful!” His laconic answer amused while it surprised me.

“Yes,” he said. “But she looks as though she paid too much attention to her complexion!”

I know, and you know, that no girl *can* pay too much attention to her complexion. It’s of the greatest importance in this question of good looks. But it was easy to see the man’s point of view.

Everything about that lovely, carefully groomed girl pointed to the fact that she spent hours preparing for every engagement. It was all too obvious.

There’s a trick to good grooming, and that is not to look “fixed up” to the *nth* degree. A freshly bathed, exquisite, out of the band-box appearance should seem like one’s natural state aided by ordinary efforts. But the minute a girl lets it be apparent that her toilette occupies the major portion of her time and her thought, a man begins to wonder when she finds time to plan and do all the other interesting things in this world. He’s apt to catalogue her in his mind as “beautiful but shallow.” And “beautiful but dumb” hasn’t half its sting.

That obvious straining for effect isn’t confined to looks only. It is apparent in many other ways.

We all know the girl who is so eager to be popular that she over-

Friendly Advice on Girls’ Problems

I would like to send you my reducing booklet, which outlines simple, normalizing exercises and gives a few suggestions for well balanced menus for the too-plump. Or my complexion leaflet, containing general advice on the care of the skin, and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or other confidential advice on personal problems. There is no charge. Address me, care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



ALICE WHITE, First National Star, and Max Factor, using Lipstick

Lipstick should impart a lovely, lifelike red, blending with the rouge and powder...avoid grotesque, glaring colors.

How to Make Up

Your Complexion...Your Eyes...Your Lips...to Emphasize Each Feature of Beauty Like the Screen Stars Do

*Hollywood's Make-Up Genius...
Max Factor...explains how you
may actually double your beauty
with a new kind of make-up*

AS TOLD TO FLORENCE VONDELLE

"HOW to enhance beauty...how to emphasize personality...how to attract and fascinate...these are the secret problems of every woman which we in the motion picture colony have studied for twenty odd years," Max Factor told me. "And now we know the answers."

"Every girl, every woman may now benefit by what we have learned...and thus accentuate her own natural charms; yes, actually double her beauty, for she has never really learned how to be more beautiful than she is.

"And this is the art of make-up...to be more beautiful than you actually are.

"Color is the life of beauty...and color harmony is the secret of perfect make-up. This we discovered in pictures...and I created colors in cosmetics to glorify natural beauty and to harmonize with the subtle change of coloring in the different types of blondes, brunettes, red-heads and brownettes. Color tones in powder, rouge, lipstick, and the requisites of make-up...created to living types, for such ravishing beauties as Alice White, Betty Compson, and other famous stars.

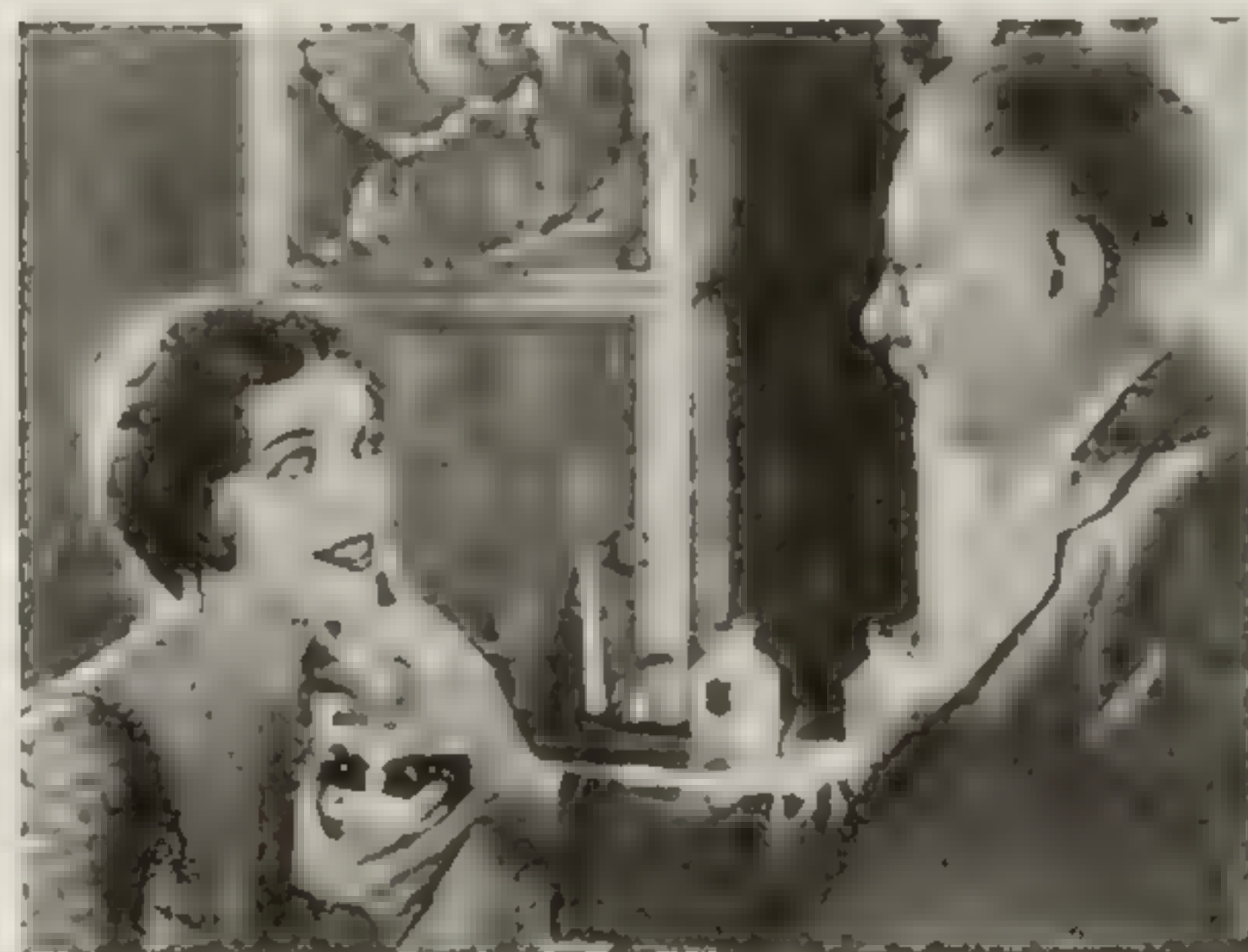
"So, first in make-up, is your individual color harmony...then practice the art and technique of application...how to rightly place a touch of rouge to suit your facial contour; how to deftly blend the eye-shadow; how to apply the lipstick to make the color permanent; how to blend the foundation and powder to give an all-day velvety-smooth make-up...and then make-up becomes a magic wand of beauty. * * *

Now you may share, with the screen stars, this wealth of beauty magic. For you personally, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up...powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites for every day, in a color harmony ensemble to effect a transformation in you, to bring out every bit of beauty, of charm, of magnetic attraction...and you will receive this book, forty-eight pages on the art and technique of make-up. The coupon below offers you this courtesy...mail it today.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars"... HOLLYWOOD

4% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)



LORETTA YOUNG, First National Star, and Max Factor, using Face Powder.

Powder must blend perfectly with the color tone of the skin...enlivening its beauty, but never appearing noticeable.



BETTY COMPSON, Warner Brothers Star, and Max Factor, using Rouge.

Rouge must harmonize with the complexion colorings, and with the make-up ensemble...avoid "off colors" which mar beauty.



LILA LEE, First National Star, and Max Factor, using Eye Shadow.

Eyes appear lovelier and seem to acquire a mysterious depth when faintly and artfully shadowed with Eye Shadow.



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor — Max Factor Studios,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48 page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Complexion	_____	_____	_____
Eye Color	_____	_____	_____
Hair Color	_____	_____	_____
Complexion	_____	_____	_____
Eye Color	_____	_____	_____
Hair Color	_____	_____	_____
Complexion	_____	_____	_____
Eye Color	_____	_____	_____
Hair Color	_____	_____	_____

Are TEA TABLES too narrow for you?



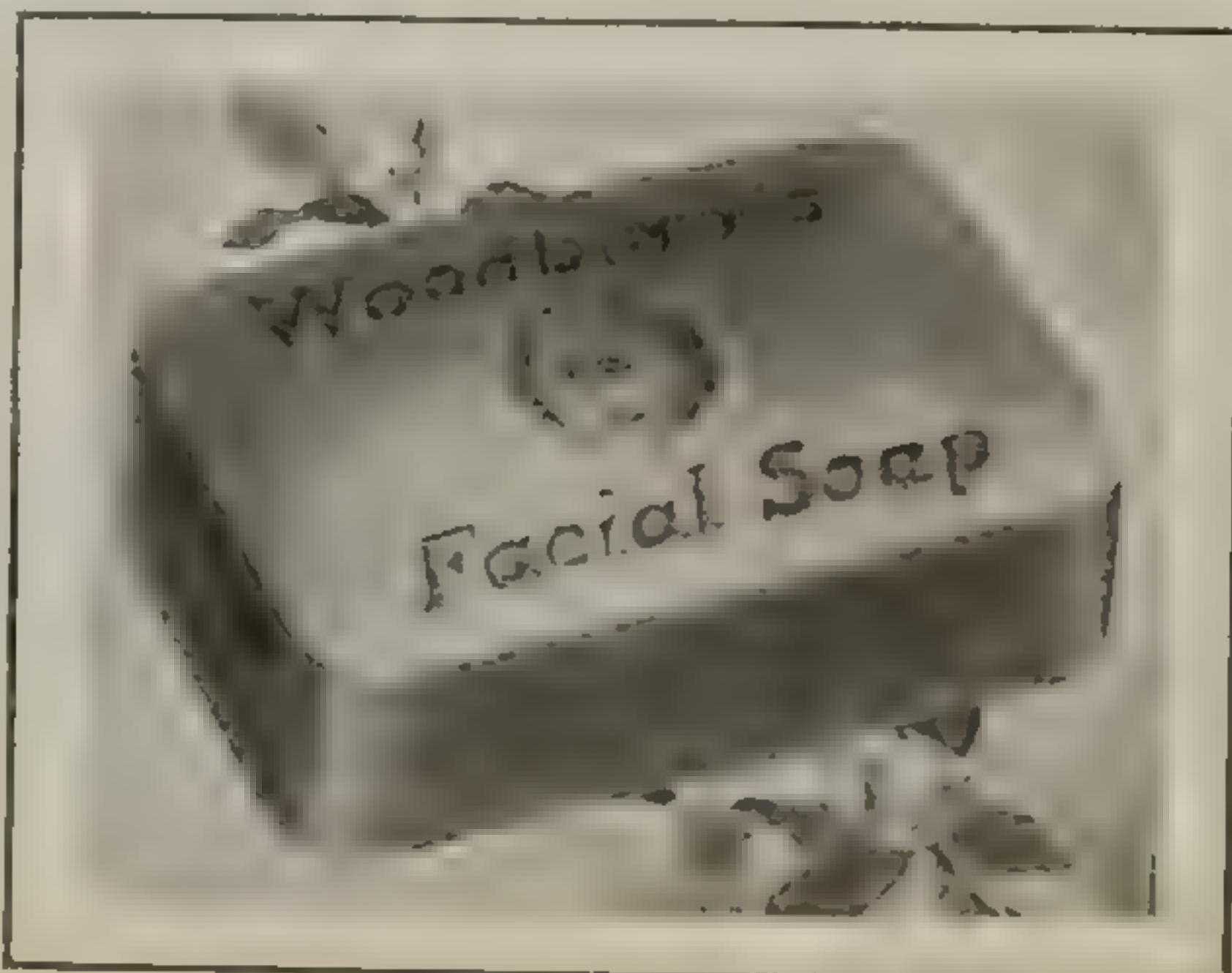
Why not let "Normal Desquamation," aided and quickened by this famous Facial Treatment, give you the courage of Flawless Beauty?

NORMAL DESQUAMATION" must go on constantly, day and night. For this is Nature's own device to renew the natural beauty of your complexion. Normally, the dead cells of your skin disappear. Normally, the natural clarity and charm of your skin assert themselves.

But, far too often, the irregularities of our lives retard this normal process of "Desquamation" . . . It must be stimulated. Started again. Continued.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has become famous for promoting and aiding "Normal Desquamation." It gently removes the gossamer veil of dead cells as no toilet soap can possibly do. For ordinary toilet soaps merely "wash" the skin. But Woodbury's speeds and encourages the daily uncovering of a lovely complexion. And as the new skin is revealed, the continued use of Woodbury's keeps it exquisitely fresh and clear. In addition, of course, it constantly removes the impurities that cause black-heads and pore-enlargement. Woodbury's Facial Soap costs a trifle more than toilet soaps. But it is a true economy because it is a finer milled soap, and lasts longer.

Start with Woodbury's today. Use it regularly, continually. Like millions of other women with "the skin you love to touch."

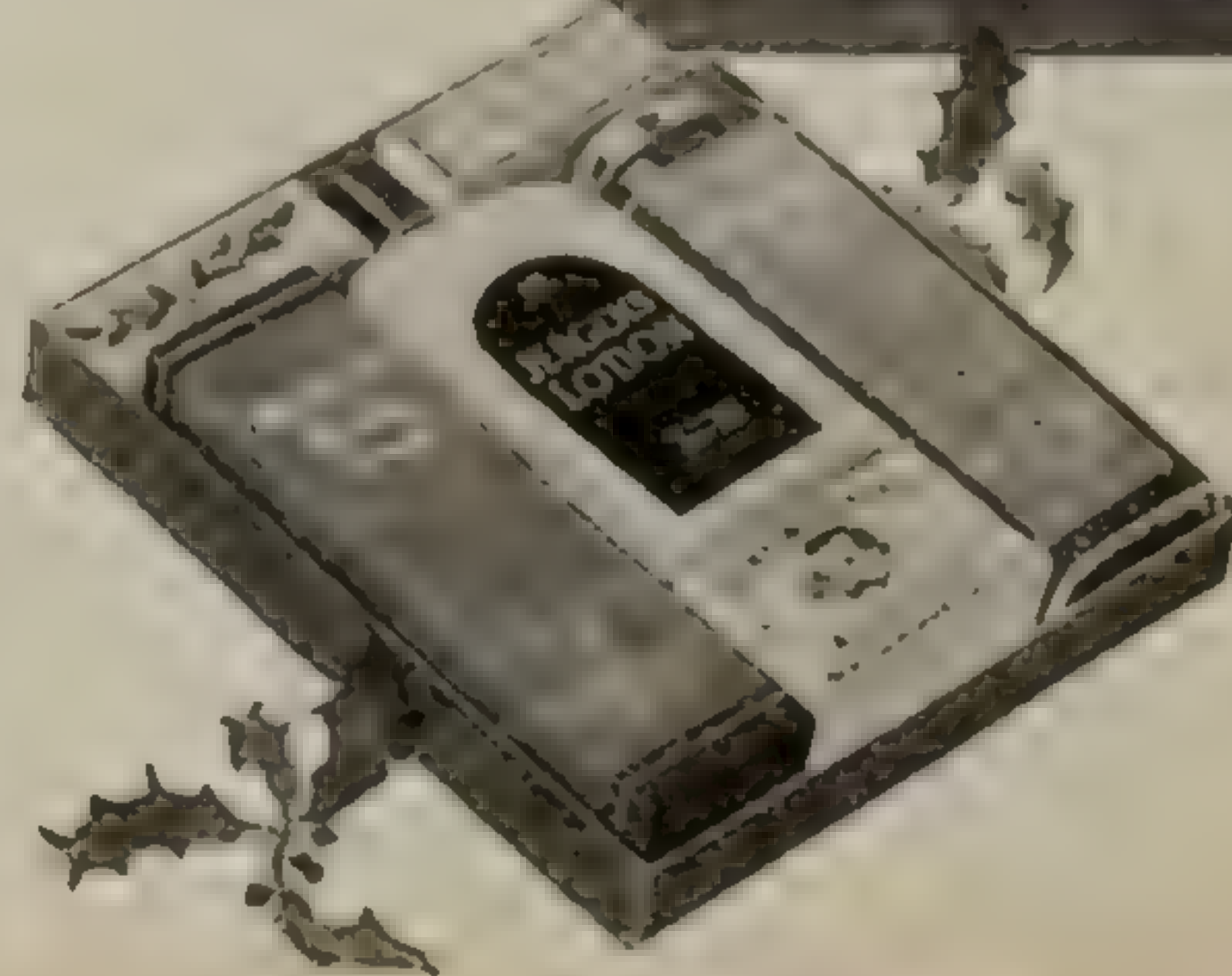


In Ten Days . . . Woodbury's shows an improvement that no toilet soap can possibly duplicate.

Woodbury's is actually a facial treatment, compressed in a tablet of soap. Compounded by a specialist. Made with costly and rare oils. Designed not merely to "wash" the face, but to penetrate and treat the skin . . . It is simple to use Woodbury's properly. Bathe your face in warm water. Then, with your hands or a wet wash-cloth . . . make a creamy lather. Rub it very lightly and gently over the entire face for about thirty seconds. Rinse thoroughly with warm water. Then with cold. Pat with a soft towel until dry . . . And your skin will look, and feel, aglow with new beauty.

To please a Man at Christmas

The kind of gift every man wants—but seldom buys for himself! It contains Woodbury's Soap, Talc, Shaving Cream and Jergens' Lotion (or Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion) . . . Special value for one dollar. At your drug store or toilet goods counter.



© John H. Woodbury, Inc., 1930



Hurrell

BOYS! To the cyclone cellars for your lives! Three little French girls are loosed upon the screen by Messrs. Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer, and this is no time to be hanging around in front of the pool hall. The girls are Yola D'Avril, Fifi Dorsay and Sandra Ravel, and their picture—honestly!—is "Three Little French Girls!"



Chidnoff

Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., May 3, 1906. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 120, has auburn hair, brown eyes. Made her screen debut in 1921

SHE was always so beautiful—and then we found her voice was beautiful, too! So did the talkie directors, and Mary Astor has been busy since "Holiday" appeared. If Mary's character had been a nicer sort of girl, Ann Harding's honors in that picture would have been in jeopardy



Otto Dyar

PROBABLY an adoring flapper would say Stan came sweet from "Sweetie." But Stanley Smith probably wouldn't like that. He's only twenty-three, but six years of rich stage experience preceded his film début in 1929. His work in "Sweetie" set countless maids to mooning and moaning

Stanley Smith was born in Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 6, 1907. He is 5 feet, 11; weighs 160, has blond hair, blue eyes. Educated at Hollywood High School



Thomas

Helen Twelvetrees was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. After an art and dramatic education, she went on the stage, entering pictures in 1928. She is divorced

HELEN TWELVETREES' new picture is "Her Man," but you can't tell us members of the Twelvetrees Adoration Society that she done him wrong! This somewhat Gishian bit of girlish gorgeousness is a Pathe ace, having received mighty applause for her work in the circus film, "Swing High"



Chidnoff

THE American theater suffered one of its really serious losses when Fredric March heard the siren call of the talkies and followed it to Hollywood. In two years he has become one of the most admired and trusted leading men in the whole Paramount family. His motto—March on!

Fredric March was born in Racine, Wis., Aug. 31, 1898. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160, has brown hair and eyes. Married in 1927 to Florence Eldridge



Hurrell

Ramon Novarro, or Ramon Samaniegos, was born in Durango, Mex., Feb. 6, 1899. He is 5 feet, 10; weighs 160, has dark brown hair and eyes. Unmarried

WE never think of Ramon Novarro, player of sleek and charming heroes, as much in the muscular line. This striking study, taken in Ramon's gymnasium, shows just how very wrong we are. This is the young Mexican star on the rowing machine, no doubt the way he got these big shoulders

GIFT-GIVING IN ITS LOVELIEST EXPRESSION

LES PARFUMS



Coty

In the bewildering array of gift possibilities, nothing has quite the atmosphere of luxury and glamour, of intensely personal feeling as one of the world-famous Coty Perfumes — either in the de luxe cut-crystal flacons or smaller sizes (*illustrated*)—or one of the smart new sets. Exquisite, superlative in quality—at the same time, they are moderate in price.



This Coty set is a most comprehensive gift with a Purse Perfume, Powder Compact and Lipstick all in Platinum-tone Metal.

\$5.00

Write for special Coty Booklet, "Holiday Gift Suggestions." Dept. P-11, Coty, 714 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



This young homemaker does all her own work yet has beautifully smooth, white hands. Read her "lovely hands secret" below.



Carefree—with maids to do all her work... yet her hands are no smoother and whiter than those of the young wife at the left.



.. Need your Hands say .. "I Have No Maid"

YOU need never be ill at ease, uncomfortably self-conscious—even in the company of women who have maids to do all their work. Your hands need never broadcast 'dishpan' though you wash dishes three times a day!

Women Everywhere

Modern young homemakers by the thousands are now keeping their hands white and smooth and young—simply by using Lux for dishes and all soap and water tasks.

Women discovered for themselves in washing out their fine fabrics how soft and white Lux leaves the hands.

Beauty experts know the reason—know that ordinary soaps dry up the precious oils of the skin and leave

hands red and rough and work-worn, while the bland Lux suds protect these oils and keep the skin smooth and fine.

Save the precious, flower-like beauty of *your* hands. Even *one* dishwashing with Lux will leave them lovelier.

This wonderful beauty care is delightfully inexpensive. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

For lovely hands
costs less than
1¢ a day . . .

Beauty Experts answer "No"

Asked "Can you tell from looking at a woman's hands whether she does her own work?" experts in 305 beauty salons answered . . . "We cannot distinguish between the hands of the woman with maids and the smooth, white hands of the woman who uses Lux in her dishpan."



November, 1930

The National Guide
to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

MILTON SILLS has played his last scene. The motion picture public will miss him as a high type of player. Scores, including myself, who knew him intimately, mourn the passing of a great mind, a true friend, and a man of unblemished character.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to his widow, the lovely and talented Doris Kenyon, and the little son who was not old enough to appreciate his good fortune in having such a man for a father.

"THE Mighty Milton," I used to call him. I started this name for him during a short trip four of us took two years ago through Yosemite Park. Milton knew every wildflower in that park by its Latin as well as its English name. He knew the geological significance of every rock formation and natural phenomenon. He sat at a piano in the moonlight and played Bach and Beethoven divinely, the while watching the celestial parade of planets, all of which he could place and name.

Recently five Los Angeles scientists held a discussion which has been recorded in book form. There was a metaphysician, an astronomer, a professor of theology, a biologist. Milton Sills was chosen to represent and discuss the subject as a philosopher.

The most brilliant mind in the history of motion pictures and one of the most gallant and courtly gentlemen who ever graced the stage has gone.

HELP! Murder! Police! Take that talk and halleged humorous remarks out of at least half the newsreels and let us enjoy them in our own way. It's like trying to listen to three or four people all talking at once.

Radio announcers are bad enough, but the average newsreel announcer is a pest. And we do not except

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



Mr. McNamee, either. We enjoy a good radio announcer describing a prize fight, but how would you like it if you had to listen to the announcer when you were actually watching the fight?

FOR mental processes that are weird the motion picture producer is peculiar. Take the case of Ina Claire and Donald Ogden Stewart's

stage play, "Rebound."

After Ina's first movie her producers bought off her contract. They were willing to pay her a large sum of money not to appear in their pictures.

The play was a success on the New York stage, but the movie gods would have none of it. Not screen material, they said.

Mrs. John Gilbert got mad, and when that lady's dander is up she can get plenty mad. She decided she was going to make the producers see she was an actress, and couldn't be thrown out without a showdown. So she produced "Rebound" in a Hollywood theater and made it such a social affair that none of the producers could avoid being at her opening.

Next day Ina was offered a contract by one company, and another bought the play.

THE most popular motion picture star in all European countries is Mickey Mouse. In England any exhibitor can fill his house with a picture of this daffy little creation, and often his name is in electric lights four times as large as well known stars.

The answer is simple. Mickey Mouse pictures are about the only ones which consistently retain that vital essential—fantasy—in its purest form.

NEXT in order of popularity in England are Chaplin (of course), Chevalier, Colman, Garbo, Chatterton, Arliss, Clive Brook, John Barrymore, and Bancroft. Far in the rear comes Jannings.

It is impossible to exaggerate the impatience and interest with which all Europe is waiting for Chaplin's "City Lights" as a test for the future of sound pictures.

You can take it from me that it will be a phenomenal success and that Professor Chaplin will show the boys a thing or two about using silence and sound. The picture will make millions of dollars for the little fellow and billions of laughs for the world.

THE only universal language ever known was the silent picture. The talkies have re-created the Tower of Babel. They have also re-awakened consciousness of nationality in a manner that can be equalled only by a war.

In Europe, outside of England, which is a special problem of itself, there are five major languages and eight minor tongues. The American film producers, before the advent of the talkies, never concerned themselves with the national philosophies of these different peoples. Now they must do so.

IT took America one year to become surfeited with talkie revues, backstage, and musical pictures. England got sick of them in three months, and in Germany six pictures were enough to turn the public against them. You cannot give them away in Germany, which has now reverted to heavy, sombre, sordid subjects. France is making markedly erotic and impossibly melodramatic pictures.

All Europe is definitely anti-American-film. Recently one of the best known critics on the Continent wrote: "It is our duty to ourselves to defeat the optimism of American pictures."

Our Hollywood producers have a big job on their hands to make talkies that will please everyone in the Tower of Babel. You will grasp the seriousness of the problem when you realize that for years the profits of most companies came from their foreign trade. American theaters paid the cost of production. Export was the velvet that meant dividends.

ONE explanation of the recent slump in picture production on the Coast is that the producers couldn't make up their minds what picture to imitate next.

MORE trouble for the producers of the phony jungle picture, "Ingagi," but such a little trouble that the lads who have made a clean-up by following Barnum's old theory about one being born every minute did not worry about it.

The chap who sweltered inside the gorilla make-up is trying to collect twenty dollars for one day's work.

"They said I didn't make a good gorilla," he told the California Labor Commissioner's deputy. "They refused to pay me. I got that money coming to me because no one could be a better gorilla than I was."

ON my recent visit to Hollywood I was amazed at the manner in which the weird ballyhoo called "premieres" has spread to other lines of two-bit

snatching. A pony golf course on a back street put on an opening with huge electric searchlights, radio announcing, invitations, and all that sort of junk. A sandwich parlor followed suit.

Any day I expect to hear of an enterprising boot-black going for one of these big social affairs.

TELEVISION is just around the corner, they say. Every home may soon be equipped with the business end of one of these contraptions, the enthusiasts claim. As for me, home life is complicated and electrical enough as it is. What with the radio, mechanical piano, phonograph, telephone, electric this and electric that, life will soon become one long electrical disturbance.

Spare the day when someone will invent an electrical device that will read our books for us.

IF you have heard the latest yarn about Stepin Fetchit, the colored lad who made a comic hit in several pictures, and then became affected with a severe case of swell head, try and stop me.

A white actor told him he was getting too fat and he ought to do something about it.

"Tha's right," said Stepin mournfully as he patted what used to be a waistline, "but what does I do about it?"

"You might try that eighteen-day diet," he was told.

Stepin shook his head.

"Um, um," he mumbled, "Ain't nothin' on dere I like. I goin' right now to get me some ham an' eggs."

SHE is a hard-headed, if not a hard-boiled business woman in her middle thirties. She was married in her twenties, but it didn't take, and since then romance hasn't played a great rôle in her life.

But this was her comment as she left the theater after seeing a recent talkie—a frothy affair of the light, romantic type:

"I didn't like that picture much. He's too sappy and I couldn't imagine a cute girl like she is falling for him. You know, a picture's just spoiled for me if the hero isn't the type I admire. *I just couldn't put myself in that girl's place at all!* Why, I would never have given him a second look!"

And how many millions there are like her—men and women, girls and boys, grandmas and grandpas, whose ticket to the movies is adventure and romance that, for the time at least, is their very own.

NOW, don't listen while I convey a secret to a friend of mine who, approaching fifty, wears belts on his coats, and tries to give chorus girls the idea that he's just out of Yale.

The male stars of Hollywood have beauty secrets just like the girls. There is a certain little device made of adhesive tape and string which acts as a temporary face lift. The adhesive tape is applied close to the ears and holds the sagging muscles of chin and neck in place. Two very famous, but aging, *Don Juans* wear these devices when they're making a picture.



BUILDINGS 250 stories high! . . . Traffic on nine levels . . . Rockets that shoot from star to star . . . Airplanes that land on the roofs of buildings . . . A whole meal in a capsule that can be swallowed at one gulp . . . No—this isn't a Jules Verne dream induced by a welsh rarebit . . . It's New York in 1980, as foretold in the new Fox picture, "Just Imagine!" . . . A picture of the great set showing the metropolis fifty years hence—the most intricate setting ever created for pictures . . . It took 205 engineers and craftsmen five months to build it, at a cost of \$168,000 . . . It was designed after long conferences with noted artists and scientists who dare peer far into the future . . . The set stands in a balloon hangar at a former Army flying field twenty miles from Hollywood. . . .

New York *in* 1980!

Seventy-four 5,000,000 candle power sun arcs light the set from above . . . Fifteen thousand electric light bulbs illuminate its buildings and streets . . . DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, the trio responsible for "Sunny Side Up," conceived "Just Imagine!" . . . The leads are played by John Garrick, Maureen O'Sullivan, El Brendel and Kenneth Thomson . . . In 1980—people have serial numbers, not names . . . Marriages are all arranged by the courts . . . Prohibition is still an issue . . . Men's clothes have but one pocket. That's on the hip . . . But there's still love! . . . Don't laugh! Our granddaddies laughed at the thought that men might fly! Fantastic? Certainly—but stranger things have come to pass than those which have been portrayed in this dream New York of A. D. 1980!

Janet Is Back



TOGETHER again — for screen purposes! Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor, parted by her recent squabble with the powers at Fox, are reunited in "The Man Who Came Back." And is everybody happy? Echo answers, "Hey, hey!"

On the Job!

By
Katherine
Albert



Janet

The hatchet buried
and pouts turned to
smiles, the little Gaynor
girl goes to work



Charlie

STUDIO, was, "All the difficulties I had with my employers have been amicably settled and I am happy to be back at work again."

She remarked to a friend, "I was afraid not to come back, since my continued absence might have meant that I would have been barred from the screen by all the studios."

Recently a press luncheon was given in her honor. The fatted calf, masquerading as Columbia River salmon and head cheese, was duly killed for the prodigal daughter. Janet was all smiles. Three weeks before the luncheon she had returned to the Fox lot. It was the first time she had set dainty foot inside the walls since the latter part of February.

Her return was no victory for Janet, which is what usually happens when little girls go to war with big industries. Since March she had been off salary. Her peeve at the studio cost her \$44,000, much mental turmoil, and actual physical discomfort.

Janet's excuse for leaving, for making that fateful trip to Honolulu, without advising her employers, was that she had been dissatisfied with the type of picture she had been given to do, namely, "High Society Blues." Yet she was offered a rôle she coveted in "Liliom" which she turned down.

THERE must be something back of it all. Was she suffering from \$44,000 worth of temperament? Was she badly advised? Or what? Janet won't tell you. She persists in her original statement about disagreements being amicably settled. It is, therefore, to her friends that one must go for the story and from all the stories one hears, draw conclusions.

The answer is, I'm afraid that she was badly advised by Lydell Peck, her husband. Undoubtedly he thought he was doing the right thing. Most husbands do. He felt that Janet was a great actress and that she was not being treated like a great actress. He felt also, I believe, that it was up to him to guide the course of her career.

He was perfectly right in advising her to accept no more rôles like "High Society Blues." He was wrong in insisting that she turn down the fragile *Julie* in "Liliom," a part so suited to the little Gaynor's talents that it would have fitted her like a French slipper. But something strange and psychological had gripped Janet. She had been so happy before her marriage.

She and Charlie Farrell had made "Lucky Star" together just before talkies came in. As a silent picture Fox knew it

would not go. They must inject dialogue. Janet took her first sound test. Her voice was lovely and so suited to her personality that when a dramatic teacher was sent on the lot to help some of the stars with diction she was told to let Janet's voice alone.

During this time Lydell was rushing Janet off her feet. He was determined that she should be his bride and he had booked passage to Honolulu for the honeymoon. Janet wanted nothing but a chance to experiment with the microphone. She turned Mr. Peck down flat, for the studio was planning her and Charlie's first talking picture. It was "Sunny Side Up."

SHE was delighted while she was working on this. She loved the new medium. She enjoyed trying something light and amusing for a change. Upon completion of "Sunny Side Up," she married the young San Francisco lawyer and began work in "High Society Blues." She was happy during the making of this. It was after she saw "Blues" that the fight began. Lydell insisted that she was not suited to such rôles.

And it was then that Janet made a mistake. Janet is young and frail. She was not able to cope with either her professional or her personal problems. She and Lydell had quarreled, of that there is not much doubt. He had also convinced her that Fox, the studio that had made her name a household word for charm and whimsy, was playing her false. Janet lacked the pioneer strength to face her problem. She ran away.

Without telling the studio, she and her mother booked passage to Honolulu. You know what happened, how she and Charlie Farrell met by accident on the boat and how Charlie beat a hasty retreat to keep the newspapers from inventing a scandal.

"Liliom" was scheduled to begin shortly. Frank Borzage, the director, wanted Janet for experimental tests in costumes. He could not find her. She was on the high seas. So the studio sent her a wire stating that if she were not back by March 15th she would go off salary. She was not back.

She went off salary.

More than anything else, perhaps, Janet had wanted to play in "Liliom." She had been cast for the rôle before Charlie Farrell and it was she who insisted, before she left, that Charlie beg for the part opposite her. He did and got it. And just at that moment Janet walked out, leaving Charlie to go his way without her, with Rose Hobart in her part.

Janet returned to the turmoil she had left. She returned to hear Lydell's advice. She listened to him and remained

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 144]



Friend Husband—Did he give
her the wrong advice?



Hello, hello! State censor board? This is Mr. Chimp calling—president of the Bigger and Better Morals for Monkeys League! I want to call your attention to the new talkies some of our folks are making. Why, they drink beer! Come right over with your shears!

Whoopee and rum run riot—in a nice way—in Tiffany's new series of monkey comedies!

Hey! Censors!

*Monkey-Business
in Hollywood!*



The Helen Morgan of the Hellhouse Saloon perches on the piano. She has just finished moaning about Her Ma-a-a-an! Note the dissipated-looking professor at the ivories. He was a great concert artist once, but bad booze got him. From "The Little Covered Wagon"



There's devilment afoot! The fiendish killer in "The Blimp Mystery" feels his courage oozing from every hair. He decides to shake up a couple of stiff ones. Then, full of phony courage, he'll take a squealer for a ride!

Hot lips! The siren is luring this poor simian sap into forgery—embezzlement—MURDER!—with her wily ways. It's a passionate love scene from that picture of crime and its penalty, "The Little Big House," all-monkey



There'll be trouble in the Hellhouse Saloon, mark our words! That human varmint at the bar is the town bad man, and the bartender doesn't look any too good, either. In this scene from "The Little Covered Wagon" the boys have their eyes on "Chimp the Chump," another low character. In a minute six-shooters will bark — woof! woof! — and there'll be work for the coroner



BEAUTY and Romance! One of the scenes that will make the heart thump faster when "Escapade" is shown. The hero of the embrace is none other than our dashing friend, John Boles. In his arms is Evelyn Laye, the English stage beauty who captivated New York last year in the operetta, "Bitter-Sweet." Great things may be expected of "Escapade"—because of its music, because George Fitzmaurice is directing—because it will offer the glamorous Evelyn and John!

Bogy-Man *Turns* Actor!

"Oh papa, see the bold, bad sailor, Mr. Tully, making love to that innocent little girl who works in the saloon! And papa, is that other sailor John Gilbert?"



JIM TULLY, caustic Boswell of "the magic lantern people," has, in the vernacular, gone Hollywood.

"Big Bad Bill is Sweet William now."

Filmdom's severest critic—self-appointed, self-anointed, self-exploited, by the grace of God and *Vanity Fair*—has committed that which he has ever held to be the sin of purple sins. He has become—oh, fie! oh, shame! oh, for goodness' sake, Mr. Tully!—he has become an actor. Well, perhaps not exactly an actor. Let us say, rather, he has embellished his face with grease paint and false whiskers and is appearing in the films. It seems impossible, but life is like that. Mr. Tully, through the years, has said so many not nice things about the profession. For instance:

Anent James Cruze: "The greatest defect in Cruze's character, next to having been an actor . . ."

Concerning Jack Gilbert: "Greta Garbo used him as a romantic prop on which to hang an American reputation. . . ."

When writing these uncomplimentary lines our hero should have remembered that acting is a vice and that vice ". . . seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Oh fie, oh shame!
Jim Tully forsakes
literature and goes
for grease paint

By Bogart Rogers

Can he act? What difference does that make? Jack Gilbert can't act, either, because Jim Tully said so—and look at the money he makes.

Let us be serious for a moment. Mr. Tully is an avowed pretender to the throne of the screen's bad men, occupied jointly and at various times by Louis Wolheim, George Bancroft, the brothers Beery and others. Let us, therefore, contemplate Mr. James Tully, thespian, mummer, posture

master, in the fashion Jim Tully, author, might—if anybody would pay him for it—contemplate himself.

As Mr. Tully's past is shrouded in mystery and fiction we must draw conclusions from the contradictory material at hand.

Of his early life we can be sure of only one thing: he was born. Place: St. Marys, Ohio. Time: 1891. Parents: James Dennis and Marie Bridget. Grandpa Hughie Tully, immigrant to "Ameriky"—this quaint example of Irish-American brogue is the actor's own—completes a Celtic backfield.

At the age of four he entered an orphanage in Cincinnati. At the age of nine he departed thence to a variegated career as farm laborer, link heater, tramp, circus roustabout, inmate of tank town jails, tree faker and handy man around the house. His intimates were hoboes and bums, yeggs, guns and

scarlet ladies—the riff-raff of life's back alleys. Oh, he was rough, tough and full of fleas. He doesn't only admit it—he insists upon it.

As these facts are biographical we cannot guarantee their veracity. His biography in "Who's Who," for example, is obviously incomplete. He fails entirely to mention his first wife and his two children—perhaps out of consideration for his second wife. If so, chalk it up to consideration wasted. His second spouse but recently divorced him, claiming, among many other things, there was nothing in the marriage contract requiring a wife to enjoy a sock on the nose.

MR. TULLY modestly, but not too modestly, admits he was a pretty belligerent prize fighter and to bear this contention out once claimed that Johnny Kilbane, erstwhile world's featherweight champion, took great care to avoid the nimble Tully brain and the crashing Tully fists. A veteran sports writer whom I consulted on this point said the official ring records for the past thirty years do not reveal the name of Jim Tully at all. His only recorded fistic victory, therefore, would be that which he scored over Jack Gilbert in a Hollywood café, a hollow triumph at best.

The same sports writer doubts he was ever more than a "palooka"—if at all. He bears no souvenirs of the trade—no tin ears, no broken nose, nary a gold tooth. His hands and feet are small—inadequate tools for a successful pugilist.

In 1911 he sold verse and prose to Cleveland newspapers and worked as a reporter in Akron.

In 1913 he came to Los Angeles, where he was a familiar figure around the then famous Hotel Alexandria bar.

At that time he was supposed to have hobnobbed freely with the Reds, the Wobblies and the other down-with-the-government clans.

In 1917 the fearless adventurer of the open, the seeker after life's perils and thrills, seems to have—in April of that year, perhaps?—wearied of battle and strife, for we shortly thereafter find him at the patriotic and peaceful pursuit of "Government inspector of chains, World War." Just what sort of chains he inspected does not appear.

Emerging unscathed from this hazardous duty, Mr. Tully

decided on an expedition into the "jungles of Moronia," one of his own epigrams which, when translated, means the moving picture industry of Hollywood. He determined to crash the films.

Not a genius, he assumed the idiosyncrasies and trappings of genius. Handicapped by an inferiority complex, he fortified himself behind a barricade of what the psychologists refer to as "defensive mechanism." He assumed the rôle of professional hard-boiled egg. He talked tough. He strove to sell the idea he was a crude but passionate idealist, that his was a unique and powerful mind handicapped by lack of education but bursting his vest buttons in a mad urge to express itself. It worked.

He caught Charlie Chaplin in a depressed moment, when the great comedian was in the mood to shed a tear over the flotsam and jetsam of life's turgid stream. Both are sentimentalists—but Mr. Tully can sob much more loudly if there is writing material in sight. He maintained that if he could be assured of a bare living he would write the great, torrid drama of life that surged beneath his wishbone. He would out-Gorky Gorky. He would, more alarming to contemplate, out-Dreiser Dreiser.

Charles Spencer, deeply moved, extended a helping hand and gave him a job. He liked Mr. Chaplin's feeding hand so well that eventually, in a fit of uncontrollable affection, he bit it to the bone. He wrote and sold a biography of Chaplin which contained many intimate things Mr. Tully had been told in strictest personal confidence.

Rupert Hughes aided him materially in editing and publishing his book, "Beggars of Life." Mr. Tully expressed his appreciation by scathingly criticizing Mr. Hughes' abilities as a novelist.

A LEADING Los Angeles newspaper extended a helping hand at a time when it was sorely needed by buying and printing some of his stories. He retaliated by shortly thereafter writing a magazine article containing many uncomplimentary remarks about the lately deceased founder of the paper.

There are many subsequent manifestations of his insatiable appetite for the hands that fed him.

Mr. Tully may, at one time, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145]

The Three Ages of Irene



To pretty Irene Dunne, late of the musical comedy stage, has fallen one of the plumpest, juiciest plums of the Hollywood season—the coveted rôle of *Sabra* in "Cimarron." Radio is filming it with Richard Dix as its star. Irene is taking her big chance seriously, for it is her first. Here she is at three periods in *Sabra's* life. Left, the girl of twenty. Center, a woman of twenty-five. Right, in 1930, the pioneer woman grown old. Pages from the family album!

The Tragic Story of a Beauty

By

Katherine

Albert

From a hungry, patchy little girl
on a Canadian farm to a film
siren on the Radio Pictures
lot. That's Rita La Roy

MANY writers wail that glamour is disappearing from the lives of the stars.

This present crop of well-behaved, well-gowned, well-groomed talkie actresses who speak in low, modulated English voices, who know how to handle discreet tea cups and finger sandwiches, who read the latest books, discuss the latest operas and whose culture oozes from their glistening fingertips, lack the color of those hell roaring, vitally emotional stars of a rawer, more breathlessly exciting era.

But Rita La Roy is different. No cake and culture for Rita. No poses. No pastel moods. Here is a girl who has a story to tell. Here is a girl who has lived and suffered and known. Here is a girl to whom the words courage and gallantry are not merely lines in a play.

There are great scars across her legs where a black snake whip, wielded by her father, left its brutal mark. But there are no scars in her heart for she is brave enough to accept life without whimpering about it.

There are muscles in her arms that got there when she was a child doing a man's work on a farm, milking cows, feeding chickens, watering stock and even—yes truly!—building houses.

Until she was fourteen years old she had never worn a dress. She managed to cover her young body with her father's cast off clothes that she made over for herself.

Her life, as cruel as a Gorky novel, as lacking in love as a Russian Christmas, began in a beautiful house upon the bank of the Seine. Her mother was the premier *danseuse* in the French opera. Her father, a Scotchman, who had been disinherited by a proud family when he married the little dancer. The only thing her father ever loved was Rita's mother. She died when the child was born and a great hate sprang up in the father's heart, a hate that centered itself

around the child who had robbed him of his wife.

James Stuart brought his brat with him to America and one of Rita's first recollections was being bidden to fight a boy much larger than she in the center of an improvised boxing ring, while twenty or thirty lumberjacks stood by and made bets upon the outcome of the amateur match. Her father profited by the bets.

She was seven years old. Her father had a small confectionery store that was a blind for the gambling room at the back. Rita's duty was to keep shop and if there was so much as a nickel's shortage in the cash box she was beaten.

It was also her duty to see that the men in the back room had enough cards, chips and change.

The children who had mothers and nice dresses and were sent to respectable schools were not allowed to play with Rita. She found no love and companionship. She remembers from her childhood only cruel pictures.

She was taken to a farm in the North where she and she alone managed the entire place, for her father was away in the town gambling every cent she made. There was not even a hired man to help her and necessity, the necessity of a mere existence, made her learn what to do with sick cattle and chickens, how to mix feed, how to chop through three feet of ice, how to rig up a little cart with a barrel on the back to carry water to the barn on frozen days, how to cook for herself and her father, how to make her underwear out of old sheets and her overalls out of her father's cast-offs, how to chop wood, how to work and slave to keep her father and herself from starving or freezing to death.

But in spite of all her work and all her careful bookkeeping they left the farm in debt. The two moved to Canada.

This was by far the worst circumstance that could have befallen her for she had no clothes with which to combat the bleak blizzards of the North
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How Rita La Roy fought
through a cruel girlhood
to the threshold of fame



Ben Wilson just died
in obscurity



Florence Turner, the
first big star



King Baggot's name
meant business



Helen Holmes, one of
the real beauties

WHERE are the stars of yesterday? The famous people who lived in Hollywood mansions, rode in shining, big limousines, and whose faces flashed across the screens of the world?

They received the adulation of the public, they trod the paths of glory, and then disappeared. New faces. New times.

You hear about Marguerite Clark, who retired from the screen into a spacious mansion in Louisiana. You hear of Katharine MacDonald who married a millionaire and lives in a magnificent home at Montecito, Southern California's wealthiest colony. You hear about Bert Lytell, who scored on the stage, and of Ruth Roland and Kathleen Clifford who have been successful in business.

You don't hear of the others—the girls who didn't marry millionaires and the men who did not succeed after their brief heyday. Hollywood doesn't like to talk of its failures. Success is all that really matters in Hollywood.

But something happens to the stars and directors who have slipped from sight during the years. They may be far from the white light of fame. Some of them like to hide—they turn

The Port of Missing STARS

*By Marquis
Busby*



their backs rather than face the opulent friends of better times. That worn looking woman standing in line at the casting window, begging for extra work. Not so many years ago she rode through the studio gates in her own limousine. That ragged man in the background of the mob storming the palace doors. Once he directed just such mobs, shouting commands through a megaphone.

The files of Central Casting Bureau are loaded with tragedy. The casting office at every studio knows where many formerly great can be found—in the extra and bit ranks. The casting office is the port of missing stars. It receives their confidences, and it sees their tears. For most of the formerly great it is the last port they will ever touch. Some of them may climb back. Most of them, never. They are doomed to a precarious existence as extras. Their pride has gone because they are hungry. They step over that line from "cast" to "extra." It is the longest step in the world, and once taken they seldom return.

THERE is the story of the great director of the old Ince days. He was a famous man, and his salary mounted into four figures weekly. Then bad luck, poor investments, weak story material, talking pictures. He's down and out now, operating the big door on a sound stage. His duties consist of raising and lowering the door as shooting on the picture starts or ceases.

It isn't exacting work and he receives twenty dollars a week. No one will give him a chance again, and he can't starve. In a way, pictures are in his blood. He's happier in his humble position than if he had a better job in the world outside. It would be brutal to mention his name, for you might remember it. Pity is not an easy thing to bear.

Not so long ago there was a famous male star. His photograph was in every fan magazine, and theaters were packed when his name appeared on the marquee. He was so handsome that his features were insured for \$100,000 against all ravages but the hand of Time. Illness kept him from the screen for many months. When he came back, Time, the one thing that cannot be staved off, had left its mark. His money disappeared rapidly. At last he resorted to borrowing money for food. Lately he has appeared in two or three small but good parts. His acting ability is valuable. There are better times ahead, but he knows he can never regain his old position.

There are four famous serial stars of other years playing bits at various studios. Grace Cunard, Helen Holmes, Carol Holloway and Helen Gibson were at one time important drawing cards. Helen Holmes played a small bit in "The Spoilers." That same courage which made her risk her life in the old hair-breadth serials as "the railway girl" led her to take a rôle which was infinitesimal. Grace Cunard does considerable bit work now. Once she was one of the screen's best known figures. Her former leading man, Francis Ford, also is seen now in small parts.

Florence Turner, one of the screen's first stars, famous long before the names of Pickford and Talmadge had any meaning, was an extra in "The King of Jazz." Florence Lawrence, another great figure of early slicker days, is in charge of a shop in Hollywood. Sometimes you will catch a glimpse of Maurice Costello, the most popular matinée idol of his time, and of Paul Panzer, the familiar villain in the old Pearl White thrillers.

They were important once—just as exciting personalities as Garbo. Even their names, with the exception of Costello, will evoke only half-forgotten memories in the hearts of older fans. To a new generation they mean nothing. But the casting director remembers them. They are still good troupers. Only youth has gone.

Gloria Swanson has become a world famous figure, a marquise, an accomplished actress. Yet once she was only the leading lady of Bobby Dunn in the golden days of Sennett comedies. Bobby is playing bits now.

Ethel Clayton once received \$5,000 a week as a Paramount star. In those days the great favorites had little concern.

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Stars of yesteryear—
through today, or
fighting to come
back to fortune

Scores of men and women who were real stars, or leading men and women whose names had real box-office value, today are mere cards in the files of the studio casting offices



Clara Kimball Young,
now coming back



Costello, once the
idol of the screen



The Grace Cunard of
ten years ago



Edward Hearn,
a one-picture star



Miss Master Mind

By Dixie Willson

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

CHARLIE FISHBONE and Mr. Jeffry Trask sat on a bench in the sun, outside the private door of the Peerless Pictures, Inc., casting office.

"I think I had seven wives," Charlie said, and took a long draw on his pipe. "Sometimes when I get to reflectin', I think it was nine."

With bead-like eyes, he regarded Mr. Trask in afternoon pin-stripes and white waistcoat—the only suit he had that wasn't done for.

Charlie Fishbone was "river muck" from the Yukon. He didn't know how many men he had killed any more than he knew how many wives he had had! He wore a lumber jacket, and snow-packs and a coon-skin cap, the tail dangling over knife-scarred, ugly features. He had just finished close-ups of a one-man massacre in "Days of '49." No face in pictures so stamped with murderous appetite as Charlie Fishbone's!

"Five years ago," he said, "I ask you, 'My frien' why don't you marry?' You say, 'I soon will marry Hettie.' Three years

ago I say, 'Now my frien' are you married?' You say, 'No but soon I marry Hettie!' Today I say, 'So, my frien' you are married?' And you say, 'No, but I marry soon!'"

He clacked his teeth on his pipe stem.

"Still it is Hettie?" he asked.

"Yes," Mr. Trask said. "I could never—" he cleared his throat a little—"I could never love anybody but Hettie." He adjusted his tie. "We're only waiting until I make my success," he said. "Hettie agrees with me that my success must come first. Today, if they give me the part of *King Louis* in 'Isle d'Amour,' Hettie and I will be married at once! I am sure it will take only one part to make my success. And without doubt," he said, his voice strained beyond its natural key, "I shall be engaged today to play *King Louis*!"

"Hettie is an angel," he said, suddenly husky. "Without Hettie I would have given up—everything!"

Through a wrought iron gate they could see crowds of women out in the street; dogs on leashes, and frilled, beribboned,



Six years of waiting at casting office doors. Six years of hoping. And now, for five hours, he had been *Louis, King of France*

A fascinating story of an actor who knew he was good and a woman who believed him

children; a hot and weary tide swelling toward the main casting office door, answering the call for a dog that could walk on his hind legs, and sixty children to people an orphanage. Mr. Trask, having been asked to wait till the rush was over, was inside the gate.

FROM the stages across the lot came music. The office buildings served as a wall between the world and this space within which the Peerless Picture Company manufactured that commodity known as "Feature Films."

But Jeffry Trask saw none of this clearly. He was thinking—of the six years of waiting at casting office doors! Six years of failure! Six years of the patience of Hettie Moffet who loved him and believed in him!

Hope and Failure, like towering figures of allegory, stalking forever in his way, fighting a blind duel about his head!

If only he could give up! But, for two reasons, he couldn't. He couldn't sell out Hettie's faith in him. Nor could he get

away, anywhere in this life, from his burning ambition! Jeffry knew he was a great actor! No ball-room juvenile. No lover, for whose favor women languish. But a portrayer of those characters only genius can re-live! *Rip Van Winkle. Caesar. Napoleon. Henry the Eighth. Mr. Pickwick. The Stranger of the "Third Floor Back."*

On the stage of his mind, Jeffry Trask had played their parts till it seemed he lived no life of his own!

Six years he had tried to make someone believe in him. He knew why he failed to convince. And that, perhaps, was the most cruel realization of all. It was because he was as different from the parts he asked to play as royal purple is different from dust!

He was colorless. Lacking in force. A man you would place on the least important stool, at the least important desk among the least important clerks. So his eyes, kindled with challenge that had come to be a kind of depression, served to amuse rather than to impress those from whom, year after year, he

Hettie of the costume department outwits an entire studio

begged the chance to play rôles of men whose passions have made history!

"Hello, *King Louis*," someone would call out to him. "How's the old rake?"

Or, "Here comes *Napoleon*," they would laugh, "look out for the General!"

But still he told them they would see! He was sure he needed only one great part to show them!

THEY offered to cast him for brow-beaten husbands. Or, as the ever-present stool-pigeon in the thieves' gang. But he declined to make a camera target of the thing that galled him most of all—his insignificance.

He knew his genius (if genius he possessed) was a sixth sense which could break entirely the chains that bound him to himself!

And, for Hettie, he went on facing the sting of the comedy they made of his tragedy! Hettie he worshipped. And she idolized him.

She was like a flower in an old-fashioned garden. Little and sweet, with eyes like damp violets, and a braid of honey-colored hair pinned around her head. She was a dressmaker in the costume department of Lasky's. Sat all day sewing lace and silks and sequins, and looking out across Melrose Avenue down the streets of pastel courts and bungalows, yellow and pink and chocolate, like cup cakes and puddings on a shelf. Little houses like the one she would some day keep for Jeffry—when he made his success! Hurry out to market! Tend the flowers! Wash and iron the frilled pink aprons!

But he must have his big chance first, or she knew he would give up and do anything merely to earn money! It was a long time to wait, but what more worth sacrifice than genius like Jeffry's! Some day everyone would know! Some day his chance would come!

Now Peerless Pictures had sent for him! And Peerless was doing "Isle d'Amour." And "Isle d'Amour" would need a *King Louis*! She watched the clock. Two-thirty! The ap-

pointment had been for two. Jeffry wouldn't keep her waiting. He would telephone her the minute it was over!

She slid her needle through a box of glittering spangles. Purple, gold, purple, gold. *Salome's* dress for the big scene with *Herod*! Two-forty! How Jeffry could live every smirk, every peacock gesture of that never-to-be-forgotten scalawag of France! That strut in the gold brocade! Delicate poise of the finger over a snuff-box! Jeffry, they *will* say "Yes" this time! And one part is all you need! One part and they will know you're wonderful!

Five minutes to three—purple, gold, purple, gold—Jeffry don't be afraid! It's all right! Even if they say "No," it's all right! But they *won't* say "No!" This time they will say "Yes!" This time they will say "Yes!" Her fingers threading the purple spangles were cold; her cheeks burning!

Alma Shultz looked up from the hemstitching machine.

"Hello, Jeffry. Hettie's back there by the window."

Jeffry Trask came into the room with just a little swagger, his stick over his arm, and a bouquet of roses; his hat a little on one side and a smile crinkling around his eyes!

Spangled chiffon rippling to the floor set crazy dancing spots of sunlight racing up and down the walls and over the ceiling! In Jeffry's arms, Hettie hid her face in the white waistcoat!

Alma Schultz looked around over fifty yards of organdie.

"Gee," she said. "A swell scene and nobody singin' a theme song!"

* * *

ON Stage 3, the sets went up for "Isle d'Amour." Carpenters and painters, decorators and electricians on the palace of *King Louis*; the bedroom of *Pompadour*, the old tavern of secret trysts. Two costume designers and a dozen sewing women worked day and night on velvet and embroidery; *King Louis'* eccentric taste in coats and waistcoats. The wig-maker turned out curled and powdered wigs.

Jeffry Trask treaded the streets [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 141]



Who do you think built the most freakish miniature golf course of all the freak ones in Hollywood? Mary Pickford. She decided to cash in on the putt-putt vogue and opened up this trick course in Beverly Hills. Note the artificial shrubbery with lights representing blossoms and other thing-amajigs. Also the steps leading down to the pool in the foreground. Those with bum scores can drown themselves without extra charge



LOVE!



!!! * * % % \$ # !!!

Printed for the
first time!
The intimate
correspondence
of Greta Garbo
and Leonard Hall

Leonard Hall

New York City
July 1, 1930

New York City
Sept. 15, 1930

ADORED ONE:
For many, many months, my white Scandinavian flower o' dreams resting like eiderdown in the turbulent garden of my weedy heart, I have bottled my passion and sat upon the cork.

Thoughtlessly, yestereve, I arose and the thing exploded. Today I feel that I must spread the whole story of my undying adoration upon white paper—press your doorbell, and run away like an elf—or a newsboy—into the darkness.

It began, O shaft of white light through the Stygian blackness of my humdrum days, aeons, ages, eternities ago—perhaps months. The day I saw you in "The Torrent"—oh, day of days!—a pain darted through my heart. Then I saw you in "Flesh and the Devil," and I felt a stitch in my right side, a little too high for appendicitis and too low for pleurisy. Love? Ah, you ask! You! You would!

When I heard your glorious *basso profundo doloroso* in "Anna Christie" I came down with a sick headache like lightning flashing upon the tallest, whitest peak of the Alps—and you, the gentle edelweiss blooming 'mongst yon sparse grass where goatherds herd their goats and goat their herds. And then, "Romance"! Ah, my Greta, then, and then only, did I take to my humble white cot—for days plucking at the coverlet as though 'twere a tenor banjo!

So you see how it is with me.

I cannot eat, I cannot sleep. I cannot stay awake, I cannot write pieces for the magazine. Heigho! I cannot drink—much. My cornet lessons have suffered, like the neighbors.

Adored one, drop one kindly word like dew upon the parched pastures of my dark and dubious soul! Drop one gentle thought like a pebble into the empty millpond of my heart! Drop me a postal card!

Your slave, L.

New York City
Sept. 1, 1930

My Soul:

Your long silence, heart o' my heart, rests upon my soul like a dozen flapjacks tucked under the diaphragm! Why, oh, why, so cold? So unresponsive? Havest I angered thou?

Today I saw "Romance" for the thirty-fourth time! Ah! rapture, and pain! That Gavin Gordon, on whom you lavish your precious caresses, for one of which I would sell my soul—yea, even my new fielder's mitt. Pah! How I hate him! See! I trample his beautiful nose into the dust! Faugh!

And tonight, pitching and catching on my lonely cot, I read the story of your home life in PHOTOPLAY. Ah, lone flower blooming in this limitless desert of the world—you, alone, walking in the rain—endlessly alone! Could I but walk with you in the rain! You could do the walkin' in the rain! I, darling, would do the singin'!

Ever your doormat, L.

PRESH:

All day it has been raining—raining in the streets, raining on the Chrysler Building, raining on Texas Guinan, raining on my heart.

Each day I attempt more and more to be one with thou.

For example, I have looked up a couple of Swedish *masseurs*, that I might *parlez* with them in your beloved tongue. Each morning I shout, "Banzai! Vive King Gustav!" And each night, beloved, I dine in a Swedish restaurant, where I can eat the radishes, sliced pickles, salami, caviar and little dead fish of your adored homeland.

Ye gods, how I have tried to be worthy of you! At first I could never get past the *hors d'oeuvres*, or "*smargåsbord*," as we call it, eh, my chick? Now I have advanced as far as the rubber chicken course! Eureka! *Wunderbar!* Bicarbonate of Soda! How about dropping a guy a line?

Practically forever, L.

New York City
Sept. 30, 1930

DEAR GRETA:

Well, how's tricks? Everything is okeh here, but O, my vision of loveliness shining like an apparition 'mid the dim vales and vasty plains of this jittering world, how I long for one tender word from thou!

My Greta! Let us forget all! Let us forget convention—the Democratic convention, the Elks' convention, the Vanderbilt convention!

Let us forget Mr. Mayer, and Mr. Thalberg, and Mr. Clarence Braun! Let us dare ALL!

I'll give you a ring Saturday on the phone.

Despairingly, L.

State Hospital
Oct. 7, 1930

DEAR MISS GARBO:

Well, if you're going to be like that, all right. I guess I can swallow my sorrows as well as the next man, and I'm going to send out for another quart right now! What are you trying to do, make a mug of me?

I won't ask you for those emeralds I thought of sending, and never mind about the \$28.18 postage you've cost me. I'm no heel.

Your little Pal, L.

California
Oct. 15, 1930

L. HOLL, PHOTOPLAY

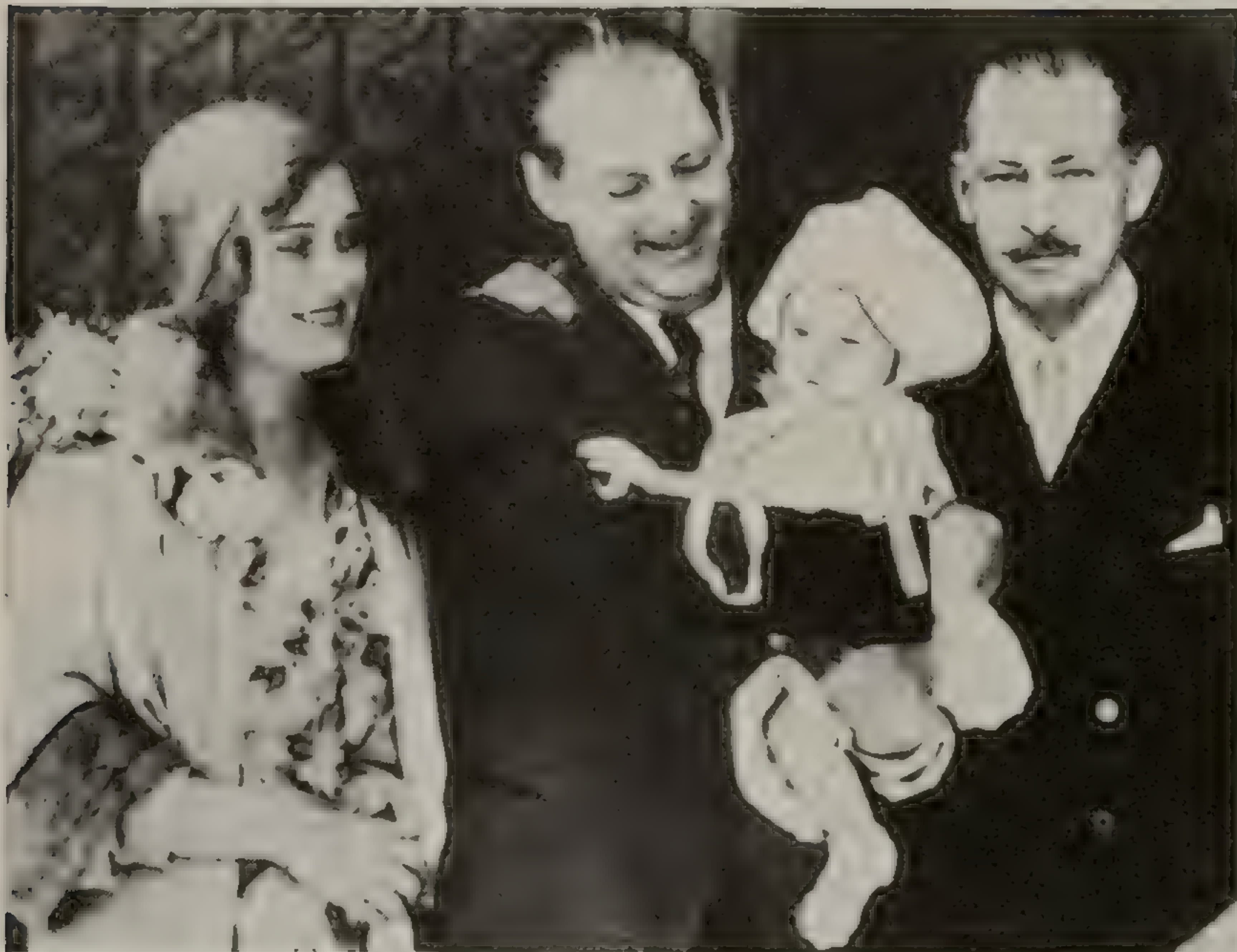
Dear Sir:

This correspondence, Serial Numbers 1 to 469, addressed to Miss Greta Garbo, is returned to you unopened.

The addressee has refused to accept it.

Laughingly yours,
L. Whiffledanger,
Seventh Asst. Postmaster.

Let's Drop In *Old Cal*



International

Baby Barrymore in the arms of her noted godfather, Lionel Barrymore, who also fills the important post of uncle to Her Highness. The picture was taken right after the christening of little Dolores Ethel Mae. The others in the scene are merely parents—Mamma Dolores and Papa John

HOLLYWOOD sees a change in Clara Bow. The lively number who has provided newspapers with front page copy for several years, not without detriment to herself, is quieting down.

Of course, Clara quieting down does not make you recall a placid twilight in the country churchyard, but there is a change. Clara, perhaps for the first time in her life, is actually taking an interest in clothes. She is buying smart, original models, and she is learning the value of colors. No longer does she go in for red evening gowns. Lately her choice has been black.

La Bow is a different person in a black gown. Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis are beginning to look to their sartorial laurels.

Wouldn't it be funny if Clara turned into the "best dressed woman in Hollywood?"

NOW that Mary Brian is at the Paramount studio in New York, the flappers are worrying over their darling Rudy Vallée.

Mary was the girl the curly headed crooner singled out for his Hollywood attentions. And Rudy likes her even better in the East. A million dollars and six saxophones has Rudy. Could even a movie star resist!

THESE earthquakes just will cut up in Hollywood. Even Will Hays hasn't been able to impress them with the proper sense of Hollywood decorum. The latest incorrigible decided to frighten our high strung little stars one Saturday afternoon at 4:40, just the smart hour for stars to be meditating and humming in one of their sixteen marble bathtubs.

Blanche Sweet and Lilyan Tashman were two of the girls who didn't linger in their tubs. When the quake quaked, Lilyan dashed out into the patio, still the best-dressed woman in the movies, clothed in one dainty Turkish towel.

Blanche, dripping wet, didn't bother with the towel when she decided she'd feel safer in the drawing room.

Always a hostess, Evelyn Brent didn't stop to finish dressing when she dashed into the living room to reassure some English guests, unfamiliar with earthquakes.

The latest in Hollywood undies of the lacier sort, displayed to excellent advantage by the beauteous Rita LaRoy, the siren of Radio Pictures. As you see, Rita has not forgotten her beads for this picture, either



International

Eugene Pallette reached the sidewalk, his trousers deserted in the dressing-room.

Ronald Colman, so poised, merely stood on the set and pulled an English nifty: "That's no earthquake, it's merely Sam Goldwyn seeing yesterday's rushes."

Polly Moran had just moved into a new house and finished piling all her hatboxes on the closet shelf. She had just heaved her sigh of relief when the earth quaked and down toppled the boxes.

Amos and Andy, new to Hollywood, didn't recognize the quake. They had the motor running in their Fresh Air Taxicab.

and Gossip With York!



International

THE second week in September will go ringing down in history.

During those seven days Chaplin wrote finis to "City Lights," the picture he has been making since Mary Carr was a soubrette.

That is, unless he decided to make it all over again with dialogue.

"**T**HEY tell me my eyes are too big to photograph well," said one Broadway actress to another.

"Your eyes?" questioned the other girl. "I understood it was your thighs."



W. F. Seely

One of the luckiest little girls in the world, the cute child at the right. She's Marjorie, called Peggy, and the adopted sister of Gloria Lloyd, left. Harold Lloyd and Mildred recently adopted Peggy, five, as a playmate for Gloria, who's six. She's been lonely on the big Lloyd estate

Extra! Special!
Stop the press!
Scoop! The first
picture in history
showing Buster
"Frosty-Face"
Keaton wearing a
broad grin. A
daring cameraman
caught him off
guard while he
was holidaying in
the south of
France

AS was to be expected, Norma Shearer's new rôle of motherhood fits perfectly—as also was to be expected, she's a sensational hit in the part.

Young Mr. Thalberg, first-born of Norma and Irving Thalberg of Metro, came lustily into the world, weighing eight pounds, five and one-half ounces.

Young Thalberg and his mother both did extremely well, though it is reported that for a time there was some doubt of saving the father.

Norma promises that as soon as possible she is going right on with the amazing succession of talkie successes she has scored in the past year.

"The Divorcée" and "Let Us Be Gay" will soon have other Shearer pictures on their trail.

Norma and Irving were married in 1927. Both happy and successful in their home and their respective labors, now their contentment is crowned with the youngster. When the world seems unhappy, mismated, and out of joint—contemplate this pair of aces.

THE Brooklyn bundle of "It" has had another birthday! Yes sir, Clara Bow is twenty-five!

If you count back it checks up with her birth date, 1905. And she didn't take the day off to celebrate. She worked all day on her new Paramount picture, "Her Wedding Night." Folks kept dropping in to pay their respects, and the sound stage was banked with flowers. Even the publicity boys at the studio chipped in with a bouquet. They couldn't remember ever sending another actress a remembrance on her birthday, but then they're grateful to Clara.

It's so easy to keep her on the front pages of the newspapers. In fact, it's almost impossible to keep her off.

BBRITISH humorist P. G. Wodehouse is now writing dialogue for the movies, in Hollywood, which credits him with the following crack:

When Mr. Wodehouse was first approached by a producer and asked to write a scenario, he replied, "Why, I thought the motion pictures already had a scenario."



P and A

The third Mrs. Jack Pickford, formerly Mary Mulhern of the New York musical comedy stage. Husband Jack is at the right, and peering between them is James Kirkwood, veteran actor and director who officiated as best man at the ceremony

GARBO and Jeanette MacDonald met for the first time at a party given in the home of Ernst Lubitsch.

Garbo addressed a remark to Jeanette.

"A little louder please," said Jeanette.

Garbo repeated her remark, raising her voice.

"I still don't understand," replied Jeanette.

By that time Lubitsch had caught on. He signalled over Jeanette's shoulder to Garbo, signifying that the young lady was very deaf.

Poor Garbo fairly shouted at Jeanette the rest of the evening. It wasn't until she was ready to leave that she discovered the joke. Greta must have a sense of humor. Anyway, she laughed!

BETTY COMPSON and James Cruze may not have been harmonious at home, but on the set they're turtle-doves.

No longer husband and wife, she's still his favorite star and he's her favorite director. The civilized Mr. Cruze has just engaged his ex-wife, the civilized Miss Compson to go to work for him as the heroine of his next picture, "She Got What She Wanted."

What Miss Compson gets, by the way, is \$3,000 a week. It all happened since the talkers.

THE drifting rumors that all is not serene at Pickfair, with Mistress Mary's shocked denials, provoked the New York columnist, Sidney Skolsky of The Daily News, to dig up one of Mary's former denials.



P and A

One of Paramount's funniest men in a new and serious rôle. Skeets Gallagher, the comedian, with his pretty wife, the former Pauline Mason of musical comedy, holding his baby son and heir. Skeets' first-born is named after his daddy, being Richard, Junior

This from the Queen on March 6, 1920: "The rumors that I intend to marry Douglas Fairbanks are absurd. Such a thought has never entered my head."

Mary married Douglas Fairbanks on March 31, 1920.

THE chatter columnist on a Los Angeles paper wrote something about Harry Richman, "Clara Bow's ex-friend."

An hour later, the proofreader was carried out roaring with hysterical laughter. When he had quieted down, they asked him why. He showed them the galley proof of the Richman item.

The typesetter had made it "Clara Bow sex friend."

SOME newspapers tried to give Lillian Gish hydrophobia not long ago, but they flopped.

Lillian was taking a high-priced pup of hers out for a walk in South Norwalk, Conn., when up stepped a common street mutt and made an unfriendly pass at Lillian's dog.

Stepping gallantly between them, Lillian received a bite on her dainty hand from the mongrel of the alleys, but she saved her own pet.

Certain New York papers seemed almost hopeful that the offending hound would turn out to be full of rabies, but nothing of the sort happened. It turned out that the dog was not mad—merely deeply, deeply hurt and a little peevish.

So that story died—thank Heavens!

Incidentally, Lillian announced her screen retirement about the same time. Everybody knew this—it certainly wasn't news. Last spring, in "Uncle Vanya," Lillian smashed into a high place on the legitimate stage. And there, as long as she's professionally engaged, she'll probably stay.

CHARLES, EX-BUDDY ROGERS is finding that nice, clean boyhood pays—in cash.

He has just signed a new contract said to call for \$1,500 a week at the Paramount pay window, with plump raises every six months. Three years ago the kid was glad to get \$60 a week.

He's been playing in "Along Came Youth." Which might just as easily read—"Along Came Bud"—pardon me, Charles!

AMOS AND ANDY had been working pretty hard for days on end, and a few nights, too, making their picture at the Radio Pictures studio. It came to a day-long sequence wherein Amos and Andy wouldn't have to appear at all.



P and A

Janet's home again! After her five months' absence from the Fox studio, having walked out, the little Gaynor returned and got a warm welcome. Charlie Farrell, left, is all smiles, and so are Maurine Watkins, author, and William K. Howard, her director

Yes; you go ahead and guess what they did. Uh huh. They hung around the studio all day long, watching the shooting.

HOLLYWOOD Wisecrack:
When the Villa Carlotta, new Hollywood Apartment hotel, burned—that's where so many movie stars and folk live—the other evening, and the fire engines began roaring and clanging and sirening about the place, one of the guests in a downstairs apartment to which the smoke hadn't yet penetrated, commented:
"H'm; sounds like another director coming home."

INA CLAIRE is back in New York and poor old Broadway is shaken. Is it really Ina Claire? Is it Mrs. John Gilbert? Is it somebody trying to look like Greta Garbo?
The best dressed woman on the New York stage has come back with lighter hair, worn Garbo, low on her neck, and an enigmatic Garbo smile. Ina's Johnny was Garbo's Yonny, mustn't forget, and Mr. Gilbert is being blamed for the best dressed woman in New York's apparent effort to look like the worst dressed woman in Hollywood.
To top this, rumors are also a-fly, and gentlemanly wagers freely offered, that the Gilbert-Claire marriage is once more on a reef.

WHEN Lon Chaney was laid to rest, strains of music were heard in the chapel where the service was held.
They were not stately and sonorous hymns, but simple songs dear to the heart of the great and simple man and actor in whose honor they were played.
Chaney's funeral music was the "mood music" that had inspired him on a dozen picture sets in the past. Unaffected melodies that had moved his emotions and aided him in the great characterizations of his career. Sam and Jack Feinberg, studio musicians who were Chaney's friends, played it, and wept as they did.
Lieut. Col. H. S. Dyar, a chaplain of the United States Marine Corps, read the burial service and delivered a modest eulogy.
And then all that was mortal of Lon was laid to rest in the beautiful Forest Lawn Cemetery at Glendale.

WHEN Lon's will was read, it was discovered that the bulk of his \$550,000 estate had been left to his widow, Hazel G. Chaney.



William A. Fraker

Hollywood's luckiest lad! Two hundred and twenty boys applied for the leading rôle in Columbia's talkie of "Tol'able David," the famous Barthelme part. Twenty-year-old Roy Radabough was chosen and renamed Richard Cromwell

His divorced wife, Cleve C. Busch, received one dollar—to avoid a possible contest, the will said.
His chauffeur and pal, John Jeske, was given \$5,000.
His brothers, John and George, his sister, Carrie, and his son, Creighton, Los Angeles attorney, were all cared for by insurance policies totalling \$275,000, the will said.

THE second Vidor baby, another girl, has been named. She will be called Belinda Vidor and if anybody says anything about Hairbreadth Harry and Belinda, the Beautiful Boiler Maker, Eleanor Boardman is prepared to roll a brick upon the culprit's head.

IT IS to be Jack Coogan to you from now on! Jackie is a baby's name, and Jack is now a big boy in his 'teens.
Moreover he has his future pretty well mapped out. He is going to enter the University of Southern California and get book "larnin'".
After that he will come back into pictures as a grown-up. In the meantime Jack, with Junior Durkin and Dick Winslow are having a grand vacation making "Tom Sawyer." Out on the location camp the three boys have rigged up a miniature golf course of their own making.
And like most boys of that age they spend most of their time trying to "ditch" Mitzi Green.
Mitzi is just that hurt about it, and is pleased as Punch when the boys let her play golf with them. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Hollywood

The youngsters of
Filmland suffer for
its shattered homes

By Rosalind Shaffer



The lovely little daughter of John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy—Leatrice II and her beautiful mother. The Gilberts were divorced about six years ago

THERE is that old story about the child who asked, "Mamma, who is that strange man who comes here sometimes?" and the harassed golf or bridge widow who answered, "Why, son, that's your father!"

Like most jokes, it has its basis in truth. There are many children in Hollywood, children of celebrities, who know their parents in much that same way.

There are children who know their famous parents solely through the hazy memory of babyhood, and by shadowy features on the screen known equally well to strangers. Hollywood's children of divorce are these children. They grow up in the shadow of great names, knowing nothing, some of them, of a father's love, or, others, of a mother's tenderness.

You are thinking that these things happen other places besides in Hollywood.

They do. But in Hollywood, the thing has so many complications that are generally caused by Hollywood's being Hollywood, and the folks therein being what they are. Charming folks, talented folks, generous to a fault. But terribly individualistic folks, egotistic folks, proud as Lucifer, full of the most emotional reactions to every little spat and jar common folks forget while dinner is cooking.

IN Keokuk, after a trying day, papa says mamma does not look so snappy, and why in the dickens doesn't she go to a hairdresser? Mamma wipes away a surreptitious tear, talks it over with her mother who tells her all men are brutes but that at heart her John is a good husband and a good provider, and to forget it.

But in Hollywood? She says to him: "OH YEAH? Well, Flo Ziegfeld offered to put me in a show on Broadway this winter, and I am taking a test for *Cleopatra* this afternoon. As for that cheap extra



Lita Grey Chaplin and the two merry sons of the famous comedian, Charles, Jr., and Sidney. Each of the little boys has an income of \$400 a month from trust funds established by their noted father

Children of Divorce

girl you insisted on having for your leading lady in your last picture, I hope to tell you you are only number eight on her list, and the last one before you was a waiter." And bla-bla into the night. Bang, goes a home!

All her friends gather 'round and say, "My *dear*, imagine you taking talk like that from that cheap ham: everybody knows he only gets by because he is your husband."

AND his friends say, "She's getting impossible to get along with since she's done all that dieting. Don't take all that temperament and nagging; it will wear you out so that you will have nothing to give to your work. You owe it to yourself to cut loose!"

Divorce often changes the financial status and expectations of the children considerably, from more angles than it would in a non-professional community.

After Francis X. Bushman was divorced by his first wife, his earning power was badly damaged. Following the divorce, in 1918, his salary dropped from \$10,000 a week to \$2,500—and not much work at that.

After the divorce of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Beth Sully



This is Bill Hart, Jr., son of the Western star and Winifred Westover. Young Bill lives with his mother and grandmother, under what Miss Shaffer calls here "petticoat government"



Miss Suzanne Vidor, with her mother, Florence Vidor, now the wife of Jascha Heifetz, the famous fiddler. Director King Vidor, her father, is now married to Eleanor Boardman

Fairbanks, Mrs. Fairbanks lost the money given her for a settlement on which she was to support Doug, Jr., then aged eight, and the family lived in comparative poverty. Doug, Jr., took up a professional career at the tender age of thirteen because he needed the money. He got a thousand a week under the first contract. After those lean days in Paris, where the pair went because they could live more cheaply there, that was real money.

CREIGHTON HALE, once a big star of the films, in the days of Pearl White and the serials, had financial trouble following his divorce.

The affair made him so unpopular with producers that he has not had enough work to support himself adequately, and his two little sons would be in need today if it were not for the fact that his wife remarried, and John Miljan, the screen villain, is their devoted father now.

Hale was ordered to pay for their support, but is two years behind to date. When these two [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 148]



★ *OUTWARD BOUND*—Warners

A THRILL creeps up your spine when you realize what the screen is attempting in "Outward Bound." It is fantastically daring. A ship sets sail, drifting on a fog-shrouded sea. Eight people are aboard, and all of them are dead—outward bound in that vague space between Life and the Hereafter. At the journey's end the passengers are judged. Two young suicides return to earth. The play brings exquisite fantasy, sly humor and some magnificent performances to the screen.

Leslie Howard, in his screen debut, is exceedingly poignant and touching as the drunkard. Beryl Mercer has never done finer acting than as the little cockney woman. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Helen Chandler are the winning young suicides. Adult entertainment.



★ *HER MAN*—Pathe

"HE was her man, but he done her wrong"—that immortal ballad of *Frankie* and her erring *Johnnie* has been further immortalized. And a grand piece of work it is.

Here is a talking picture with all the color, drama and vivid action of the best old-time silents. The acting is so fine, the direction so clever, and the photography so satisfactory, that critics and audiences are sure to agree in praising it. Helen Twelvetrees is brilliant as *Frankie*, and Phillips Holmes' appealing *Dan* and Ricardo Cortez' sinister *Johnnie* are admirable. Marjorie Rambeau gives a magnificent performance as the sodden *Annie*. And the comedy of James Gleason, Harry Sweet, Franklin Pangborn and "Slim" Summerville is irreproachable. Some stunning camera angles—and a barroom fight that's a pip.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE BIG TRAIL*—Fox

HERE is a picture that can truly be classed as epic. "The Big Trail" is done on such a massive scale that it completely overshadows its actors. And that is a tribute to the direction of Raoul Walsh as well as to the human, simple characterizations of the players. It is another "Covered Wagon." Greater, because of Grandeur Film, and now you hear the people speak, the blood-curdling shrieks of Indians and the creaking of prairie schooners.

This is the romantic story of the old Oregon Trail, a nation in exodus to the promised land of the West. The plot itself is sparse, but the picture moves with such a breathless sweep, with such smashing climaxes, that the story is relatively unimportant. The highlights include a buffalo hunt, crossing a swollen river, and an Indian attack.

Photography is excellent. One long shot, the circling attack of the corralled wagons by the Indians, has the beauty of Remington's pictures of the old West. John Wayne, a screen newcomer, in the leading rôle of the young scout, plays with a winning mixture of boyish diffidence and self-assurance. Fine characterizations by Marguerite Churchill, Ian Keith, El Brendel, and by Tully Marshall as an old scout. Walsh has surpassed his past achievements and produced a thrilling record of an important American epoch.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE BIG TRAIL	THE SPOILERS
OUTWARD BOUND	HER MAN
LILIOM	HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE
THE SEA WOLF	SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

The Best Performances of the Month

John Wayne in "The Big Trail"
 Marguerite Churchill in "The Big Trail"
 Tully Marshall in "The Big Trail"
 Gary Cooper in "The Spoilers"
 William (Stage) Boyd in "The Spoilers"
 Leslie Howard in "Outward Bound"
 Beryl Mercer in "Outward Bound"
 Helen Twelvetrees in "Her Man"
 Rose Hobart in "Liliom"
 Robert Woolsey in "Half Shot at Sunrise"
 Bert Wheeler in "Half Shot at Sunrise"
 Milton Sills in "The Sea Wolf"
 Claudia Dell in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs"
 Lowell Sherman in "The Pay Off"
 Lew Ayres in "The Doorway to Hell"
 William Farnum in "Du Barry—Woman of Passion"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 153



★ *LILIOM*—Fox

"LILIOM" marks the screen début of a young lady who makes a lot of veteran film actors look like amateurs. Rose Hobart, in spite of her youth, brings to the speaking screen a striking depth and maturity of emotion.

Charles Farrell is an engaging and sympathetic *Liliom*, but seems not entirely at home in the rôle. When he does hit his stride, however, he is fine.

"Liliom" is brilliantly staged and exquisitely photographed. The somber simplicity of the interiors and the fantastic beauty of the exterior shots are in admirable keeping with the spirit of the story. Pictorially, "Liliom" is a masterpiece. And taken altogether it is an exceptionally fine picture. Outstanding performances by Rose Hobart, Lee Tracy and H. B. Warner.



★ *THE SPOILERS*—Paramount

WHEN movie kiddies gather around the gas logs for bedtime stories pop tells about the famous fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi in the first version of "The Spoilers." That battle made screen history, and Rex Beach's perennial novel has gone ringing down the years. In its third trip to the screen it becomes a phonoplay and it's as thrillingly red-blooded as ever. One of the month's best through its excellent cast, and the sweeping, dramatic way in which the gold rush story is told. Gary Cooper is the most romantic of the *Roy Glenisters* who have fought for right in Nome. Kay Johnson again creates a distinct impression as the heroine, and Betty Compson is an appealing *Cherry Malotte*, the dance hall girl.

Action builds to the fight between Cooper and William (Stage) Boyd, and you've never seen a wilder brawl. The men tumbledown the stairs, and finish in the street. No matinee stuff this. You should see Gary bite a hunk from Boyd's arm. It's all there, the loaded steamers for the Yukon, the coming of law into a lawless land, and the dynamite plot. Best of all, the story moves. Action is never sacrificed to dialogue. In a very fine cast outstanding support is given by Harry Green, James Kirkwood and "Slim" Summer-ville. Edwin Carewe's direction is excellent.



★ *HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE*—Radio Pictures

PEEVISH after a tough day? Anything wrong?

Well then, park the grouch and toddle to wherever they're showing "Half Shot at Sunrise." It's one of the most absurdly ridiculous, nonsensical messpots of assorted comedy that ever was cooked up from celluloid.

It's virtually all Wheeler and Woolsey. These crack-brains play two A. E. F. privates madly A. W. O. I. in Paris. How they get away with it is the story, embellished with some of the funniest lines and situations ever devised.

Incidentally, while it's not a musical, there are a few good song numbers. Leni Stengel as the Paris vamp, cuddlesome Dorothy Lee as the colonel's daughter, and George MacFarlane as the colonel take whatever honors Wheeler and Woolsey don't gobble up.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

THE SEA WOLF—Fox



A GAIN Jack London's famous "Sea Wolf" takes the screen—this time with sound. Milton Sills, who died just after its completion, is the *Wolf Larsen*, and he plays it beautifully. How he fights and loves! A beautiful, untrained girl named Jane Keith is opposite. Sincerity helps her through. The sea stuff is elegant, and the microphone gives us Jack London—a little diluted, but still grand!

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS—Warners



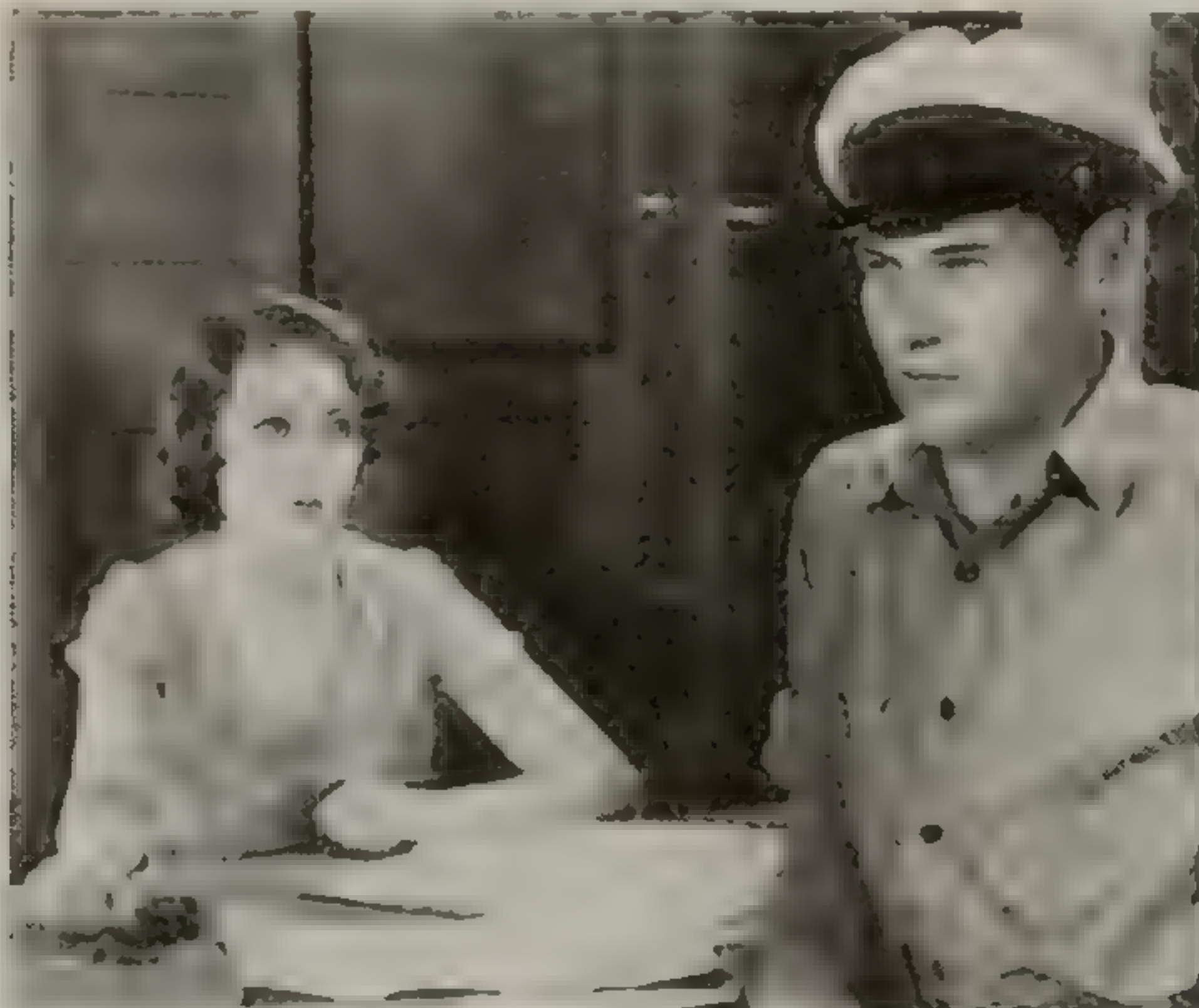
A S dainty a bit of fantasy as you'll find—this beautifully Technicolored operetta of the gallant days in Merrie England. Claudia Dell, a Dresden doll of a girl, and a coming star. Lovely music. Walter Pidgeon in knee breeches and fine baritone. Pretty June Collyer, Ernest Torrence's clever comedy. You'd better not miss this one. It has romance, beauty, grand laughs. And Claudia! Watch her!

THE PAY OFF—Radio Pictures



L OWELL SHERMAN set a hot pace for himself a while ago with "Lawful Larceny," a swell crook drama. Now, here he comes along with "The Pay Off," an even sweller crook drama. And equally well flavored with the distinctive sophistication of this director-actor's newer efforts. It's a dress-suit crook tale, not gang stuff. Sherman's honors, with Hugh Trevor scoring a startling success in a heavy rôle.

THE SEA GOD—Paramount



I F you don't like this picture you're just an old introvert or worse. For here is wild adventure, cannibals, pearl diving, sailing vessels, love, melodrama. Dick Arlen, just a bit of South Sea flotsam and jetsam, is charming, virile and utterly natural. There's your old friend, Eugene Pallette, as the comic and Fay Wray being beautiful as the girl. Dialogue is grand. Lots of things to interest you. See it.

THE GORILLA—First National



O H, yes; it's still a goodish enough thriller, but they've monkeyed around so much with "The Gorilla" on the screen that it loses some of the punch it had as a stage play. Technically speaking, the tempo is poor—it's too slow. And Frisco isn't so funny on the screen—cuts down his laugh percentage about half. "Ingagi" Gemorrah wears his monkey suit again.

SPURS—Universal



H ERE'S Hoot Gibson, riding like all-fired nobody's business, and busting up a gang of villains that try to hide behind secret doors and trick panels and push-buttons and all that sort of thing. They're sure wicked with such tricks. It's fast from the first shot to the last, and if you like your Westerns Western, this will click with you. Hoot is one boy who keeps riding!

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**PLAYBOY OF
PARIS—**
Paramount



CHEVALIER deserves better pictures than this. Although this light farce is exceedingly entertaining in spots and has some amusing situations it is sometimes very dull. And no Chevalier picture has any excuse for being that. Chevalier fans will be disappointed, for the irresistible Maurice sings only two songs. Frances Dee, a newcomer, is refreshingly lovely and Stuart Erwin contributes some grand comedy.

**ARE YOU
THERE?—Fox**



IMAGINE Beatrice Lillie as a lady detective whose disguises range from adagio dancer to big game hunter! It ought to be funny—yet this never quite clicks. It's too scrambled—and for all her brilliant comedy and undeniable good looks the irrepressible Lillie doesn't get across on the screen. The supporting cast includes Baclanova, George Grossmith, John Garrick and Jillian Sand a promising newcomer.

**VIENNESE
NIGHTS—**
Warners



THE best operetta of recent months—a thing of beauty, with lilting music by Sigmund Romberg (oh, what waltzes!) and excellent singing and acting by a strong cast. Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray outdo themselves in the romantic leads, aided by Bert Roach, Walter Pidgeon, Louise Fazenda and Jean Hersholt. If you are weary of just plain talk, you'll enjoy this to the full.

**THOSE
THREE
FRENCH
GIRLS—**
M-G-M



SOMEBODY thought it would be a cute idea to have three little girls with broad French accents work together in a picture. This is the result, an un-funny comedy and one of those plots as haphazard as a chorus girl's brain. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. Not even Reginald Denny's charming acting nor Ukelele Ike's antics make this worth while.

**STORM
OVER
ASIA—**
Amkino



ANOTHER of the crude, strong motion pictures that come out of Soviet Russia—as rough and powerful as the people whose struggles it portrays. This picture tells the dramatic story of the revolt of the Mongols and Communists against the White Army in 1918. Following the Russian technique, individuals build drama until there is a great smash ending. Directed by the famous Pudovkin. *Silent.*

**THE DOOR-
WAY TO
HELL—**
Warners



IF this kid Lew Ayres hasn't got everything, then Ramon Novarro is a Siamese twin. He plays the rôle of a gangster with a Napoleonic complex, in this picture, which is pretty good entertainment. Lew is young, earnest, vitally sincere, and there is a lad named James Cagney who creates a fascinating character. Worth while.

[Additional reviews on page 135]



Once Hollywood turned her down because she looked too much like Dolores Del Rio. Now Rosita Moreno is a valued artist at the Paramount studios

THREE years ago Southern California residents, the old sun-kissed natives, felt their floors go into a St. Vitus beneath them and their roofs shimmy violently above them. Everyone thought it was another earthquake, even if the Chamber of Commerce did say Los Angeles was free from any earth faults—oh, maybe a teeny fault, but nothing to get lathered about.

But it wasn't Mother Earth doing her reducing calisthenics. It was just a terrific shaking and shivering in Hollywood's foreign colony. The screen had talked! What would happen to the foreign darlings who spoke garbled English? It looked like a long, cold winter, with the Rolls-Royce going without new tires.

"Ah," said the wise men of Hollywood, stroking their long, white beards, "this spells the end of the foreign players on the Coast."

Hollywood has a new colony which makes talkies in ten languages

In line with the prediction, the huge foreign colony, as colorful and as cosmopolitan a group as were ever gathered in one city, began to break up.

Pola drew her tragedy mantle closely about her and returned to Europe.

Jannings hitched up the covered wagon and began the long trek to Germany.

Victor Varconi left. Lya de Putti, Lena Malena, Lil Dagover, Baclanova, and others faced a bleak prospect. Uncle Sam Goldwyn didn't renew Vilma Banky's contract.

The fate of Garbo, Novarro, Lupe Velez and Gilbert Roland was trembling in the balance.

Golly, you could almost hear Chopin's Funeral March in the air.

But in the midst of all this chit-chat about the American screen for Americans, the producers saw the foreign market disappearing in thin air. Ah, it was too bad to lose all those pretty European shekels!

SO a new foreign colony has sprung up in Hollywood. It is less spectacular than the old, but it is more authentic.

The new colony forms a strange city within an even stranger city. This hidden colony has its own industry—the making of pictures for foreign market, and it has its own social life. Business of the great American film industry moves noisily past its portals. Even in Hollywood little is known of this important new phase of picture-making.



Barry Norton's Spanish accent finished him at Fox. Now he's much prized on the Paramount lot

Foreigners Welcome!

By Roland Francis

This melting pot of nations, the inner city of Hollywood, has its own cafés, small places tucked away down side streets, or restaurants in and about Sonoratown, the oldest district in Los Angeles. There are parties, social leaders and followers. The old line favorites of the screen do not have much time for the newcomers. They are too busy, and the visitors aren't prominent enough. But Hollywood misses many interesting personalities by overlooking the new artists.

The foreigners in Hollywood have a greater chance for success than ever before. In the first place they will have the background of experience in foreign pictures. If they show unusual promise they will be groomed for the American screen. The case of little Eva von Berne, cast opposite John Gilbert in her first assignment, and found wanting, will not happen again. They will be accustomed to American studios before they ever act in American pictures.

Players with a command of foreign languages are invaluable. Adolphe Menjou, with his knowledge of French, English and German, can work for months in the same picture, meeting himself going on in French as he comes off in English. Barry Norton, with his English, Spanish and French, is considered by Paramount to be the most valuable juvenile in Hollywood. Not so long ago Barry heard the Fox gates clank behind him with doleful finality.



Pretty Lena Malena once failed dismally in Hollywood because of her German accent. Now, because of her good German, she's in demand for foreign versions

Lena Malena, after an unsuccessful attempt at an American screen career, returned to Germany. She is now back in Hollywood. Doors are opened to her that remained closed during her previous visit.

M-G-M made five versions of "Men of the North"—English, French, German, Spanish and Italian. Barbara Leonard, an American girl, educated in several foreign lands, played the leading rôle in four of these ventures. Barbara received her contract through her linguistic ability. She is pretty, yes, but her value to the company is the fact that she is available for so many pictures. Supporting casts were imported from Europe.

WARNERS and First National have brought over a large group of European stage and screen favorites. The two companies will produce a total of eighteen pictures for world markets. There will be six pictures each in French, Spanish and German. The films made will include versions of "Show Girl in Hollywood," "Those Who Dance," and "Moby Dick."

Among the luminaries in this group are Lissi Arna, who appeared in the Claudette Colbert rôle in the German print of "The Lady Lies," and the famous Suzy Vernon, star of UFA and French made films.

And even Jannings is coming back. He will make English and German pictures for Warners.

Fox is falling into line with a busy foreign department. Mona Maris has made a Spanish version of "Common Clay," and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 151]



Does he look like John Gilbert? Jose Crespo plays Gilbert rôles in Spanish for Metro-Goldwyn

The Lon Chaney



Ruth Harriet Louise

THE best picture of Lon Chaney ever taken. He usually refused to sit for studio portraits, but here the lens artist caught the courage and humanity that went to make up Lon Chaney, brave man and consummate actor

I Knew

By Clarence A. Locan

An intimate picture of the great star, drawn by a man who was his friend for twenty years

IT was in San Francisco, back in 1910, that I first met Lon Chaney. The Kolb and Dill Opera Company was playing at the Savoy Theater, one of those first temporary theaters out on Fillmore Street, just outside the district ravaged by the fire and earthquake, and as a reporter I had been sent there to write a "backstage" story.

I watched the chorus girls being lined up in the wings by an agile stage manager who seemed to be everywhere at once. I chatted with the producer, and got something by way of being an interview. As the stage hands shifted scenes, the agile stage manager helping them, I remarked on him to the boss.

"That guy," I remarked, "seems to do a lot more work than I'd like to."

"Huh," he said. "He also plays parts, is one of the best hoofers I ever had, is ready to jump into any of my parts if anything happens, and is transportation agent, besides, if we go on the road."

They were playing "Hoity-Toity." Presently the agile stage manager showed up in costume. He was even then playing a part in the show.

"I'll introduce you," offered the chief. "Here—Chaney."

The busy one came over, shook hands, then dashed away to line up the chorus for the next entrance.

I saw his name thereafter, when he began to appear in films. But it wasn't until I arrived in Hollywood as a film press agent that I saw him again.

"You're going to handle the publicity on 'The Hunchback,'" my new boss in the studio told me. So I drifted out on the set and met Lon. I recalled the opera company. He grinned—as nearly as a man can grin through a make-up of false teeth, putty, and an obliterated eye, weighing seven pounds.

I worked with him from then on, and there started a friendship that I prize among any that I ever enjoyed.

Even now I cannot write of Lon Chaney in any spirit of maudlin sentimentality. Knowing him, I know that he wouldn't like it. He never did. I am perfectly sure that when he stood on the Stygian brink of the great Hereafter, and gazed into the dread eyes of Azrael, no tremor of fear, or qualm of self-pity was in his heart. Of all things, Lon detested self-pity.

HAD he any of it in his make-up he could never have played the *Hunchback* in a harness that gripped his shoulders in a vise-like leather mould, and drew them down so that his body took on a shape of a question mark; with one eye blanked out, false teeth and plastic material filling his mouth, and a tight rubber jacket, covered with hair, fitting him like a strait-jacket, he was in a fearsome plight.

He wasn't supposed to work in it more than three minutes at a time. But he always did. He wouldn't pity himself enough to take advantage even of the respite the rules of the production called for. "Let's go ahead and not hold up the picture," he'd insist. "Never mind me."



Lon Chaney's last picture. When he finished "The Unholy Three" he asked that he be photographed with some of the actors and all of the company's prop boys and handy-men, so that "the boys" could have copies as souvenirs of what proved to be his last film. This is that picture

Lon Chaney, who suffered much, hated self-pity most of all!

The show was always the whole thing with Lon.

When he wasn't before the camera he was always helping in some way or other—moving lights, making-up extras—anything to keep the production moving, just as, on the stage, he was always on the jump.

Once the day's work was over, and he left the studio, it was different. After quitting time he wouldn't even talk shop. Those hours were his—his and his family's.

HE went home. His friends visited him, or he visited them. Pictures were forgotten. The public never knew what the inside of his home looked like. "The part I have in pictures is the public's," he invariably said, "but my own private life is mine, and it's nobody's business."

His pleasures were simple.

His knowledge of humanity was extraordinary. He loved people. On his days off he would be around the studio, talking to the workers. The stenographers, the office boys, the electricians, the grips. He knew all their troubles. To them he was always "Lon," their friend.

"Well, Jim, how's the mother today?" he would ask a laborer. "Need anything?" "How's the new baby getting on, Charlie?" he'd inquire of another. "Anything I can do?" He knew every worker in the studio, no matter how humble, by his or her first name. On Christmas there was always a present for every worker from Lon. Not the stars or "big bugs." Every girl in every office got a glove order, the office boys, the electricians, and the rest had presents. It was genuine.

Lon was always a mystery to those who didn't know him well. He was looked on as a lonely, mysterious character. And he might have been, had he not been the enemy of self-pity. He was really a happy man, despite illness, the agony of many of his rôles, and his enormous capacity for work. He idolized his wife, his son, Creighton, and his two little grandchildren. Away from the studios, he had his beloved mountain camp, his movie camera, his own little circle of friends.

He didn't go to Hollywood parties or openings because he simply wasn't interested.

It pleased him better to sit at home and play Russian Bank with John Jeske, Clinton Lyle, Eddie Gribbon, M. K. Wilson and others of his little *coterie*.

HE lived simply. In fact, Tod Browning, his former director, used to refer to him as "the star who lived like a clerk." One of his fads was cooking, and he invented such things as raw spinach salad, or avocados mixed with caviar.

He never wore a hat, but, with a cap pulled over eyes hidden behind horn-rimmed glasses, was able to walk around Hollywood unrecognized by the curious. He used to wander into obscure movie houses and look for types, later to echo them in his make-up.

By some queer quirk in the man, bizarre rôles had a fascination for him. Perhaps it was because he was born of deaf mute parents, and as a child lived a different life from the ordinary youngster. He would bear any amount of suffering to enact a weird character.

By a grim irony, the first of these weird characterizations was in "The Penalty," as the legless *Blizzard*. And the penalty remained long after the picture had run its course. Strapped in a harness, and suffering torture to play the strange rôle, Lon never really recovered from it. There was always, thereafter, a constitutional weakness, aggravated by such similar rôles as the *Hunchback*, the *Unknown* and the rest of his *outré* characterizations. But he doggedly kept on, until finally, after "The Unknown," in which he was strapped in a strait-jacket, he realized that no longer could he face such ordeals.

But it was already the beginning of the end. He was never in perfect health from that time on—but this he kept to himself and carried on. He left his bed in the hospital to play in "The Unholy Three," his first talkie. He returned to that bed when the picture was finished—in the last final illness that led to death.

"I can't play these crippled rôles any more," he remarked, after he had finished "The Unknown." "That trouble with my spine is worse every time I do one, and it's really beginning to worry me." This was the only admission he ever made of what the rôles cost him. But he knew. From then on there was a grim shadow at the back of his mind. What they cost him I know well. With him for years, on the set and off, working with him on his every picture, I could see things he never admitted.

HOLDING up production was to him the greatest of crimes. In fifteen years he never was a minute late on a set. When his first illness laid him low this was his principal worry.

"I'm holding up production the first time in my life," he complained bitterly to M. E. Greenwood, studio manager and his close friend. It was not until Louis B. Mayer sent his personal word that production was being carried on in other ways, and he wasn't holding the studio up, that he was consoled.

The picture always came first with Lon. When they did the flogging scene in "The Hunchback" he sought out Nick De Ruiz, the giant Mexican playing the executioner. "Don't be afraid to lay that whip on," he instructed him. "If you try to pull the blows it'll look just like that on the screen." So, to make the scene look right, he took a flogging that few criminals have had to stand.

These are the sort of things that eventually ended his life. He entertained millions. As "the man of a thousand faces" he brightened the world—but at what a cost to him. And he knew it—but never was there a word of self-pity.

Player of sinister rôles, personally Lon was one of the kindest men I ever saw. I remember once as he was going to his dressing room at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, in the hideous disguise of the vampire in "London After Midnight," a commotion on the lawn stopped him. Several tiny birds had fallen out of a nest. Chaney retrieved the birds, climbed to the nest, and restored them to safety.

The kindnesses he has done about the studios

[PLEASE TURN TO
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The character that caused Lon Chaney incredible agony. Lon chained to the wheel in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." In this picture he wore a tremendous cast that tortured him. Such parts as this may have shortened Lon's life



Richee

CAN it be that our 'little Mary's growing up at last? There's a new, spirited air about the Brian girl here pictured. In addition, of course, to a new and pretty print dress. Mary's going ahead fast for Paramount. Heigh ho! It's a long, long trail back to her good old Wendy days in the "Peter Pan" era

Hollywood's Fall



Fay Wray's black lace gown is not only style-right in fabric and line, but horsehair is cleverly used to flare the lace at shoulders, sleeves and flounces. And that's Fashion's very latest news



Something lovely in the Princess line! Supple, soft satin in an off-white shade; three-tiered skirt with soufflé flounces; real Alençon lace. Worn by Bebe Daniels; designed by Bess Schlank



Want to look trig and smart at the next bridge luncheon? A tunic dress like Joan Crawford's, and bonnet-like hat, will do it. The dress is of soft chiffon worsted material, with touches of white trimming

Smartest Fashions



Winter suits are excellent this year. Bess Schlank designed this for Bebe Daniels, in midnight blue Lida cloth, trimmed with barondouki (high-hat chipmunk!) The fur forms a yoke in back



Ladies (and gentlemen), the hostess gown! Neither negligée nor mere dinner dress, but a graceful blending of intimacy and propriety for at home entertaining. Apricot velvet, and sable, is Fay Wray's choice



What an evening wrap! Made of foamy white crepe Elizabeth, trimmed with crystal beads, and worn over a gown of the same material. Adrian designed this lovely ensemble for Joan Crawford



Hurrell

IS it necessary to tell you that this handsome, hand-holding pair are Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.? Both are making remarkable screen progress these days. Maybe it's love! On the page across the way you will find a brilliant word-etching of Young Doug, famous son of a very famous dad



Young Doug Fairbanks thinks his pop is a great fellow. He even likes to play golf with Senior, though his dad's game is about ten strokes better than his own type of clubbing

“Young Doug”

By

Harry Lang

STRANGE bawls devastate the morning quiet of a Hollywood suburb called Brentwood.

Quavering and braying, they issue from an upstairs window of a pretty Spanish house, and resound for blocks through the placidity of the California morn. Strangers in Brentwood shudder and wonder what the so-and-so is happening. But the old residents merely nod their heads and mutter:

“Uh huh, young Doug Fairbanks Junior is singing in the bath again!”

Doug means well. It's grand opera he bellows as he bathes. The trouble is that he can't stay on any particular key. He tries hard to make up for it in lustiness.

Brentwood doesn't really hold it against him. Brentwood must be a tolerant sort of place. They don't even object, much, to young Doug's hat. It's an amazing hat. It's probably Hollywood's most decrepit hat. It's seven years old, and it has more spots on it than three Dalmatian dogs and Doug loves it. He has newer and younger hats, of course, but he prefers the antique. He dares Joan to send it out to be cleaned. She's afraid he'd divorce her if she did.

They're quite a couple, those two. Hollywood's gaga-est lovers. She calls him her precious wonderful darling lamb. He calls her “Boy.” Because she's built like a boy, she explains. He started calling her that, and somehow it's developed into a mutual pet name between them. That is, they call each other “Boy.” Oh, yes, she still calls him “Dodo” now and then, but that's been publicized so much that Doug's getting kind of fed up on it. She never calls him “Doug” or “Douglas” unless she's a little vexed at him. Then it startles him tremendously.

One thing he can't stand being called. That's “Junior.” Call him “Junior” and he'll turn on his heel and stalk out of the room in high dudgeon. It's a throwback to his resentment at having had to surmount the handicaps of being a famous father's son. Yet he admires his dad tremendously. He'd rather play golf, for instance, with Doug Senior than with anybody else in the world. For one thing, he enjoys his father's company and conversation. For another—and any golf bug'll

A keen pen portrait of “Boy” Fairbanks, who wants his own kingdom

understand this—he can always make better scores when he plays with his papa. The competition's keener for several reasons, and it stimulates Doug Junior to a game far above his usual.

Papa always beats him, though. Doug Senior is ten strokes better than his son.

Music is another relaxation Doug Junior loves. He and Joan went often to the Hollywood Bowl nights last summer, to hear the “symphonies under the stars.” Only they didn't go dolling up to sit in a front-tier box and be stared at. They've got a different gag, and it's sweet. Here's a typical picture of them on one of these occasions.

They go 'way up in the topmost tiers of unreserved benches—'way up where there aren't any other customers at all. The others always crowd down toward the music. Doug and Joan, then, find themselves a row far above the crowd, where they can be alone. They've brought blankets, and they stretch 'em out on the benches. Then they stretch themselves out, full length, on their backs. They lie head to head, and hold hands over their shoulders. They gaze up at the stars. And they don't utter a single darned word throughout the concert. Ah, me!

DOUG likes to play tricks on people he loves. Often, when he gets back to that homey Brentwood house before Joan does, he rushes out to tell the servants not to tell Joan that he's come in. Then he hides somewhere—under a bed, or in a closet. When Joan comes home, he's as still as an owl. He waits until she's been home sometimes as long as a half hour or more. Then he pops out at her with a bellow or a roar, and he's most delighted if it scares her.

But every once in a while he falls asleep under the bed or wherever he's hiding, and after a few hours the servants tip Joan off and she wakes Doug up.

He undresses all over the house. That is, when he starts making himself comfortable evenings, or gets on his way to bed, he starts peeling wherever he is, and keeps on until he's in bed. Joan's liable to find his socks in the patio, his shirt in the drawing room, his shoes on the lawn, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 146]

Please Get Us Straight!

A feverish attempt to
unscramble the complex
Compton, Compson
and Betty situation

ANSWERING Mr. Shakespeare's famous but bromidic question, in a name there's apt to be a lot of confusion. Looking for Smiths in the telephone book, for instance, or being introduced to someone whose name sounds like Hossefross, but may really be Tillingbottom or Hocklewinger.

In pictures, the thing is getting simply too absolutely TOO.

There's the notorious case of Bill (stage) and Bill (pictures) Boyd. And Charles Rogers, actor, and Charles Rogers, producer.

But the thing that is graying the sparse locks of the Answer Man, and addling the minds of the fans, is the case of the Comptons, the Compsons and the Bettys.

To begin with, there's Betty Compson, booful and beloved veteran of this *mêlée*. We know Betty from way back.

But if we're not careful with our consonants, we are apt to find that we are getting jumbled up with Betty Compton, a beautiful brunette of the musical comedy stage who dabbles in Warner Pictures.

THIS leads to the next angle of the menace. Once we mention the name Compton, we are up to the hubs in the fact that the studios are practically boiling with Comptons of varying colors and crafts.

Over on the Fox lot toils one of the tribe—Joyce, the fetching lass whom you see drawing the heading over this story, and drawing it very well, too!

A few blocks away, in the great Paramount corral, is the luxurious Juliette Compton, whose flaming form and face are one of the chief adornments of the page on the right.

So there we are, with three Comptons and a couple of Bettys—all ablaze and agog in Hollywood!

Of Betty Compson, little need be said, save that she is firmly entrenched in our hearts and in electric lights, after ten years of first-rate service in the films.

Betty Compton, the other Betty, is a ravishing, black-haired girl who came from England at a tender age, was educated in the States, and in due time went on the stage.

From musical comedy choruses she rose, by beauty and exciting dancing, to small, then larger parts. She was a lovely face in the Gershwin show, "Funny Face," that starred Fred and Adele Astaire.

Her last appearance was in a prominent part

This young lady doing the fancy lettering is Joyce Compton, a gay Kentucky belle who rings out in Fox productions. Juliette and Betty could probably letter, too, but this is Joyce



Compton No. 2, reading from left to right, this exhibit being the handsome Betty of that ilk, a musical comedy actress bent on doing a little placer mining along the Cold Coast



Mind your tees and esses! This, need we whisper, is Betty Compson, our well-beloved friend of ten years and more in pictures. Comptons come, and may go, but this lass reigns on

in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," now turned into a film.

Joyce, of the Compton tribe, is a Kentucky girl whose trail led through Oklahoma to Hollywood. There, five years ago, she entered pictures for First National—a seventeen-year-old packet of prettiness.

For a year and a half she's been with Fox—you saw her in "The Sky Hawk" and "High Society Blues," among others. And you'll see her in "Lightnin'," Will Rogers' newest talkie.

As for Juliette Compton, she reversed Betty Compton's route.

Juliette was born in Columbus, Ga., but after a brief tour of duty in a Ziegfeld "Follies," she went to England, chosen for foreign service by John Murray Anderson, the director.

There she spent several years in musical shows, and later in drama. Pictures seized her, and for five years she appeared in British films—among them "Nell Gwynn," which starred Dorothy Gish.

Now, in her homeland, she's under contract to Paramount, for whom she has appeared in "Anybody's Woman," and now in "Morocco," new Gary Cooper picture.

Now let's hope we have everything straight about the Comptons and the Compsons and the Bettys. If we haven't, it will be just too terrible, that's all!

Betty Compson is a dancer, but Juliette Compton—well, Joyce Compton—Oh dear, you'll just have to read the story over again, that's all.



And this luxurious person is the third Compton now in active practice on the lots—Juliette, a Georgia girl who emigrated to England, scored on both stage and screen, and then came home to play sirenish persons in the Hollywood studios

Isn't Youth Just

Four lads and
flashing forward



One of the Fairest
"Follies"



He Gets More Than
the President!

"SWEET Kitty Bellairs" set a new star on the screen and brought a five-year contract to Miss Claudia Dell. She is Warner Brothers' newest, most promising prima donna. And she never actually had planned a theatrical career.

Claudia Dell was merely Claudia Dell Smith, of San Antonio, Texas, who came to New York to visit her aunt, vaudeville's Claudia Coleman. Aunt Claudia suggested she try the stage, just to see whether or not she liked it. And having nothing better to do, Claudia tried it. She didn't have to try very hard, either. Ziegfeld looked at that beautiful blonde with a show-girl figure and put her in the "Follies."

She had nothing to do but be ornamental in the revue, and she never took being a Ziegfeld beauty seriously. Her chance to use that thrilling voice came later, when she was sent to London to play Marilyn Miller's rôle in "Rosalie."

Claudia took her mother with her to London. She always has lived with some member of the family, even as a "Follies" girl, though "Follies" girls generally are presumed to lead a gaudy life.

In Hollywood, Claudia lives with mother, aunt and grandma. She lives simply, in an apartment in the non-professional district, driving a modest coupe to and from the studio. She dresses conservatively, dines in tea rooms and goes to the picture show.

She modestly insists it was luck which made her a movie star. Luck, without a single bow to such potent factors as a thrilling voice, graceful figure, bewitching smile, charm and beauty.

"It just happened to me. I've just been unbelievably lucky," says Claudia, whose latest good fortune has been to win the leading rôle in Warner's most ambitious musical production, "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

HERE'S one little boy who doesn't want to be President. The President receives only \$75,000 a year. Master Leon Janney, thirteen, is paid \$100,000 a year by Warner Brothers for the less irksome job of starring in pictures.

He has been an actor for eleven years. His first two were spent in Ogden, Utah, in mere idling around. Leon hasn't wasted time since. A three-year contract guaranteeing him \$300,000 testifies to that.

At two young Janney decided to become an actor and went in vaudeville, which was vaudeville back in 1919. He broke into pictures in 1927 as a member of Hal Roach's "Gang." But he prefers to date his picture career from "Courage," which brought him fame and made him a star.

Since then he has played in "The Doorway to Hell," "Father's Son," "Children of Dreams," and "Old English."

Young Leon is blond, handsome and charming. He has dignity, keen intelligence, and such compelling ambition he studies languages with a private tutor to supplement his work at the Hollywood Professional High School.

His mother, with whom he shares an apartment, handles his impressive business affairs. And a large police dog enjoys his friendship.

Leon was born on April first, 1917. But he certainly hasn't turned out to be a joke on the family.

Wonderful?

By
Cal York

lasses who are
in the studios



He Is Frank and
Earnest, Too

SOMEBODY saw him clowning about the Hollywood High school and gave him a chance at a few days' extra work. From that moment Frank Albertson was an actor. The unfortunate thing was that nobody could be convinced of it. Young, cocky, fresh, he quit school and haunted the casting office. Haunted it so blithely and so unsuccessfully that his mother had to call him into conference.

She had been working for a small salary in an apartment house office and trying to increase the family income by handling Ken Maynard's mail for fifteen dollars a week. Frank had to be made to understand responsibility and advised to settle down.

This generous mother gave him three months to find a job—and keep it. Frank went right over to Fox to get a prop boy's job. In six weeks Director Dave Butler had made a test of him and had him signed to a long-term contract.

He's scheduled for stardom. After "Men Without Women" and "Wild Company," he was chosen for the juvenile lead in "Just Imagine," one of the most pretentious productions on this year's program.

Frank has arrived with Hollywood's youngest set. His great friends are Johnny Darrow and Billy Bakewell. He enjoys living and clowning and is convinced that this is the best of all possible worlds.



That Little Radio
Lee Girl

HER name isn't Dorothy. And it isn't Lee. The pert and peppy little comedy whirlwind of Radio Pictures is Marjorie Millsap, who lived right around the corner from the old FBO studios all her life and always wanted to break into pictures. Marjorie Millsap didn't mean a thing to the movies. But she consoled herself with athletics and became a ninety-six pound lacrosse star, ball pitcher, high jumper and better scrapper than any boy in the neighborhood.

Three years ago the ninety-six-pound strong woman marched into the Fanchon and Marco offices with the grim intent of going on the stage. Her size, her peppiness, her sauciness amused the producers. They watched her athletic stunts, saw her dance, heard her sing, and signed her.

She borrowed the name "Lee" from grandmother and adopted "Dorothy" because it seemed to go with "Lee." As Dorothy Lee she went on tour with a Fanchon-Marco unit and finally landed in the Broadway show, "Hello, Yourself," with Waring's Pennsylvanians. She was the hit of the show.

When Waring's Pennsylvanians played in "Syncopation," along went Dorothy to sing "Do Do Something." She sang herself into a Radio Pictures contract. "Rio Rita" and her zestful clowning with Wheeler and Woolsey established her.

Dorothy gives Fred Waring credit for her success. He advised her on management. And told her to buy bonds.

Dorothy still lives with her mother in the same house to which they moved when she was four years old, way back in 1915. She hasn't changed much since then, nor has the house.

Pint-sized, wide-eyed, saucy-nosed, nineteen, Dorothy already has three hits on her scoreboard, "Rio Rita," "The Cuckoos," "Dixiana." Her latest is the Bert Wheeler-Robert Woolsey musical farce, "Half Shot at Sunrise."



(Scene from "Check and Double Check," Radio Picture)

"How does you like the change to this picture propolition, Amos?"
 "Change, Andy? Ain't no change 'tall. Seems like you do all the settin' and I does all the workin', same as in the radio and tooth-paste business!"

The Youngest GRAND OLD MAN!

By

Malcolm Elliott

EIGHTEEN years ago Jack Mulhall played a small rôle in a D. W. Griffith picture made in New York.

Seventeen years ago he was playing another small rôle in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," made on the camera coast. Young Mulhall had gone West to conquer the flicker business.

Hollywood has the quaint notion that seventeen years ago belongs in the same historical category as the burning of Rome.

But in 1930 Jack is still going strong. He finished a long-term contract with First National, and immediately signed another with Radio, after sandwiching in a picture for Fox.

He doesn't look a bit older than he did ten years ago. He is still the lively juvenile with the wide Irish grin.

Now, who is this guy, Jack Mulhall? It's time that someone found out all about him.

Here he is, a pioneer in the business, just like Mary Pickford, only no one thinks of that. Of course, it's all the more credit to Jack. No one exactly wants to be a pioneer in Hollywood—this is the land of youth, as long as you can get away with it.

Maybe Jack is just old Ponce De Leon who found the fountain of youth, and didn't tell the Associated Press anything about it, and got a movie contract anyway.

CRITICS have never become caustic because Jack's performance was so bad, or, on the other hand, they have never torn whole pages from the dictionary looking up the spelling of "transcendently magnificent." He always gets good notices.

Contracts sort of drop in his lap from above. He was with First National for seven years. Now he has a grand contract with Radio. He made ardent love to the Talmadge duo, Norma and Constance, in the early 1920's! He made love to almost all the stellar ladies of the last decade at one time or another—Corinne Griffith, Bebe Daniels, Florence Vidor, Colleen Moore and Alice White.

And, yet, while he has outlasted many stars, he has never become a star. Only a co-star. Something always seemed to happen to prevent actual stardom, but Jack considers himself lucky, at that.



When he worried about his next job he always put a flower in his buttonhole

After eighteen years in pictures, Jack Mulhall has the heart of a kid!

He was to be starred by United Artists after that series of pictures with Norma and Constance. Something happened. A young Italian, Rudolph Valentino, had set the screen on fire with his smouldering love-making. Hollywood went violently Latin lover.

"I couldn't very well be a Latin lover," Jack explained. "The cut of my jib was wrong. My smile wasn't a bit smouldering, and when I tried to kiss a lady's hand the back of my head looked ridiculous."

So Jack didn't become a star. Instead he decided to become a light comedian. He became popular in that classification, and still is. And, where, oh where, are the Latin lovers of yester-year? He made a tremendous impression in "The Poor Nut."

Jack, with his humanness, was ideal to characterize the every-day fellow, the plumber, the clerk, the ice man, and the sailor. But, by that time, the screen had gone just as violently something else. Jack went on, but not as a star.

HE was climbing toward stardom at First National when the talkie gadget was discovered. In the general upset he remained a co-star, but he and Dorothy Mackaill were just about the most popular pair of the talking screen.

Jack was the first player in the phonoplay to essay a dual rôle. He played twin brothers in "Dark Streets," and actually talked to himself.

There have been a few times when he wondered where the next job was coming from.

"I didn't worry about it," he smiled. "I just put a flower in my buttonhole, put on my best suit of clothes if I had such a thing, and walked around as if I owned the world. Somehow I always got another job. I've always had a good time. People work hard for the future, expecting to live forever. Then they die because they've worked so hard, or they get smacked down by a taxi."

Which, in its way, is a pretty good philosophy.

With typical modesty he attrib- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

"Don Juan" Busby gives up ten dollars to find that he has no future with Mary Duncan



In the silences! Dareos, Hollywood soothsayer, looks into the crystal and tells Mary Duncan that she'll be a Polly Moran. "Wild Mark" Busby looks into the crystal for his ten bucks!

Crystal-Gazing with Mary

By Marquis Busby

UP to the moment of my date with Mary Duncan, I and my other girl friends *pro tem* had tasted most of the gaudy evening delights of Hollywood and adjacent parts.

That is to say, I had given up for everything from orchids to buttercups that I had picked myself in the back lot. We had eaten caviar and hot dogs, ridden in flivvers and Cords, toyed with *canapés* and just plain cans of peas, and attended everything from the fancier theatrical openings to the lower sort of merry-go-rounds.

But it remained for Mary to think up a new way to knock an evening on the head.

We went to a high-powered crystal-gazer—the kind who can go into a trance and tell Charlie Chaplin that some day he will be forty-two years old, and it won't be long, either!

I didn't feel it coming on when I chugged up to Mary's new Hollywood home.

The street's name I forget, but there's a lighted green sign that reads "49." Only a question of time until some wit calls it "Mary's '49 Camp."

You all know Mary. After a tremendous triumph on the stage as *Poppy* in "The Shanghai Gesture," she entered pictures for Fox, and spent a long time in Hollywood. We won't go into that, for her rôles weren't the happiest, being much on the Theda Bara order.

Now she's back, free-lancing, with fine parts in "Kismet," and "The Boudoir Diplomat," which latter used to be the charming stage play "The Command to Love." Mary Duncan is off to a better and flying start in pictures. And three cheers for that, because she's almost incredibly good to look at she's a great actress, and is one of the grandest girls alive!

But to return to the crystals and things.

So I chugged up to "49," where Mary is living with her sister.

I was dressed way up in G, clean iron shirt and all.

The magnificent Mary, bless her, was at least two keys higher—a vision in a long black dinner gown, pearls thrown in.

A man is more—or less—than a man if he can remember distinctly what he ate while this lovely girl was on the other side of the dining table.

It does seem to me that I remember fried chicken, and coffee at table and in the living room.

I was really too much taken up with Mary and her interesting conversation to go very ferociously for the victuals.

For Mary is a true woman of the theater, with a great fund of knowledge of its older greats for one so young.

SHE was once Sarah Bernhardt's guest. She studied in Paris with Yvette Guilbert, one of the greatest artists of our time. Leo Dietrichstein taught her the business of the stage while she was his leading woman. And she met Eleanora Duse—met the fragile genius when Duse, as an old woman, was struggling through her American tour that was to end with her death in Pittsburgh.

And Mary sat across from me and talked of these choice spirits—HER spirit shining in her eyes. She's so vigorously alive! How could I focus myself on a strawberry *moussel*!

Well, dinner and table talk ended.

Then it was a heigh! and a ho! for the debauchery of the evening Mary had framed—the visit to the soothsayer.

The gentleman we had honored with the privilege of looking into our futures was Dareos, who for ten years has been peering at the onrushing lives of scores of Hollywood's great and near-great. On our way to the beach where he holds forth (we were riding in my unbathed chariot and not in Mary's shiny Ford) she told me of the dozens of visits [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

Can You Find the 20 Mistakes In This Story?

By Harry Lang

COME along, children; take your Auntie Carrie Pastor's hand, and we'll take a jolly little stroll through the First National Studio, right down here in the heart of Hollywood, and watch them put moving pictures into pretty round cans.

Let's ramble over to Stage 6, where they're shooting "Cimarron," that great epic of the whaling industry. And you needn't be frightened, kiddies, because Auntie has you right by the hand and anyway, though it's a story of adventure on the high seas, there really aren't any high seas on the stage, so you won't get wet.

Oh, here we are! Now just watch Richard Barthelmess—there he is, over there—do his stuff. He's the star in this. And there, playing the heroine opposite him, is that exquisite blonde, Joan Crawford! Joan, you know, is under contract to the Fox film people, but she's been loaned out for this picture. That's a practice the big studios have, you know.

And now I suppose you are all wondering just why they're using three cameras on this scene. Well, Auntie's very smart, and she knows all about it, so she'll let you in on the secret. This is a Technicolor scene, so they need three cameras—one for each of the primary colors, using color filters over the lens of each, of course. Then, when they're all done, they print the three primary colored films—red, blue and yellow, you know—onto one positive film, which makes it all come out in the pretty colors you see on the screen.

I suppose you're trying to guess who all those people over on the sidelines are. Well, they're tourists who have come to see Hollywood. They're allowed into the studios to see how they make movies, but they have to pay fifty cents apiece to get in. Like a theater, you know, or a circus.

They should have come with Auntie, the ninnies, because Auntie's got a swell pull, and she'd have gotten them in free!

OH, look! There's El Brendal. You know, he's just signed a five-year contract with First National, the clever fellow. What's he doing? Why, he's talking with that carpenter, and as I live, they're talking in Swedish. You know El Brendal is that funny Scandinavian dialect comedian, and I bet he's so happy when he finds someone who can talk to him in Swedish like that. Listen to them chatter—dear me, just like Old Cal York! I'll bet they're talking about El Brendal's work

ARE you movie wise? See if you can find all the errors of fact in this imaginative yarn about a studio visit. There are just a score of errors, so you can keep your own score by crediting yourself with five points for each misstatement you recognize. That would make 100 points a perfect score. When you're stumped, turn to the list on page 140 of this issue, and see which mistakes you've missed, if any.



Richard Barthelmess in "Cimarron," that great story of the whaling industry he is making for Trem Carr Productions

in "The Cohens and Kellys in Sweden." It was one of the funniest of the Cohen-Kelly series.

And here comes Louis B. Mayer, the big boss of this First National lot we're visiting today. Who's that with him? Why, I recognize them; they're those famous Dutch comedians, Amos and Andy. And there, too, is Betty Compson—you know, James Cruze's wife.

What was that you asked? What are those big, bulky things over the cameras? Why, they're to prevent the whirring of the cameras from reaching the microphones and interfering with the recording. They call them "camera grips." Auntie's so smart! If they didn't use them, First National wouldn't be able to make its Movietone recordings.

Oooh, did you hear what Mr. Mayer said to Amos and Andy? He said this picture we're watching is going to be bigger and better and greater and more amazing than even "The Big House," which they made here a couple of months ago. Isn't that thrilling!

Watch now! They're switching from color to a black-and-white scene. You can tell that because the men players are all changing their shirts and collars to ones of the deepest red. See? That's because red photographs white even better than white itself, so they use red instead of white shirts and collars.

WHAT'S that you said? Why, you naughty darlings. Auntie's no such thing, and just for that, she's going to take you right home and end this lovely studio ramble. Come along now!



How do you like Chester Morris' new moustache? Remember, the thing is really still in its infancy

YEAH, he's a tough hombre in "The Big House," is this Chester Morris guy. Lets fly with rods in both paws, and calls "*Butch*" Schmidt, alias Wally Beery, the very worst words Will Hays will let him use! He's tough, he is—but don't let it fool you!

The fact is, Percival, that Chet Morris is just a great, big comfy old family man. He likes to go home from work, peel off the coat, roll up his shirt sleeves and water the lawn! Or maybe fix that shelf that rattles in the dining room cupboard.

He's "cuckoo" about the li'l wife and the kids—the one they've had for a year or two, and the one that's on the way as this is written.

Yep, just a nice family man who's glad he's graduated from the stage into pictures because it gives a man a chance for a little home life now and then. He loves to have his friends come around, and if he likes them awfully well, he'll take them out in the back yard and barbecue some steaks for them on that rock-salt barbecue gadget he's got rigged up. You know—broils the steaks, sort of, on rock salt beds. Swell! Some of his friends much prefer to eat there with him, rather than in his dining room, because Chet's got trick Hollywood light effects in the dining room. Bob Montgomery, who visits Chet and his wife with Mrs. Montgomery every now and then, thinks Chet's crazy to have that row of colored spotlights strung around his dining room so they shine down on the table and the diners. Bob says all Chet needs to make it complete is for an orchestra to play an overture before the meal.

Two Boys in "The

On left, Chester! On right, Bob! Both members of the Hit Club!

Morris, honestly, is one of the quietest, sanest, most normal actors in Hollywood. He's about as "actory" as a directory compiler. And this in spite of the fact that he comes from a theatrical family. When Chet was born—in 1902, it was—his dad was leading man of the Charles Frohman Empire Stock Company. In New York. His mother, stage Etta Hawkins, was a famous comedienne. So the stage, and the theatrical profession, is his heritage, and even if he were as temperamental as sixteen Richard Bennetts, he could be forgiven. But he isn't.

YOUNG Chet trouped all his life. Played stock, leads, and all sorts of things—even played a vaudeville act with the rest of the Morris family. Papa Morris wrote it, and it was good anyway, Chester says. It ran for two and a half years, in vaudeville, all over the country.

Now anybody that's trouped all over the United States in a vaudeville act, even with his own family, can appreciate what it means to find himself suddenly famous and getting more so in pictures. It means a home of one's own, fairly regular hours, a swell salary and a chance to live like a normal human being. That's why Chet Morris is so darned happy in Hollywood.

They live simply, even though they have got a grand home in Whitley Heights, which is one of Hollywood's nicest residential communities. Chet's idea of heaven is to go home and have a few friends in now and then. He doesn't go for big swanky parties. He'd rather have some close acquaintance in, so he can show the latest snapshots he took of the youngster, and tell about the cute things the kid did and said. He's that kind of a father, is Chet Morris.

But listen—the funniest part of it all is that he wants to play the kind of rôles William Haines plays. Imagine!

CCHESTER has gone a long way in a year and a half. The boy made a terrific overnight hit in his very first picture—that pioneer talkie melodrama called "Alibi." Roland West, his director, was his discoverer, and Chester is still under contract to him.

We'll be seeing him soon in another West-directed picture, "The Bat Whispers." Between the two jobs for his friend and boss, Chet has worked in many films. And always well!

The last play in which Chester appeared, before his picture hit in "Alibi," was a melodrama called "Fast Life." Later it was made into a picture by First National, with Chester in his original rôle.

However, in the play several other members of his family appeared, including his father, William Morris. Now the other Morrises have gravitated to Hollywood, and his dad's name appears in the cast of a forthcoming talkie. Good for son—good for dad. And Chester is strong for his talented family!

One of the happiest young men in pictures, this lad Chet. And he deserves it!

Who Made Good Big House"

By

Michael Woodward

BOB MONTGOMERY'S in a dilemma. He doesn't know what type of rôles people want to see him in, if any. He says opinion seems divided: some people want to see him in anything at all, and others don't want to see him in anything at all. So he'll go on playing the same sort of hodge-podge of this-and-that and everything else that's already boosted his fan mail into the four-figure-a-week class.

He's a nice fellow. Fresh, but you like him. You think he's the worst braggart in Hollywood, and maybe he is, but he has an amazing habit of making good on his boasts.

He likes good acting and hasn't the slightest bit of patience with the sort of people who think it's a cinch. Has the theory that any character is a good character, so long as it's human.

He has blue eyes, drives one of these new pint-sized Austin cars, and wears suspenders. He calls them suspenders, not braces. He wears garters only with evening clothes, and he likes blues, browns and grays in his neckwear. If you tell him you like the tie he's wearing, he solemnly unties it, takes it off, and gives it to you. He expects you to do the same by him.

He has a mania for white shirts. Once he had some white ones with a faint blue stripe in the fabric. He never wore one of them. He never wears a hat except in a scene or in New York, and he likes to spend two months a year there but can't because he has too many pictures to work in.

HE'S got a nice talking voice but he's hell on singing teachers. To date, he's discouraged nine of them and can't sing yet. He thinks he's a writer, business man, athlete and what have you, but when he cross-questions himself sincerely he admits that he'd probably be the world's biggest flop at anything outside the theatrical racket. He's tried other things. For three months he was secretary to a publisher and read everything they published. He was a machinists' helper in a railroad yard and used to sleep in the fireboxes of the locomotives that weren't working. He was a sailor on a tanker for a year and a half—wiper in the engine room. Still believes a wiper in an engine room is the lowest form of humanity afloat or ashore.

He wrote short stories. He has them in his trunk yet.

He has a dog. It's a wire-haired fox terrier and he calls it "Hiya." That's short for How Are You. He had another dog. Its name was "Goodbye," and it died and made the name good. While he had it, it was a great asset. Whenever Bob had unwelcome guests, he'd keep on calling the dog until the guests took the hint!

He makes a nice salary and has no more sense of economy about his own money than a Fijian has about astronomy. He thinks he can give the best advice on economy that anybody ever heard. He's quite sure that if he put his mind to it, he could be a great playwright because he gets so many ideas that they pop in and out of his mind too fast for him to grab one



Robert Montgomery—cocky, confident, handsome, and a tornado among the ladies, as his mail shows

of them and put it down. Some day he thinks he'll hold one down and make something of it. He wants to write a novel but won't because first novels are terrible.

HE'S a good automobile driver and has set several road speed records, but he's always as nervous as a cat when he's riding with someone else.

He's proud of the fact that so far he's the only actor in Hollywood who hasn't had a sandwich or a salad named after him, and he still gets a great kick out of his fan mail. He spent the busiest first year in films ever experienced by any player—twelve rôles in his first twelve months! He likes to go to see moving pictures.

He rides horses and thinks he can ride any horse in captivity, and so far hasn't failed. He's an airplane pilot.

He doesn't like people with loud voices or the sort of people who say "smart" things. He says smart things.

You know, it's astonishing what the camera and the screen can do for a boy like Bob Montgomery. It brings a sharp focus upon his person and personality, bringing out the charm and good looks that are often diffused and lost on the wider platform of the stage. That was the case with Robert.

On the New York stage Montgomery was just another capable, well-liked, good-looking juvenile. Managers didn't fight duels over his services—no phalanxes of cooing women fell swooning at the stage doors when he appeared. Then the camera bore down and the rôles got good. And look at Bob now!

Thanksgiving Dinner



Mrs. David Blankenhorn (you know her as Irene Rich) allows us to look into her handsome dining room and see the table appointments she prefers. Jane and Frances are shown with their mother

MUCH of the anticipation of a good dinner and the joy of eating it depends upon attractive table appointments and service. Every clever housewife knows this, and is always seeking to improve and vary the appearance of her table. The photograph above, showing a corner of Irene Rich's lovely dining room and her table service, is full of helpful ideas that other women can follow.

Miss Rich, who in private life is the wife of David Blankenhorn, of Los Angeles, likes to use a long runner, with plate doilies. These are of imported Swiss filet lace, monogrammed with the initials, I. R. Napkins and silver are also monogrammed.

The table centerpiece is frequently a huge bowl of fruit, as shown in the photograph. The shallow blue glass bowl is piled with bright-colored oranges, grapes, plums, apples, peaches and bananas, and is flanked by four tall, gold-colored candles in silver holders.

The Lenox service plates are bordered in French blue and gold. Water goblets, fruit cocktail glasses and small plates are of crystal, in matching design.

The flat silver is a handsome, antique pattern. Nut

dishes are of plain silver, with only the monogram for decoration. Small salt dishes are lined with blue glass which is removable for cleaning. Tiny silver spoons are used with these dishes.

The dinner service is gold and white Lenox china. The turkey is always served on a big silver platter.

THE Blankenhorn home is in the fashionable Wilshire section of Los Angeles. The dining room is furnished in mahogany, in Chippendale pattern. End tables are used for serving tables, or to enlarge the dining table itself.

The curtains are gold-colored. The background of the Chinese rug is of the same gold color, with a border of blue. Chair seats are upholstered in antique gold cloth.

Miss Rich's Thanksgiving dinner menu is on the opposite page. She has given PHOTOPLAY readers her own favorite recipes, which we print in detail.

Here is an unpretentious, home dinner, which can be made more elaborate with additional courses, at the hostess' discretion. But the essentials are there—turkey and cranberry sauce, and all the trimmings!

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

with Irene Rich

The Recipes

Oyster Soup

1 quart oysters. Clean and parboil
Have ready a sauce made of
2 tablespoons butter 1 cup milk
1 tablespoon flour

Add oyster liquor and let simmer in double boiler. Season with salt, paprika and celery salt.

Just before serving, add 1 cup hot cream and 1 beaten egg yolk.

Puree of Spinach

Clean spinach thoroughly, cook, and rub through sieve. Add white sauce. Mix well; season with salt and pepper. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs and fried bread cut in fancy shapes.

White Sauce for Spinach

3 tablespoons butter 1 tablespoon flour 1 cup cream
Rub butter and flour together to a smooth paste; bring cream to boil and stir in paste mixture until thoroughly blended.

Cranberry Jelly

To 2 cups of boiling water add 4 cups of cranberries, and boil until tender—about five minutes. Rub through sieve; let come to a boil again. Then add 2 cups sugar and cook five minutes longer. Turn into molds, and chill.

Serve on slices of orange around turkey on platter.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

Cook 6 or 8 potatoes in salt water. Drain; cut potatoes in half lengthwise, and put in buttered pan.

Make a syrup of

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup light brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water

2 large tablespoons butter

Pour syrup over potatoes. Cook in slow oven until brown, basting frequently.

Turkey Dressing

1 loaf of bread, toasted and cut in small pieces.

Fry a little onion in butter; add 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces, and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Cook until well mixed; then add six pork sausages cut in small pieces.

Season with salt and pepper and poultry seasoning to taste.

California Pudding

Mix 1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter

Add 1 cup milk

1 cup cracker crumbs

1 cup prunes, cooked and cut in small pieces

1 cup walnuts

Whites of 2 eggs, beaten stiff

Steam two hours, and serve with maple sauce.

Maple Sauce

Beat 2 egg yolks. Add 1 cup maple syrup. Boil in double boiler until thick.

When cool, add 1 cup whipped cream and 1 teaspoon flavoring.

MENU

Celery Hearts

Olives

Fruit Cocktail

Oyster Soup

Roast Stuffed Turkey, Giblet Gravy

Mashed Potatoes

Candied Sweet Potatoes

Cranberry Sauce

Puree of Spinach

Clover Leaf Rolls

California Pudding

Coffee

Nuts

Candies

Stuffed Dates and Raisins



PHOTOPLAY'S photographer follows Irene Rich right out into the kitchen where she is supervising the last minute touches to turkey and dinner. Real housewives always want to have "a finger in the pie," no matter how competent the cook may be

Furs for the Fair



Either Loretta Young sets off this ermine wrap, or the coat sets off Loretta's young loveliness. Anyhow, they make an eye-filling ensemble. The shawl collar and wide sleeves are good, and the three-quarter length is particularly attractive over Loretta's ankle-length satin gown

Bell sleeves, semi-fitted lines, three-quarter length and flared bottom all stamp Myrna Loy's beige broadtail evening coat as new this season. Luxuriously collared with brown fox



This jaunty hip-length jacket is one of the smartest of the season's little wraps for formal wear. Straight lines and the tailored collar add swagger to the elegance of ermine. Bess Schlank designed it for Bebe Daniels, to give warmth without hiding too much of the lovely gown beneath it



Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

..Paris acclaims her beauty and her chic



Née GLORIA MORGAN and married at eighteen to the second son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt lived as a girl in Spain, Holland, England and France and since her husband's death has returned to make her home in Paris

BEAUTY . . . with all the poise of a *grande dame* of the old régime . . . slim youth in subtly simple French frocks . . . Inevitably Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt has captivated Paris society!

Pearls are her jewels and the gardenia her flower . . . these accent the whiteness



Exquisite women entrust their skin to Pond's four preparations . . . famous Two Creams, super-absorbent Cleansing Tissues, bracing Skin Freshener.

of her skin, smooth as gardenia petals, lustrous as pearls.

"Even in Paris," she says, "I still use Pond's . . . for not even the beauty-wise French make anything to compare with the famous Two Creams! And the new Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are in line with advanced French ideas.

"All my congratulations to Pond's!"

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During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, super-absorbent, in an en-

chanting peach-color now as well as white.

Third—Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

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Reeling Around

with

Leonard
Hall



Now that silence is essential on talkie stages, "yes men" have this new method

The Old Director

*Twenty years showing them how—
Struggling through laughter and tears;
Twenty years mopping his brow
And fighting through fusses and fears—*

*Hearing the laughter of fools,
Going ahead with his job—
Sharpening his cinema tools
That fashion the hearts of the mob!*

*Laughed at, derided, rejected,
Turning at last on the ring!
Doing the trick least expected—
Making a masterly thing!*

*"Abraham Lincoln" a glory,
Now he glows happily when
He reads the same twenty-year story—
"Griffith has done it again!"*

No Malice

This department is indebted to some genius for the story of the Scotsman who wandered into New York's famous All-News-reel Theater and was found there three weeks later still waiting for the feature picture. . . . And to the *New Yorker* for the tale of the lady who said she wanted so much to visit a Gotham speakeasy as she had heard they were a lot better than the old-fashioned silent movies. . . . Late in the summer New York newspapers carried stories that a ferry boat captain had seen a big whale in the harbor. The next night "Moby Dick" opened on Broadway. Three newspaper editors had strokes and one press agent died of laughter. . . . Will Rogers' present contract gets him \$25,000 a week while working. All Bill wants out of life is a little gum and enough rope. . . . An Indian singer named Chief Yowlache is working in a Paramount picture, which gives us fans a new disease we can suffer from when these boilermaker baritones bear down. "How's your old yowl-ache tonight?" . . . With the eye-punching mania at its peak in Hollywood restaurants, close observers are inclined to just call them whoopee socks. . . . Old McIntyre, the syndicate columnist, says that a London soda fountain offers "Greta Garbo

Sundae." Why particularize? Friday the 13th would do me! . . . Free suggestion for some film comic if he wants to make a short comedy to follow the Amos and Andy picture. Title—"Check and Rubber Check."

Gag of the Month Club

This month's prize—a cancelled invitation to ride on Jack Barrymore's yacht—must go to the *New Yorker*.

A picture author was reading his script to the producer. He came to a line—"Chester, you are a buffoon!"

"Whoa," yelled the magnate. "We'll have to change that. Maybe a sailor would know what a buffoon is, but not the average feller in the street."

"Why sailors?" asked the dumbstricken author.

"They're always running into them, ain't they?" shot back the producer. "Whirlwinds—cyclones—buffoons!"

Getting Personal

Una Merkel, who gives such a tender performance as *Ann Rutledge* in "Abraham Lincoln," is no stranger to the camera. Some eight years ago she "stood in" for Lillian Gish in Griffith pictures, and had tests of her own, too. . . . Perhaps by the time this gets out Natalie Moorhead and Alan Crosland, the director, will be married. Both have been divorced. . . . Helen Ferguson, widow of William Russell, is to marry Richard Hargrave, Beverly Hills bank president, it is reported New York is to have a theater named for the late Jeanne Eagels. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn are expecting an early call from the widely and favorably known stork. This is the second Mrs. Washburn, you remember. . . . Hollywood seemed to move to Broadway early in the Fall. Ina Claire, Fredric March, Mary Brian, Stanley Smith, Nancy Carroll, Colleen Moore and Virginia Valli were all prominently seen at theatrical first nights. . . . Now quite widely reported that the estrangement of Gloria Swanson and Henri, her marquis, has just been a grand publicity gag for her new picture, "What a Widow." . . . Paul W. Panzer recently asked to be declared bankrupt, out in Los Angeles. That name will be remembered by veteran fans. Fifteen years ago he was prominent, often as a menace in serials. . . . Another sad chapter in the life of a lad who didn't stand prosperity. The wife of James Murray sues him for divorce in Hollywood, charging cruelty. He's the boy who had the chance of a lifetime as King Vidor's protégé, and who did excellent work in "The Crowd."



... now watch us
tackle a **Milky Way**

Just think how one would taste! That center, barely crumbling as you bite through it . . . its flavor telling of fresh sweet milk and delicious *malted* milk. Topping that, the golden layer of just slightly chewy caramel; and then, outside of all, that rich brown coating of wonderful, pure milk chocolate. What a rare combination of goodness, and how satisfying, when you crave good candy. Oh boy . . . imagine how good one would taste *right this minute!*

MARS, INC., 2019-2059 NORTH OAK PARK AVENUE, CHICAGO

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



The payroll read, "L. Tibbett, off-stage voice, \$75 a week" . . . But his chance came in the opera "Falstaff." In 15 minutes he sang his way to fame. To-day, thousands thrill to his "talkies."



© P. Lorillard Co.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Programs rustle . . . "Who is Tibbett?" . . . Then comes a voice of molten gold, clear, pulsing, tender, stirring . . . "The Diamond Horseshoe" cheers like bleachers. Encores. Bravos. Flowers. Speeches.

A quick triumph for Lawrence Tibbett? Not at all! *Nature* gave him that glorious voice.

That's why OLD GOLD makes no claims . . . of factory skill . . . or secret processes. For *Nature* alone deserves the credit. The sun, the rain, the fertile soil simply produced *better* tobaccos. That's why OLD GOLDS thrill your taste. That's why OLD GOLDS give you throat-ease.

From an "off-stage voice" to a star in the opera, concert, "talkies," that's what *Nature* did for Tibbett. From a tyro-brand to a great success. That's what *Nature* did for OLD GOLD.



OLD GOLD first appeared on Hollywood "lots," November 9, 1926. In just 90 days it was one of the four most popular brands among the celebrities of the screen.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"



It's Clara's Birthday!

IT may be Clara's twenty-fifth birthday, but the show must go on! This was snapped at Paramount the day the sorrel-top reached the quarter of a century mark. Frank Tuttle directs Clara and Ralph Forbes in a scene for her new film

Why some Girls



LORETTA YOUNG, appealing First National star, says: "I find it so very satisfactory."



"WHEN a girl is fascinating," says dainty Alice White, whose vibrant charm carried her so swiftly to stardom on the screen, "you may be sure of one thing. Her *skin* is lovely!

"Beautiful skin *always* attracts. It is certainly the most important charm, it

seems to me, that any girl can have.

"In Hollywood, you know, the directors all found out long ago that if a girl is to win millions of admirers on the screen, her skin must have that peach-bloom smoothness that is so ravishing.

"The glaring close-up lights would re-

veal even the *slightest* imperfection in the skin. And so, of course, every star in Hollywood guards her complexion most carefully.

"So when I say we use Lux Toilet Soap—almost all of us—you may be sure we think it is a *splendid* soap. Such soothing lather, and it leaves the skin so exquisitely smooth and soft.

"It is such a simple way to keep the skin lovely! Any girl can follow it, with the same good results."

Hollywood — Broadway — Europe
9 out of 10 lovely stars use it

Of the 521 important Hollywood ac-

AILEEN PRINGLE, in the bathroom created in Hollywood especially for her slim beauty. "Smooth skin is a screen star's most priceless possession," she says. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps mine petal-smooth."

Photo by
Clarence
Sinclair Bull,
Hollywood

LUX



are so *Enchanting*

as explained
to KATHERINE ALBERT by

Alice White

ALICE WHITE, the tiny First National star whose charm has proved irresistible to thousands, has a skin of such breath-taking loveliness that even glaring close-up lights reveal not the tiniest flaw. In her luxurious bathroom she uses Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "It is a *splendid* soap. Such soothing lather! It gives my skin that peach-bloom smoothness that is so important to a girl's charm. And any girl will find it simple to get the same good results."



Photo by Elmer Fryer, Hollywood

tresses, including all the stars, 511 care for their skin regularly with Lux Toilet Soap. So enthusiastic are they that it has been made the *official* soap in all the great film studios.

On Broadway so many stage stars are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap that it is found in the dressing rooms of legitimate theaters all over the country—71 of the 74 in New York!

And even in Europe—in France, in England, in Germany—the screen stars use it to keep their skin always lovely.

You will be delighted with the velvety smoothness this fragrant white soap gives *your* skin. Order several cakes—today.

DOROTHY MACKAILL, First National star, is one of the 511 Hollywood actresses who are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. "I never found a better way to care for my skin," she says, "and it is so daintily white and fragrant!"



Photo by Harold Dean Carsey, Hollywood

Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found
only in fine French soaps at 50¢
and \$1.00 the cake Now

10¢



QUICK success at 21; a sudden swoop downward toward failure at 22; and a hard-won place near the top again at 23. That's Sue Carol's motion picture history.

As Evelyn Lederer she went to Hollywood from Chicago for a visit a few years ago and crashed the movies without even half-trying. She made a hit in "Soft Cushions" with Douglas MacLean in 1927, later signing with Fox.

Then Sue and Nick Stuart, who played young lovers in Fox pictures, were married, secretly for a time. Maybe their fans lost interest when the reported romance was known to have terminated in commonplace matrimony. The Fox company, at any rate, lost interest in Sue as a box office bet. They gave her a part secondary to Dixie Lee in "The Big Party," followed by six months of poor stories.

And then, her darkest hour right at hand, her contract with Fox completed, Radio Pictures cast her opposite Arthur Lake in a picture that just suited her. Their faith justified, they signed her to a long-term contract.

Sue's climbing to more substantial success. Good luck to a good trouper!



*... a clear skin
a buoyant spirit*
Charm *...*

This great saline offers the most sensible route to fresh, natural loveliness

IN her quest for beauty every woman takes note of each aid that the cosmetician's art can lend her. And pure creams and honest lotions can and do assist in keeping the cheek supple and the contours firm.

But good creams cannot do everything, and here is one simple beauty secret that will double their power to make you attractive—keep internally clean with a good saline like Sal Hepatica.

You will find that the eye will sparkle, the skin will be clearer, the feeling of age much more remote, when you get rid of bodily poisons.

Costly? No, that simple little bottle of Sal Hepatica is plain in its dress, small

in its price and efficient in its effects.

A glass of it in the morning sweeps away poisons and wastes. It tones your system and renews your charm. Physicians, the American and European, have long recommended drinking saline



waters for internal cleanliness. Regularly they send their patients to the famous spas and springs of Europe.

Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for rheumatism, indigestion, colds, constipation, etc.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to exuberant health and beauty.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-110, 71 West St., N.Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Street _____

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★ ★ ★
Sal Hepatica
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Monte Blue



Adolphe Menjou



Florence
Vidor



Marie
Prevost

Six Divorces *in One* Picture



Harry Myers



Creighton Hale

SIX years ago Herr Ernst Lubitsch, the master director from the Fatherland, made a brilliant, stinging little picture called "The Marriage Circle."

It opened up a new line of thought on the screen, and critics kissed it to pieces. It was one of the very first photoplays to treat marital monkey-business in the continental manner—that is, with a wink instead of with a tear, or a revolver in the hand of a jealous spouse.

So American picture fans rejoiced, enjoying this roguish, smart little film from the Lubitsch set at the Warners' studio.

But this charming little movie seemed to be loaded with dynamite for the six excellent ladies and gentlemen who played the leading rôles.

For them it was in reality the fatal "Wedding Circle."

Every one of them, in the months and years that followed, heard their romances blow up with a crash of thunder!

A year after Florence Vidor was hymned for her work in the film, she divorced King Vidor. Marie Prevost, already a divorcée, married and then divorced Kenneth Harlan.

Monte Blue came into the cast after being divorced from his first wife in 1923. In 1927 it was Adolphe Menjou's turn, when he and his first wife were legally sundered.

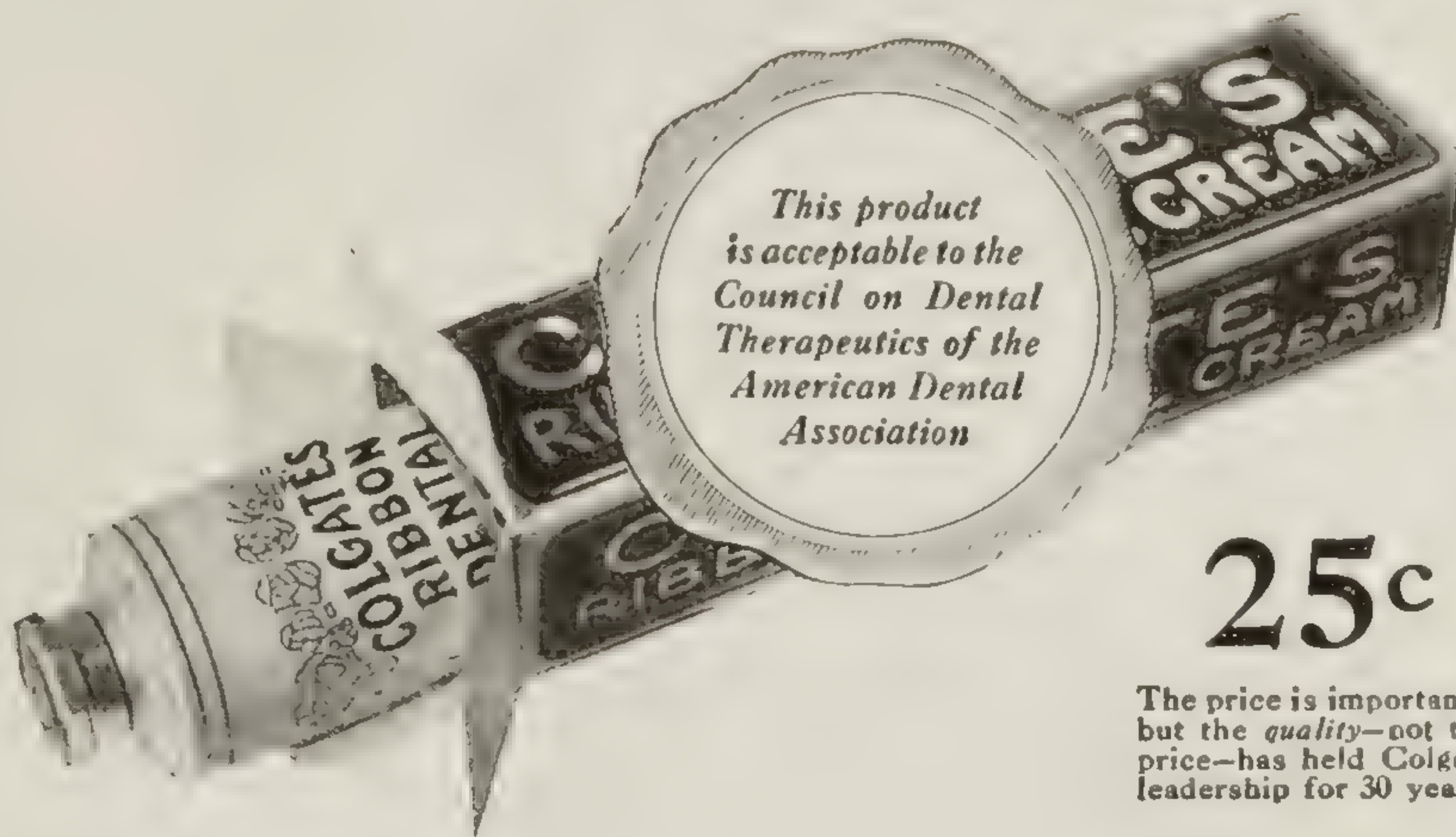
In October, 1924, Creighton Hale's spouse sued him for divorce. And in 1924 Harry Myers and his first wife were parted by court decree.

Most of the sextette have tried again, and with better fortune, up to now. Florence Vidor and Jascha Heifetz, Monte Blue and Tova Jansen, Menjou and Kathryn Carver—all seem to be doing well. But you can't convince the Hollywood superstitious that there wasn't a curse on "The Marriage Circle!"

THE divorce record of this fizzy little film was rounded off and perfectly topped only recently.

Lubitsch himself—for years a happily married man—was separated legally from his wife. The breaking of that tie was one that had Hollywood winging and wondering for weeks. Ernst is living the life of single blessedness—or cussedness—again, and "The Marriage Circle" has finally polished off the last of its matrimonial victims.

Well, perhaps things work by opposites. Perhaps a bachelor director should make one called "The Divorce Circle" with a cast of single young folks. Then, following the superstition, he and the whole troupe would be happily married off in the course of a year or two!



COLGATE announces the acceptance of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

Be guided in your choice of a toothpaste by the acceptance of the Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Use Colgate's — not only the largest-selling toothpaste in the world — but a toothpaste recommended by dentists for more than a quarter of a century.

Colgate's cleans teeth safely; it contains only safe cleansing agents. It leaves the teeth clean; the mouth refreshed and pleasant-tasting.

Colgate's is used by more people than any other dentifrice.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



Irving Lippman

HERE'S a new one! When the cares of parenthood grow irksome, John and Dolores Barrymore now retreat to their new trophy house. It is crammed to overflowing with furred, feathered and scaled victims of the Barrymore prowess with rod and gun. Here you see Jack resting on a crocodile and patting a defunct cat, while Dolores fondles one of the family pets—stuffed only, to date, with dog biscuit and a bone



"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is — Palmolive Soap . . . I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive, because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils."

Marguerite Hoare

An interview with Marguerite Hoare, of London on the relation of *soap* to beauty

Why soap is essential—and which soap to choose . . . answered by adviser to women of exclusive social and diplomatic circles.

WHEN women of importance choose a beauty expert in a strange city, they make their choice with some care. During the Naval Conference in London, the wives of the delegates consulted women in diplomatic circles. Who took care of the wives of ambassadors and ladies of distinguished British families? . . . they asked. "Marguerite Hoare, of Mayfair," was the answer.

Miss Hoare's salon at 19 South Wolton Street is one of the world's important beauty shops. Here, Miss Hoare recently gave an interview on home beauty methods that will be of genuine interest to every woman.

"WHEN not enough soap and water is used," said this prominent expert, "one risks oiliness, blackheads and similar

disfigurements. When the wrong soap is used, one suffers dryness, roughness, irritation, injured skin texture.

"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is—Palmolive Soap. Palmolive is a delightful soap to use — bland, soothing and gentle. Yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing properties. It softens and carries away all impurities from the pores.

"I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive, because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils."

The Palmolive method of home cleansing is so easy to follow. Here it is, as outlined by the leading beauty specialists all over the world:

First, massage a rich lather of



Wives of ambassadors and distinguished members of society come to Miss Hoare for advice and beauty treatments.



The twice-daily cleansing should consist of massage with a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water, followed by thorough rinsing.

Palmolive Soap and warm water tenderly into the skin.

Now, rinse off the soap with plenty of warm water, then colder and colder, until your skin actually tingles.

This Palmolive cleansing is the method advised by Marguerite Hoare of London, who advocates and uses Palmolive Soap in all her beauty treatments. The same method is recommended today by 23,723 beauty experts all over the world, who in all their experience have found no better, safer method.



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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COMMUNITY PLATE

presents *The*

A new, breath-taking beauty comes to Silverware, in *The Noblesse*. In the serene loveliness of its lines, it attains an inspired expression of the new style-spirit. Even the lovely surface in which the design is wrought has been given a new and matchless enrichment—PATINE.* *The Noblesse* is styled to the Modern Hostess. In the appointment of her table it is a revelation of her modern taste and charm. It may be obtained, with other distinguished designs in COMMUNITY PLATE, wherever fine silver is sold.



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*PATINE is a precious enrichment of beautiful surfaces, achieved by the secret alchemy of nature. It is found chiefly in rare old works of art—fine cabinet work, bronzes, priceless vases, and old paintings. Community craftsmen have perfected in their laboratories an exclusive and costly process which achieves a Patine finish.



In complete services for eight, \$48.00; for six, \$36.50.
Teaspoons are \$4.00 for six.

Europe's Favorite!

BY the time I arrived in Europe last spring I was convinced that Greta Garbo is the most famous woman in the world.

It had begun on the boat. I went over, in pursuit of my duty as a fashion designer in Hollywood, on a German liner. The second day out I was having my nails done when the manicurist asked where I came from. I said, "California."

"San Francisco?" she asked.

"No," I replied, "Hollywood."

"Hollywood! Do you know any of the movie stars?"

I admitted that I knew a few.

"Tell me," she said, a tremor of suppressed excitement coming into her voice, "Do you know Greta Garbo?"

I should have known better, but I answered, "Very well. She has been at my home for dinner."

Shortly afterwards I picked up my



I woke up to this terrible fact in the Alps. We happened to meet three Swiss boys and started to talk. I told them I was from Hollywood. Smugly I waited for the burning question, "Do you know Garbo?"

"You know everybody in Hollywood?" they asked. I blushed modestly and admitted that I did.

"Ah," they said.

"And don't you want to know about the stars?" I went on. "Shall I tell you about Garbo?"

A smile passed across their faces. "Garbo? Yes, we like her. But the star we'd love to know everything about is—Mickey Mouse!"

I was ruined. I did not know Mickey Mouse and instead of being a sensation, I was spurned. Instead of being the "man who knew Garbo," I was "the man who did not know Mickey." It was thus all over Europe.

In London a Ruth Chatterton picture was playing at one of the biggest theaters. Her name was in lights, but above it in letters five times as big was "A Mickey Mouse Comedy."

In Berlin one theater advertised for

By
*Howard
Greer*

mangled right hand and departed. The manicurist was lying in a swoon.

This made me believe that I'd have a swell time in Europe. I had a vision of myself at Buckingham Palace announcing to one of the king's gentlemen-in-waiting that I knew Garbo. This would, I felt sure, admit me to the throne room. I felt that, perhaps, I'd become known throughout the Continent as "the man who knows Garbo." I prepared to be the sensation of Europe.

But here you see a man broken in spirit. I have returned. I don't know anything about Hollywood. I have fitted the most famous figures in the world. The most important beauties have been in my shop. But Hollywood's favorite son, the star who creates the most interest abroad, is unknown to me. I'm as crushed as a tulle scarf after a party.

its feature, "Five Mickey Mouse Pictures." There were hundreds standing in line waiting to get in.

In out of the way towns in the south of France I found Mickey Mouse comedies. Tucked away off the highways in Spain were Mickey Mouse comedies.

They speak of him as "Mickey," as they once called Charles Chaplin "Charlot."

Undoubtedly Garbo is the best known woman in the world. But Mickey Mouse is her European rival for popularity.

The tragic part, personally, is that I couldn't answer their questions. I did not know how Mickey came into being. I know now. Upon my return to Hollywood I went to the Walt Disney studios and got acquainted with Mickey. I may go to Europe again and I don't want to be the social outcast I was this time.



Instant death to germs of disease!

Think of it!—a non-poisonous mouth wash absolutely harmless, pleasant to taste, healing to tissue; yet with power to destroy germs by the millions.

Such is Listerine, for fifty years the outstanding antiseptic and germicide for oral hygiene.

Every type of dangerous germ swiftly succumbs to it. Among them are the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, the organism associated with sore throat, Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh) found frequently with colds, and the Pneumococcus (pneumonia).

Enemy of infection

Even Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), germs specified for test purposes because of their resistance to germi-



for **COLDS**



for **SORE THROAT**

cides, yield to it. Listerine kills them in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time science has accurately recorded).

Now you can understand why full strength Listerine is so successful in guarding against colds, sore throat, and other infections. Why, also, it combats these diseases once they have gained a foothold.

*Reduces mouth germs
98%*

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks the millions of bacteria breeding there—kills them outright. The number of bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane is actually reduced 98%.

This has been clearly demonstrated by repeated tests made under methods employed at Johns Hopkins, Pennsylvania, and Yale Universities.

Gargle every 2 hours

Make a habit of using full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle every night and morning. This treatment under normal conditions of health is considered sufficient to keep mouth germs under control and maintain a clean and healthy condition in the oral tract.

When, however, you have a cold or sore throat consult your doctor and increase the frequency of the gargle to once every two hours.

Thus you give nature an extra attacking force needed when body resistance is low, to keep disease germs under control. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Listerine · safe · non-poisonous

**KILLS 200,000,000
GERMS IN 15 SECONDS**



A Pair of Jacks!

YES, and they're both Gilbert! At the left is a young and earnest John Gilbert, evidently about to do battle for Marjorie Wilson, his partner of twelve years ago. The scene's from an early Triangle Kay Bee picture, when Jack had just graduated into small parts. The other is with Leila Hyams in his new talkie, "Way for a Sailor." Behold the same Gilbertian eyes!

"A Perfume . . .

taught me the secret of *Youth* . . .

says

LILA LEE

First National Star

"**Y**OUTH—what is it? An age? . . . a number of years? No—I thought that once . . . before I knew . . . about Seventeen. Seventeen—you've seen it? Worn it? Oh, you must! A glorious fragrance, like nothing else . . . except perhaps . . . those rose-colored dreams, those gossamer fancies . . . one has at Seventeen! It took Seventeen to teach me that Youth's a mood . . . to be recaptured . . . triumphantly worn . . . forever, if I like!"

Eight Toiletries bear
the fragrance of
Seventeen

The Perfume . . . in a French-cut flacon, so smart . . . A Compact (single or double) which may be changed into a loose-powder compact. A Face Powder in subtle youthful shades. A Dusting Powder . . . that makes your bath luxurious. A Talcum. A Toilet Water . . . so refreshing. Two Brillantines . . . solid or liquid. A Sachet . . . the correct way to scent one's clothing and lingerie.

Pictured at the left are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.

Seventeen

6269

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

WALTER PIDGEON'S favorite tid-bit is what he calls a "bum's *hors d'oeuvre*."

It's a soda cracker, lightly buttered and sprinkled with pepper. The color of the pepper is a matter of individual choice.

YOUNG DOUG FAIRBANKS and Director Herbert Brenon tangled temperaments at Radio Pictures' lot not so long ago—and that's the REAL reason why you'll not see young Doug playing the lead in "Beau Ideal," which is a sequel to "Beau Geste."

Doug had been working two days on the picture when it was suddenly announced that he had been "recalled" by First National, which had loaned him to Radio. The reason for the alleged recall was that Dick Barthelmess was to begin work at once on a new flying picture in which Doug was to play second lead.

But that was just studio twaddle.

The real reason was that Brenon and Doug couldn't get along. Doug, headed for early stardom at First National, had his own definite ideas of how to play the rôle of "Beau Ideal." Brenon, on the other hand—known all over Hollywood as one tough director and hard to work for—wasn't going to let any "fresh young upstart," star-bound or no, tell him how to handle his end of things. At least, that's the way both of them looked at it. So Brenon, it's said, proceeded to ride young Doug. And young Doug wasn't taking any riding.

And so somebody else is "Beau Ideal" and young Doug and Herb Brenon are both satisfied.

As for the Barthelmess air picture—it will be made, as a sort of sequel to "The Dawn Patrol." Young Doug'll be in it, big.

OLGA BACLANOVA had a baby. You all know that by now. Only a few days after the happy event, they were sitting in the hospital gloating over the thing, Olga and



P and A

Two generations of film folk meet in court—Mary Pickford to have the name of her niece changed from Mary to Gwynne, four-year-old Jean Rickert to have a movie contract approved by the law. Little Jean is made up as Ruth Taylor, the blonde recently preferred as a wife by Paul Zuckerman

hubby Nick Soussanin, and talking over what they wanted the boy-child to be.

"An actor!" said Papa, of course.

"No," countered Olga, "I would like him to be president of the United States!"

Piker!!!

AND as the Hollywood party ended, and folks were saying goodbye, if able, the young man sez to the caloric blonde, he says: "Well, goodbye; glad to have pet you."

AS THIS is rushed to press by eight strong boys, Walter Winchell says, in the *New York Mirror*, that Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor, the Radio Pictures juvenile, were secretly married some time ago. Confirmation is lacking, up to now. So you can take your Winchell or leave him. So many do!

LAWRENCE TIBBETT and Grace Moore are being co-starred in "New Moon."

Another actor has a fairly good rôle in the picture.

His name is Adolphe Menjou.

EDDIE CANTOR, in a gloomy mood, opined business was so bad that restaurants were laundering their paper napkins.

RUDY VALLÉE seems to be in something of a jam, as this is written, but it may turn out nothing but publicity horse-feathers.

Agnes McLaughlin, a Broadway show girl, has filed papers asking \$200,000 breach of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



P and A

John's married! The handsome young British actor, John Garrick, whose good looks won him many feminine friends in "The Sky Hawk" and "Song O' My Heart," was recently married to pretty Harriet Bennett, of San Francisco. And here's the happy couple, snapped a minute after the ceremony

The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



GOSSARD
introduces

Mis Simplicity

(Pat. Applied For)

"Mis Simplicity" sculpts the figure to *perfect* princess lines... The secret of this garment's unique moulding qualities lies in the clever straps that cross and button in back! The diagonal "cross-pull" of the straps scientifically uplifts the bust to a natural curve, flattens the diaphragm and abdomen, slenderizes the waistline and firmly persuades the body to correct posture!

The model photographed is of fine peach batiste and hand-loomed elastic, with modified uplift bust of matching lace. Lightly boned in front... Model 1892.

The same design may be had in other fabrics... Ask to see Models 6692, 4882 and 3620.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires
Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Dorothy Revier in "The Way of All Men," a First National Picture . . . The magic of Ben Hur—in face powder soft as a butterfly's wing, in delicate haunting perfume . . . can be obtained wherever you buy your other toilet goods. Make its enchantment yours.



MAGNETIC . . . MYSTERIOUS . . .

that subtle fragrance wove its irresistible spell

"ALWAYS a pal but never a sweetheart" just about summed up my case. Men liked me. But they just never fell in love with me. I was always so frank that there was never anything mysterious about me to intrigue them into sentimental adventuring.

Then the miracle happened, and Bob, the old darling, was in love—with *me*. That evening he dropped in as usual to get me to go to the movies. As I came toward him a new expression dawned in his eyes. And suddenly I found myself in his arms, his face buried in my hair as he whispered, "Darling, you seem strange and new and mysterious. Why is it?"

Then I knew what had worked this happy miracle. It was the perfume Marian had given me. A lovely haunting fragrance called Ben Hur. That

night I had touched it to my hands, my throat, my hair, just as the doorbell announced Bob.

This wonderful Ben Hur fragrance, with its mysterious magnetic spell, comes in perfume and in face powder. Make its magic your own! Get it at the counter where you buy your cosmetics—you'll be amazed at the moderate price—or send for the trial samples offered in the coupon, if you want to test it before buying.

Gift set of Ben Hur—toilet water, face powder, perfume—\$5.00.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

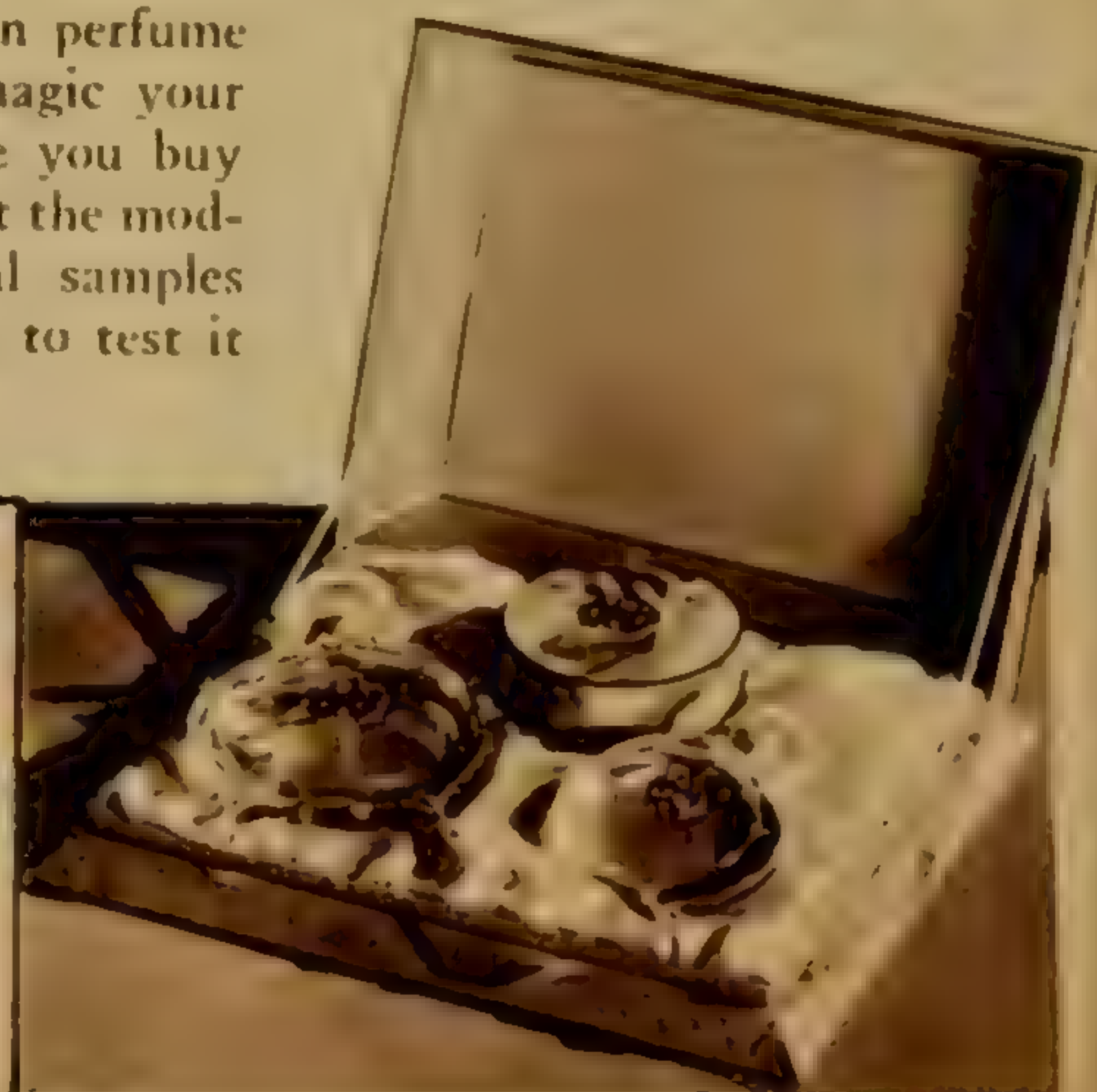
The Andrew Jergens Co., 5021 Alfred St.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Enclosed is 10¢ for which please send me special trial samples of Ben Hur perfume and face powder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____



Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]



P and A

You recognize Gloria Swanson's Henri at the right. The boy on the left is his brother, Count A. de la Falaise de la Coudraye, who crossed with Hank for a look round Hollywood



Marilyn Miller has been working mighty hard on the making of "Sunny," but she gets rest and new pep by spending her week-ends at Malibu Beach. Here's sunny Marilyn on the sands, leaning on her favorite surf board



Here's a cute dodge for the benefit of those who spot their hankies with lipstick. Dorothy McNulty, of Metro, shows a handkerchief with a square of red hemstitched in one corner. Lipstick's there, but no can see

promise money from the doe-eyed crooner. The papers have been full of it, but little has happened in the courts to date.

What makes me shy off is the fact that a rival New York crooner, Will Osborne, has been filling newspapers lately with rumors of engagements, marriages and annulments. Perhaps so much publicity for a competitor has burned up the Vallée management.

"DEDICATED TO
CLARA BOW
JESSE L. LASKY
AND

ALL LOVERS OF THE
GREAT WILDERNESS."

So reads the dedication of "The Cabin Be-

yond," written by 16-year-old Albert Fernandes on the headwaters of the Pysht River, in Washington.

Which wilderness does Clara love best? Dallas, Texas? Or Beechurst, Long Island, where Wild Harry Richman maintains the cutest cave!

GRETA GARBO, as this is written, begins toil on her next picture, with Clarence Brown again directing her.

This great and popular team is bending its efforts on "Inspiration," an original story by James Forbes.

It is a modern piece, laid in Paris, with Greta playing a very modern—and need we say alluring?—woman of the world.

FLORENCE VIDOR is happy at being a mamma again.

A daughter was born to her and Jascha Heifetz, the violinist, early in the fall, the parents expressing themselves as being very happy.

Odd how daughters dominate the homes of both King Vidor and his former wife, Florence.

King and Florence had a daughter, Suzanne. Now King and Eleanor Boardman have two children—both girls.

And Florence's first baby, as Mrs. Heifetz, is a daughter!

Florence and the famous fiddler were married August 29, 1928.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]



International

Leave it to Lily Damita to spring something on the camera boys! When the Parisian ball of fire came back to us after a European holiday she electrified the cameramen with this display of knickerbockers to match the brown skirt of her sport outfit. La Damita never fails us!

SERGE EISENSTEIN, the famous Russian director, with his "tempo" and his "montage," was in Hollywood a long time before anything happened except a lot of parties in his honor. Picture people tried to go high-brow for him, but all he wanted was jolly times, and a chance to learn.

Lately, however, there have been rumors that he is going to work. Paramount is said to have agreed to let him direct "An American Tragedy," the famous Dreiser story that has been their property for a long time.

Chester Morris and Phillips Holmes have been considered for the great rôle of the tragic boy.

EMIL JANNINGS is coming back to Hollywood!

The great German character star, driven home by the talkies, is returning, anyway. It is said that he will go to work for Warners in January in a picture called "The Idol."

As its star part is a German magician, his accent won't hurt a trifle. So Hoch, Unser Emil! Dreimal Hoch!

IT was one of those Hollywood parties where three hundred people are bidden and eight hundred arrive. A lonely gentleman was discovered sitting in a corner, his head in his hands.

"What are you doing?" somebody asked.

The gentleman looked at the hordes of people buzzing about the tables. "Just studying mob psychology," he answered wearily.

ONE of the strangest gifts ever received by a star is now in the possession of Marie Dressler.

It is a small box. In appearance and size it resembles a baby's coffin. It is covered with purple velvet and lined with pale tufted silk. In the top is a mirror bearing the inscription—"To the Sweetheart of Yesterday."

There is quite a story back of this unusual gift.

Many years ago Marie Dressler was playing in a company with two men. One of them became her fiancé. The other was one of their closest friends. The man to whom she was engaged died long ago.

Marie continued to ascend the ladder of fame. The friend gradually dropped out of the theater.

Now his daughter works at M-G-M, where Marie continues her long success. The box was made by the old friend as a tribute to Marie, and in memory of the friend and fiancé who had gone.

Perhaps the box was intended as a jewel case, or as a portable dressing table. A great deal of love and care had obviously gone into the making, but in spite of all of that, it has a weirdly ominous appearance. Only through chance was the gift seen by a member of the press at all.

HELEN KANE has been boop-a-dooping in court recently, and how her lip has quivered!

It all had to do with the sorrows of her boy friend, Murray Posner, proprietor of a New York dress house. The concern failed, and bellowings arose that before the failure Posner had given Helen some \$50,000 in cash, and a lot of pretty jewels. The creditors wanted the money.

So Helen, Murray, *et al.*, were invited to court, and there's been little but trouble since. Helen insists that it was her money, and she

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



The daughter of a famous prize-fighter enters the talkies! Rhoda Cross, a new little girl with Fox. Her father is Leach Cross, once a very noted lightweight pugilist

When Dull Film Covers Teeth Smiles Lose Fascination



Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold it a combination of the two.

But one thing is positively known; wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present*. Thus ridding teeth and gums of germs is the first thing one must do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Germs live in film

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn, clinging film. In it—tightly glued in contact with the teeth—are the germs that cause decay and other troubles. Your protection lies in never failing to remove that film from teeth each day.

Film ruins the appearance of the teeth by absorbing stains from food and smoking . . . how many times have you noted these dark discolorations on enamel?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely **SAFE** . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness.

* * *

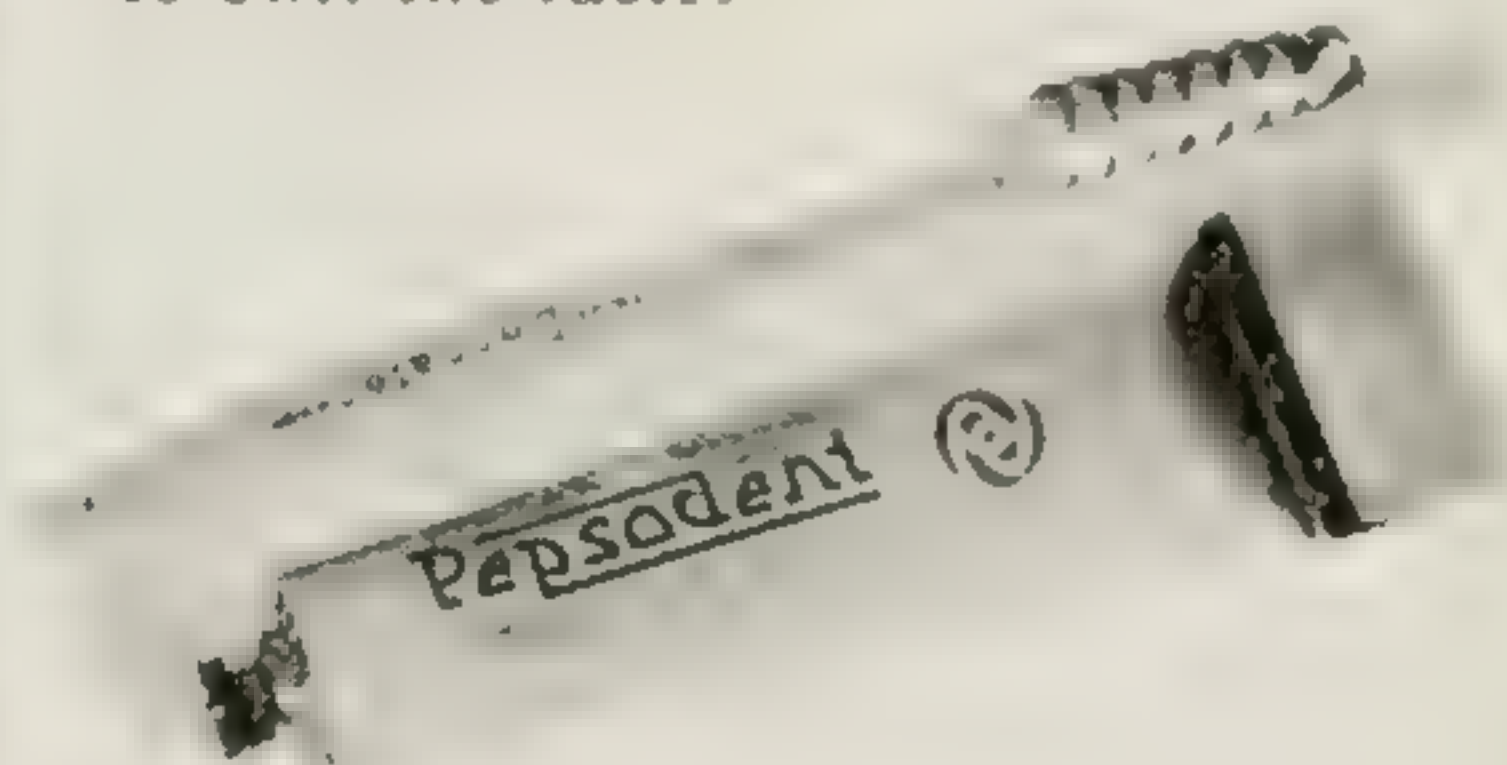
Amos 'n' Andy America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:30 p. m., Mountain time. 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Do These 3 Things

*to have strong,
healthy teeth*



1. Follow this diet daily: one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk—and other food to suit the taste.



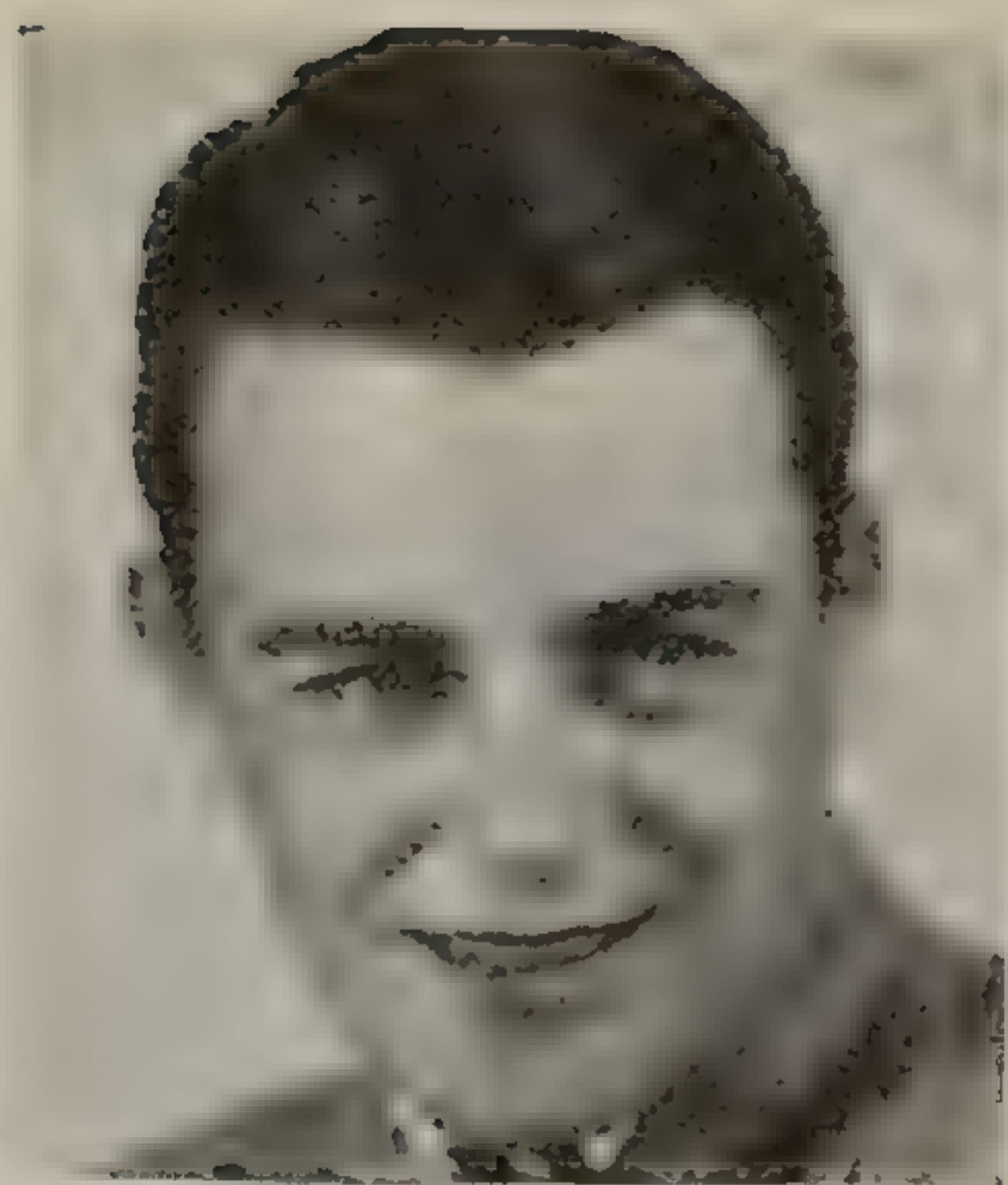
2. Use Pepsodent twice every day.



3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent

—the tooth paste which presents you with the
Amos 'n' Andy radio program.



Lew Ayres, the Boy of the Month

LEWIS AYRES, or Lew, as he prefers to be called, is the most popular young man this month. Lew was born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28, 1909. He is 5 feet, 11; weighs 155 and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Educated at the San Diego High School and the University of Arizona. For three years his clear tenor voice was heard while he played and sang with various dance orchestras. He plays the guitar, banjo and piano. Lew's next picture will be "The Doorway to Hell."

NORMA SHEARER outshines the feminine stars this month. Norma, who is a native of Montreal, Canada, was born August 10, 1904. She is 5 feet, 3; weighs 112 and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. She entered pictures in 1921. In 1927 she was married to Irving Thalberg, motion picture executive. They have one son who was born in August. Norma's latest picture is "Let Us Be Gay." She will return to the screen after the first of the year.

ZANE GREY'S "Nevada" was released in 1927 with Gary Cooper and Thelma Todd heading the cast.

MITZI GREEN'S marvelous work in talkies is quickly bringing her to the top. She was born in New York City, October 22, 1920. At this writing she is 51 inches tall, weighs 78 pounds, has chestnut hair and light brown eyes. Wait'll you see her as *Becky Thatcher* in "Tom Sawyer" with Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin.

CHARLES KALEY was the leading man in "Lord Byron of Broadway."

FRANK ALBERTSON first saw light in Fergus Falls, Minn., February 2, 1909. He is 5 feet, 9; weighs 145 and has light brown hair and eyes. His latest picture is "Just Imagine."

RONALD COLMAN played the rôle of *Carlo* and William Powell the rôle of *Tito* in "Romola."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is just 23 years old and married to Norman Foster, the young actor who played opposite her in "Young Man of Manhattan."

NILS ASTHER, recently married to Vivian Duncan, is a native of Malmö, Sweden. He is 6 feet and one half inch tall, weighs 170. He appeared on the stage in Stockholm, and entered pictures in Europe in 1918. His first American appearance was in "Topsy and Eva," the Duncan Sisters' picture made in 1917.

DAVEY LEE is back at the mike again. This time he is seen in "The Squaller," with Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. Davey was born January 3, 1925.

Questions & Answers



Norma Shearer, the Girl of the Month

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

CONRAD NAGEL is 33 years old, married and has one little daughter.

DAVID MANNERS claims Halifax, Nova Scotia, as his birthplace and April 30, 1902, as the date. He stands 6 feet and has green-gray eyes. The li'l missus is Suzanne Bushnell. Dave's next picture will be "Kismet."

STANLEY SMITH is a native of Kansas City, Mo., where he was born January 6, 1907. Stan has blond hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet, 11½ and weighs 160. His latest picture is "Soup to Nuts." He is still fancy free.

MOLLY O'DAY and Sally O'Neil are real life sisters. Molly, now down to a mere 117 pounds, is tackling the stage. She is appearing in a play called "Young Sinners."

JANET GAYNOR is just 24 years old. She is now appearing with her team-mate, Charlie Farrell, in a new talkie called "The Man Who Came Back."

BOB MONTGOMERY'S native soil is Beacon, New York. He is 26 years old, 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has brown hair and blue eyes. Has been married to Elizabeth Allen, a non-professional, for over two years. Bob's latest talkie is "Love in the Rough."

CHARLIE FARRELL'S next release will be "Liliom." Rose Hobart of the stage is his leading lady. That is the rôle that Janet Gaynor turned down.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 120, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

MARIE DRESSLER, believe it or not, has been celebrating birthdays since November 9, 1871.

GRETA GARBO (I just can't get away with leaving her out) was born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18, 1905. She is 5 feet, 6; weighs 125 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Her next talkie will be "Inspiration."

DOROTHY MACKAILL is divorced from Director Lothar Mendes. She has no children.

GAVIN GORDON, Garbo's leading man in "Romance," was born in Chicora, Miss., April 7, 1901. He is 6 feet, 2; weighs 175 and has dark hair and gray eyes. He will be seen next in "The Silver Horde."

LLOYD HUGHES is married to Gloria Hope and has one son. Lloyd is 33 years old.

D. W. GRIFFITH, Robert Agnew, Mary Nolan and Joyce Compton are a few of Kentucky's gifts to cinemaland.

MARY DORAN is a product of New York City, where she was born September 3, 1907. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 108 and has auburn hair and brown eyes. Mary made her movie début in 1927 and was on the stage before that. She will be seen next in "Remote Control." It's a story of a radio broadcasting studio, and Bill Haines is the leading man.

WILLIAM JANNEY, the lad who is rapidly making a name for himself, was born in New York, February 15, 1908. He stands 5 feet, 10; weighs 148 and has brown hair and eyes. He appears with Richard Dix in "Shooting Straight."

MONA MARIS, christened Maria Rosa Amidee Capdiville, hails from Buenos Aires. She is 21 years old and has dark hair and blue eyes. Educated in England, France and Germany. Appeared on the stage in London, and on the screen in Germany. Her latest picture is "A Devil with Women." Vic McLaglen is the hero.

JOHN GARRICK, real name Reginald Dandy, comes from Brighton, England. He married Helen Bennett, a stage actress, in September. His latest picture is "The Lottery Bride" with Jeanette MacDonald.

FREDRIC MARCH is married to Florence Eldridge. Fred was born in Racine, Wis., August 31, 1898, is 6 feet tall, and has brown hair and brown eyes.

EL BRENDEN was born in Philadelphia, March 25, 1896. He is 5 feet, 9; weighs 160 and has light hair and blue eyes.

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A

★ ★ Clearer, softer skin

*Frances Ingram herself tells how
to keep the skin lovely
at its 6 vital places*

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And *you* are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen."

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin."

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't *you* follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

★ THE FOREHEAD — To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.

★ THE EYES — If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.

★ THE MOUTH — Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

★ THE THROAT — To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.

★ THE NECK — To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.

★ THE SHOULDERS — To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. A-110
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Lon Chaney I Knew

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

have been often told. Many a man, out of a job, met aid at his hands.

When success first began to smile on him—for he struggled long with small rôles, infrequent parts, and slim wages before he finally won recognition—the first thing he did was to bring out his parents, whom he had always cared for. One of his greatest tragedies was the death, some years ago, of his aged father. The elder Chaney, deaf and dumb, was slowly going blind, which meant a living death. The real death came first. Perhaps a relief. But it lined Lon's face with lines of care that never were eradicated. It was during the making of "The Phantom." Lon used to go on the set, play his scene, then return to the telephone for news from home. He completed the picture only a few days before his father's demise.

HIS parents had been very close to him, especially his mother. When he was a child of nine she was locked in the grip of inflammatory rheumatism. His father, and the older children were working. Little Lon stayed home to care for the invalid. She, like his father, was a deaf mute. All day long the child used to amuse her by "acting out" stories and funny sayings with hands and pantomime. Possibly this is what made him one of the greatest pantomimists the world has ever known. His hands were as expressive as most people's voices.

Later, on the stage, his pantomimic tricks were always his "sure fire" trick.

On the stage, as later in pictures, he was always the friend of man. Stage performers coming to the screen invariably sought out Lon as an old acquaintance, from some show away back in the barnstorming days.

Old actors were his pets. Many of them he supported. During his life, he objected violently to any mention being made of his charities. But I think that to mention them now is not amiss. He spent thousands of dollars on sick workmen needing operations, their families, and on other unfortunate cases.

Despite his successes his head was never turned. He was a homely, wholesome fellow, shunning adulation, and always, in his associates, seeking the common touch. He had a sincerity about him that almost passes belief. Nobody who knew him ever called him "Mr. Chaney." It was always "Lon."

One of his best friends and boon companions was John Jeske, who came to work for him some years ago as a chauffeur. That is, John was to drive Mrs. Chaney. Lon always drove his own car. This honest and loyal German became Lon's constant companion. They went on fishing trips together. John handled hundreds of little details for him. There grew up a Damon and Pythias friendship almost amazing between the two men. I think that I never saw human grief so intense as that of John's when Lon Chaney passed away.

ANOTHER of his greatest friends was Clinton Lyle, an actor, formerly with him on the stage. It was back in the old Kolband Dill opera days that Lyle and Chaney courted two girls who were "pals," Hazel Hastings and Flo Emerson. Hazel is now Mrs. Chaney; Flo, Mrs. Lyle. In Hollywood they were an inseparable quartet. After their marriages the two couples drifted apart for a time; the Chaney's went to Hollywood, where Lon achieved fame, and Lyle and Emerson into vaudeville.

It was shortly after his first success in "The Miracle Man" that Lon owned his first home, a neat cottage near the center of Hollywood, then quite a small village. He loved that home. Later he built a larger and more pretentious one, which he and his wife lived in for a while and sold. His new home in Beverly was almost

completed when he died, an elaborate structure in the Italian period.

His new hunting lodge, in the Sierras, which took almost a year to build, was also just completed. When Lon returned from New York he hurried to see it, but only could stay there three days. Altitude and his illness forced him to return. The new home not being ready, the Chaney's took an apartment.

"This is wonderful," said Lon. "Like the old house—like playing keeping house all over again. But it was not long that they "played keeping house again." A sinking spell sent him to the hospital. He never entered the new home.



Remember the old-style microphones—looking like an old tomato can with baby's shoe hanging on the bottom of it? Well, they're "out" now on the Radio Pictures lot. Instead, they're using these giant gadgets, which gather the sound waves and concentrate them to the center of the device, where the microphone itself is located. It's a new improvement that enables sound engineers to focus on certain sounds, just as the cameraman focuses on spots in the picture

Lon's home and his friends were always very dear to him. Clinton Lyle and Flo Emerson, in vaudeville, were always in the hearts of Chaney and his wife. They corresponded for years. Finally they met again. Four years ago. The Chaney's were on a vacation, and in Seattle saw "Lyle and Emerson" on a vaudeville bill. There was a reunion, and the rest of the Chaney vacation was passed "barnstorming" and playing one-night stands with their friends. Then Chaney persuaded Lyle to give up vaudeville and be a picture actor. Since that the quartet has been together again.

General Smedley D. Butler, of the Marine Corps, was another of Lon's close friends. They first met during the making of "Tell It to the Marines," and the friendship that sprang up was a very close one. Incidentally, the last

message of cheer that Lon read before he died was from General Butler. Another was from Fred J. Stocker, General Manager of the Chicago Northwestern lines, another "buddy." What a strange assortment of friends he had for a screen actor; a vaudeville actor, a general, a railroad manager and a chauffeur. M. K. Wilson, an assistant director; Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, physician; William Dunphy, capitalist; Eddie Gribbon, comedian—these were among his real cronies.

HE loved children and dogs. Whenever there was a child in a picture with him, that child monopolized his whole attention. Perhaps he was so close to children because of his own child. He reared a son, as a baby, in his dressing room.

Lon used to give the baby its bottle, hurry up to the stage to go into his dance, hurry back and tend the baby, and rush back to move the scenery. He warmed the baby's milk on the alcohol stove he used to melt his greasepaint. I have seen him sneer when some woman lectured wisely on how to raise a baby. I know what he thought in his own mind—"Are you telling me?"

A dressing room was Lon's home so long on the stage that he never could bring himself to be in one of the ornate palaces some stars affect. His own dressing room was always just like the one in the theater.

A bare room, with a shelf for make-up and a mirror before it. Two electric lights. Three chairs. On the floor were pieces of greasepaint, towels, fan letters dumped in the corner, costumes scattered all over the place.

On the make-up shelf stood his famous make-up box. It was a mechanic's cabinet, one of those things with sliding compartments for tools. Lon bought it at a hardware store, had it covered with leather and his name branded on. In it was every conceivable material for disguise. False teeth of all types, grease paints, liners, all piled in higgledy-piggledy. But he knew where to find everything. His sensitive fingers could select any article without hesitation. He scorned valets—and golf.

He used to spend hours experimenting with his make-up materials, cooking up noxious messes with a gas stove to evolve a new paint or plastic paste. Often the other actors passed by holding their noses.

He was an ardent lover of music. In silent pictures he always had the same musicians on the set—Sam and Jack Feinberg. They played his old favorites, opera numbers, airs from the operettas he played in. When he wanted to cry he called for his "tear jerker." It was "Hearts and Flowers."

Mrs. Chaney seldom came to the studios, but that was not because Lon didn't ask her. There was a very close bond between the two, married for eighteen years. When he married Mrs. Chaney, Creighton was still a baby. Mrs. Chaney is to Creighton all that a mother could be—and more.

Lon adored Creighton's children with an adoration that was almost fanaticism.

Shortly before his death he was talking to Mr. Greenwood.

"**I** HAVE a hunch, Greenwood," he said, "that I'll never make another picture. And it bothers me. Not that I'm afraid of death—but it's the thought of leaving Hazel, and Creighton, and the babies."

Greenwood kidded him out of the thought at the time. But many of us believe that, while every effort was made to keep from him how ill he was, he knew it all the time, and said nothing. That was Lon's way. He was ever a stoic.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



A tuck starts a revolution

Women's underdress has been revolutionized by a clever tuck.

The ugly bagginess of the ordinary underwear has been eliminated by an easeful tuck.

It's the tuck that tells.

By its use, Kickernick has been able to produce a garment that fits the body snugly in any position.

A short front and a long expanding back enable women to wear garments that are snuggest fitting—with greater freedom and beauty.

Kickernicks are made in all modish fabrics, styles, colors—and remarkably well made.

If your best dealer hasn't them, send for booklet to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair...easy to manage...and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush...and brush it through your hair...when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that...it will stay any style you arrange it...even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.



Glostora

The Lon Chaney I Knew

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106]

When he first went into pictures, he was playing a "heavy" in some long forgotten Western, and Cliff Smith, the director, wanted him to cry.

"Never did it in my life," said Chaney.

Cliff started the cameras on him in a close-up—and then, in a low voice, began calling him all the evil names a man could invent. Chaney's eyes blazed—then tears of rage came into them. But he was too well trained to move out of camera range.

"Cut," said Smith.

With a bellow of anger Chaney was upon him—fists flying. They pried him off and a general laugh apprised him of the director's ruse. He laughed too.

He remembered that trick of psychology. I saw him using it in a little different form in "The Phantom of the Opera." Mary Philbin couldn't cry. Rupert Julian, the director, had worked for hours with sad music and sadder stories. It was no use.

CHANEY drew Julian aside and they whispered a moment. Then Julian returned to the unfortunate Mary, and scathingly denounced her. "You're dumb—you're terrible," he raged. Mary glared with rage.

Chaney then shoved him aside. "Aw, Rupe—give the kid a chance. Poor little Mary," he protested, in the most sympathetic voice.

"Baw," said Mary—and tears of self-pity flooded like a miniature Niagara. It was a great scene—thanks to the Chaney stratagem.

Chaney's general history the world knows; how he was born in Colorado Springs, of deaf mute parents; how as a boy he was a guide on Pike's Peak, later a property man in his brother's theater; how he worked as a paper hanger in Denver, then went on the stage in a comic opera company. Thence he went into other shows, all over the country, finally to San Francisco, then to Los Angeles, thence to pictures.

That happened when the show he was with went broke, and somebody told him that stage managers could get jobs as directors in the new form of entertainment. This was in 1914. Lon went out to Universal, rode a horse in Westerns, played heavies in the same, and thus learned the game. He then directed J. Warren Kerrigan in seven pictures, but returned to acting.

"This acting thing has a funny angle," he remarked one day. "A star is a star when he's young—then blows up. Now, if I could develop this character thing, I could always work in it. The older you are the better you are for it." So he dug up his make-up box, worked out disguises galore, and began to sell the idea. He didn't get far. Tod Browning would use him in "bits" and seemed the only one with faith in the idea. But the studio manager took notice. "Don't use that fellow Chaney so much," he instructed Browning. "His face is getting to be a regular trademark."

LON went out then and won fame in "The Miracle Man," directed by George Loane Tucker, whom Chaney always revered as one of the greatest directors of all history. "The Penalty" and other hits followed.

The next time he played at Universal his face was a pretty expensive "trademark." His salary in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" brought real tears to the eyes of Carl Laemmle. At least, Carl Laemmle says so.

While he was making "The Unholy Three," his first talkie and his last picture, he was introduced to Frederick Warde, famous dramatic star.

"Do you remember, once in Colorado Springs, you took a curtain call extra, and the property boy was moving a vase on the stage?" inquired Lon.

Warde recalled the incident.

"Well," laughed Lon, "I was that prop boy."

He was always proud of having been a prop boy. He carried his stage hand union card all his life. That, his honorary membership in the brotherhood of locomotive engineers, and in the Marine Corps reserve, were among his greatest prides. He belonged to no other organizations.

His son, Creighton, became a business man, and never wanted to go into pictures. He could have. Lon once offered him the chance.

"**D**AD," said Creighton, "I wouldn't want to go into pictures on your name. If I could use another name—and top you—I'd give it a fling—but nobody's ever going to top you."

Creighton was right. Lon Chaney became the greatest box-office bet of the screen. And now that he's gone there isn't a soul in the world to take the unique place he held. When he died, studio officials suggested to Wallace Beery that he play a story written for Lon.

"I'd rather not," said Beery, "not just because I was such a friend of Lon's—but because there will never be another Lon Chaney on the screen."

There was an innate something about him—a sort of psychological force, coupled with a dogged determination and a voracious appetite for work that raised a boy guide on Pike's Peak to one of the highest pinnacles on the screen.

There is tragedy in the fact that, after his years of work and worry, hardship and pain, he was cut off by fate just as he was able to enjoy the fruits of his life struggle to the fullest.

But perhaps there is some consolation in the fact that his meeting with his Maker was a tranquil one. He had had a good day at the hospital. Messages from his friends had cheered him. They played the radio. He felt so much better that he asked for a smoke.

"Of course," the nurse answered, "you'll have to wait to see what the doctor says about that."

Chaney smiled and dropped asleep.

It is odd that a thing learned at the beginning of his life should figure at the end. He had told the nurse that, if he ever found he could not speak, he would raise one finger. If he feared serious trouble, he would raise two.

It is an old deaf-mute's trick. Doubtless his mother, on her sick bed, used it, and thus taught it to him.

The night went on.

The nurse, sitting in a corner of the room, suddenly heard a rustle. Chaney had raised one finger.

She leaned over him.

"Speak, speak," she urged him.

Chaney smiled—and raised two fingers.

It was the end.

There was a smile on his face in death.

IN memory, Lon passes before me in many of the strange rôles I have seen him in, disguises I have seen him apply. I can see the legless *Blizzard*, and the *Hunchback*. I can see the grim *Phantom* and the strange armless man in "The Unknown."

I can see him erect in his Marine Sergeant's uniform. As I looked at the Marine guard of honor before his casket I could see him, marching, saluting General Butler. I can see him as the lovable sympathetic clown in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

But best of all, in memory, I can see him, in his dressing room, devoid of make-up, smiling his kindly smile and uttering his homely philosophies.

To me that is his best rôle of all—Lon Chaney, a gentle, kindly soul, a loyal friend, and a great artist who still had room in his heart to be human.

8 Famous Beauty Editors unanimously affirm

hands can be kept lovely on less than 5 minutes a day



Martine Renier of Femina

Camille Duguet of Chiffons

Celia Caroline Cole of Delineator

Rachel Hehir of Mayfair

Doris Lee Ashley of Pictorial Review

Beauty Department of Good Housekeeping

Hazel Rawson Cades of Woman's Home Companion

Eva Nagel Wolf of Canadian Home Journal

BEAUTY EDITORS here and abroad acclaim this marvelous new manicure method which can keep your hands always lovely on less than 5 minutes' care each day!

"This new liquid polish has contributed four wonderful advantages to busy women," say the Beauty Editors of Pictorial Review, Good Housekeeping, Mayfair and Canadian Home Journal. "First, it takes only a few moments to apply. Second, its delightful lustre keeps finger tips gleaming for days. Third, it doesn't peel or discolor, and it acts as a splendid protection for the nails. Fourth, there is no fear of its making the nails brittle."

Paris is all enthusiastic about the colors. "The many shades," says the Directrice of Chiffons, "now range from a soft, roseate hue to a flaming crimson." And the Beauty Editor of Woman's Home Companion adds: "Color gradations are adapted to conservative fingers as well as the exotic and decorative."

tions are adapted to conservative fingers as well as the exotic and decorative."

*This is the Cutex Method
smart women everywhere use to keep
their nails exquisitely groomed.*

First, remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Then scrub the nails in warm, soapy water. Mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tips with a cotton-wrapped orange stick saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Rinse Fingers.

Apply Cutex Liquid Polish, brushing it evenly from the half-moon toward the finger tip. Then use a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil and a touch of Nail White. With this weekly manicure your nails require less than five minutes' care each day—just time enough to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tips.

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The new Cutex Perfumed Liquid Polish in six smart shades, including the three new reds—Coral, Cardinal, Garnet, 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Perfumed Polish Remover together, 50¢ (Natural, Colorless or Rose). Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 35¢. The other Cutex preparations, 35¢. At toilet-goods counters everywhere.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

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So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ . . . perfumed of course

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WHAT would *she* like? What would *he* appreciate? Perplexing problems indeed, especially at holiday time... yet made simple by the pride-inspiring leather creations of Meeker. Wonderful new designs of beautiful leathers, color-toned, and smart, durable billfolds, key cases, cigarette cases and lighters for men now await the discriminating buyer at Meeker dealers in your city or town.

There is something more than just quality and smartness of design in Meeker-Made fine leather products... a definite individuality easily recognized. In Meeker handbags and underarms this individuality has come to be known as "Purse Personality". That is why Meeker products are quickly accepted as Gifts to Inspire Pride.

The new winter designs in gifts both for men and women are now on display at your jeweler's, at better department and drug stores and at the leather gift shop.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC.
JOPLIN, MO.

*Largest Manufacturer of Steerhide Products
in the United States*

Short Subjects of the Month

HOT on the heels of the successful dog comedies released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comes a new Tiffany series with chimpanzees for actors! One is reviewed here.

And did you think that with the coming of "sophisticated" short comedies, you'd never hear and see a custard pie thrown? Wrong again. Read the review of "Grandma's Girl."

THE BLIMP MYSTERY *Tiffany*

An all-monkey cast performs in the first of a series that should please as much as the dogs. This is a detective yarn, with *Hemlock*, the great detective, solving things. The chimpanzees are screamingly funny just to look at, and Tiffany has furnished good human voices dubbed on.

GRANDMA'S GIRL *Sennett-Educational*

Lovers of good old rough and tumble comedies, take heart! In this comedy by Ole Marse Sennett you'll hear the "whoosh" of a custard pie hurled—and landing! And it's welcome relief from too much "sophistication." Little Babe Kane and Florence Roberts take honors—and pies.

THE HOT AIR MERCHANT *Paramount*

This is one of the series of one-reel, twelve-minute comedies into which Paramount is tossing its star material. And they are well worth while. In this one Charles Ruggles gives an illustrated lecture on how the ladies track down and marry the men. An excellent short.

THE BOSS' ORDERS *Pathe*

Here's a comedy that stands out because it not only has a satisfactory little farce plot but enough action to keep it merrily on the move. It's about two men clerks in a modiste's shop who get involved with a pair of gay Parisiennes. Arthur Hoyt and Gertrude Astor are in it.

PURE AND SIMPLE *Darmour-Radio Pictures*

This is one of the series that Louise Fazenda is making for Larry Darmour and Radio release, and it's a corking good comedy. Louise is shipwrecked on her way to Honolulu, and the resulting fun is simply elegant, especially Louise. What a life-saver this girl is!

THE LEGACY *Warners-Vitaphone Variety*

This is Betty Compton's debut in the talkies, Betty being one of New York's favorite singing and dancing ingénues. Her beauty and dancing ability show up here, though it is a rather conventional tiny musical short. She is supported by John Hundley, Jack White and others.

MIND YOUR BUSINESS *Pathe*

Robert Agnew, the very popular juvenile of silent times, bobs up once more in this picture, and even sings. It's a modest, mild farce comedy about a lad who—oddly enough—loves a girl. It's another case of songs and a chorus breaking up the comedy continuity for no good.

PARLEZ VOUS *Universal*

Illustrating the glorious return of Slim Summerville, the lanky, sad-eyed veteran who was such a hit in "All Quiet on the Western Front." In this very funny short, Slim plays a dumb bugler. It's a two-reel war burlesque that is one of the best of recent months.

THE HARD GUY *Warners-Vitaphone Variety*

A very well handled comedy drama in capsule form—the type of episode story that is well fitted for brief dramatic flashes. A bit from the life of a young couple without work and money, and in the big city, too. Spencer Tracy and Katherine Alexander (stage) act well.

GIRL SHOCK *Roach-M-G-M*

Wonder of wonders, they've found a new slant on the war comedy for this latest in the long line of Charlie Chase short subjects. Chase plays a shy war hero, with most of the action taking place after hostilities have ceased. Good ridiculous entertainment for slap-stick fans.

MICKEY'S MERRY MEN *Darmour-Radio Pictures*

Here are Mickey McGuire (himself) and his kids on a trip to discover America. Apparently they didn't feel that old man Columbus did such a good job of it. This comedy will take you back a couple of decades, to the days of your own discovering childhood.

RED, GREEN AND YELLOW *Paramount*

Another of Paramount's short laugh smashes, that hit the risibilities a couple of smacks, and end on the high laugh. It's entirely dialogue, about a couple that agree to time their arguments by the changing traffic lights. Lulu McConnell and Arthur Aylesworth in it.

FOOTBALL *Pathe*

A series on the art, mysteries and practices of the great American autumn sport, with lectures by Knute Rockne, the noted coach, and illustrations by his Notre Dame pigskin squad. They are very entertaining to addicts of the sport, as well as to those wanting to learn.

PALS IN BUCKSKIN *Universal*

Here's the first episode of one of the first of the talking chapter plays to come to us. It's called "The Indians Are Coming," and Col. Tim McCoy has the lead, and there are plenty of fights and things. As it should be—when dialogue interferes with action, they stop talking!

NOW THAT WOMEN RECOGNIZE THE NEED FOR BOTH



The present mode reflected in slim silhouette lines and sheer fabrics has made necessary a thin, compact, inconspicuous napkin. Modess Compact is the answer to this persistent and increasing demand—thinner by half, without sacrificing comfort, protection or absorbency.

WE PRESENT MODESS COMPACT

(as well as regular MODESS) IN PACKAGES OF TWELVE

MODESS Regular (standard thickness) is regarded by those who use it as the softest, most comfortable and protective pad for general use. Modess Compact (gently compressed) is thinner by half, yet equally effective for travel, dress occasions and special use.

Each day thousands of women are finding out the superior merits of Modess (Regular and Compact). They provide certain protection, greater comfort, remarkable absorbency and deodorizing value. The secret of Modess superiority is a re-

markable substance used as filler. It is not built up in layers, but is a gentle, fluffy, cotton-like material encased in specially softened gauze.

Your dealer can now supply Modess Regular and Modess Compact, each in packages of twelve and priced the same. You will want both to meet varying needs and occasions. Keep a box of each—a perfect combination for physical and mental comfort.

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NO longer need you wish for hair with a glowing lustre which indicates to all the world—here is a healthy, germ free scalp. Val-N-Cha Oil Treatment restores all of the natural beauty to your hair. It frees the scalp of hidden hair enemies, and keeps it free and glowing with vibrant new life!

BEGIN NOW!
Try This 5-Minute Treatment

TWICE a week—invest five minutes in your hair. It will pay you wondrous dividends in charm and beauty!

The Home Treatment is simple. No soaps or special rinsings are necessary. Only water is required. You will like Val-N-Cha because of what it actually does for your hair. You'll think it a soap,—it is NOT! It is odorless, greaseless, soapless and a marvelous cleanser.

Many treatments in generous size bottle—\$1.00.

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"The Original Hair and Scalp Vegetable Oil Treatment"

Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic, healing and soothing—twelve fragrant ingredients in a perfect blend, bringing youth and health to your hair and keeping it tractable without greasiness or plastered stiffness.

Good beauticians and barbers use Val-N-Cha Oil Treatment and Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic professionally. Your druggist may not have it—until he can get it for you—don't take any chances, send direct to us.

Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment and Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic are priced at one dollar (\$1.00) per bottle.

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Enclosed please find \$_____ for which you may send me

- ☐ 1 bottle Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment.
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These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

FRANCES DEE ("Playboy of Paris," Paramount) is one of Paramount's new girls, and one of the luckiest. She drew the lead opposite Chevalier in his new film. Frances was born in Los Angeles, and her only professional work, before the big break, was some extra jobs and a small rôle in "Follow Thru." Now she's set for big things.



OTIS SKINNER ("Kismet," First National) needs no encomiums here. For over fifty years he has been an ornament of the American theater, and ten years ago made a silent picture of "Kismet," his famous stage success now turned into a talkie. In his younger days he was one of America's leading matinée idols, starring in romantic drama.



LOUISE HUNTINGTON (Fox) came to the screen from a short career on the stage, having made her Broadway début in "The Constant Nymph" soon after leaving college. Born in Dallas, Texas, she was educated at the state university of that commonwealth. Louise is unmarried, doesn't smoke, neither sings nor dances, and likes to play dramatic leads.



JUNIOR DURKIN ("Tom Sawyer," Paramount) now grown into a sizable lad, was a child actor of the stage for some years. He grew famous on Broadway in "Courage." Going West, Junior appeared in "Recaptured Love" for Warner Brothers and then was given the juicy rôle of *Huckleberry Finn* in "Tom Sawyer," Jackie Coogan's first talkie.



IRENE DELROY (Warner Brothers) is one of the latest Broadway beauties of musical comedy to desert the main stem for Hollywood. One of her earliest jobs in show business was Tom Patricola's partner in a vaudeville act. As singing and dancing leading woman, her most recent stage jobs were in "Top Speed," "Follow Thru" and "Here's How."



PAUL GREGORY ("Whoopee," United Artists) is a Broadway musical comedy favorite who appeared in the same musical comedy on the stage. Before coming to Flo Ziegfeld, Gregory sang leading rôles in "Rose-Marie," "Song of the Flame," and "Golden Dawn," all lavish musical shows presented by Arthur Hammerstein. "Whoopee" is Paul's first motion picture fling.



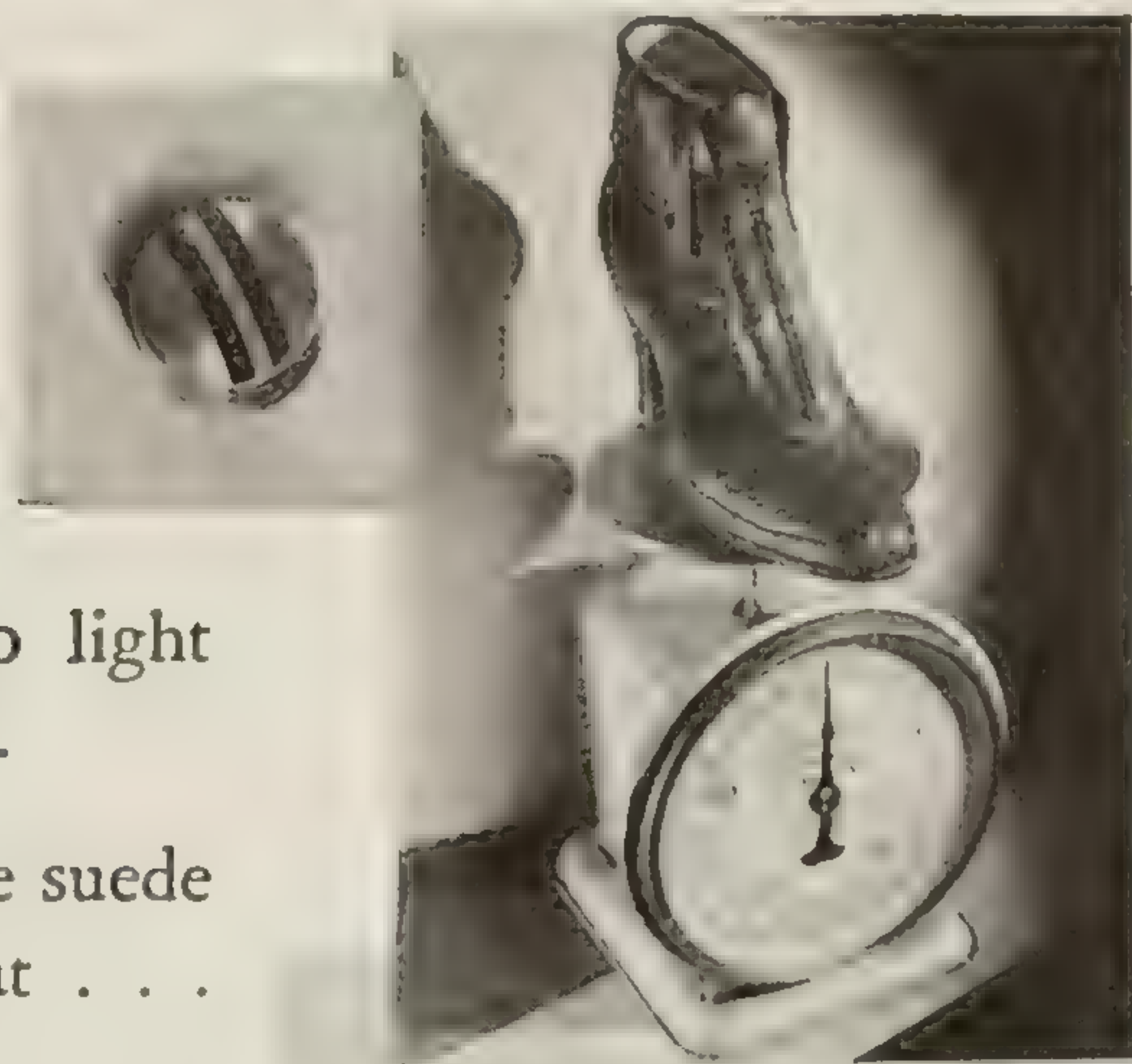
ELEANOR HUNT ("Whoopee," United Artists) jumped into the feminine lead in this big Eddie Cantor musical picture just twelve months after her début as a chorus girl. She played in "Whoopee" and "Animal Crackers" on the stage, and was selected for the picture lead over dozens of more experienced girls. Eleanor is a New York girl and was educated there.



JOE FRISCO ("The Gorilla," Warner Brothers) has been a well known vaudeville headliner for years. He originated, with his derby and ever-present cigar, a much-imitated style of jazz dancing, and it made him famous. Joe is a famous stutterer, and Broadway says he does it as a stall to gain time for thinking up fast comebacks. Joe originated in Des Moines, Iowa.



Weights no more than your Vanity case



SO LIGHT . .

"YOU

DON'T KNOW

YOU HAVE

THEM ON"

A mere 7 ounces on the scale . . . so light you hardly know you have them on . . .

As trim and closely fitting as your little suede gloves . . . Smart as your latest Paris hat . . .

Nothing you can't do . . . no place you can't go . . . in these new Zippers of silk-like rubber

ACTUALLY when you first step out in them you look again to be sure they're really on!

For here are Goodrich Shower Boots so light, so trimly molded to arch and instep, that the awkward plodding step of old-time, rainy day footwear is gone forever.

Gay débutantes, young matrons with a daily program of a dozen interests, and modern maidens embarked on the venture of business . . . will meet the stormy fall and winter days with grace and comfort, protected by these smart new boots that weigh just 7 ounces!

Of silk-like rubber in patterns of graceful moiré to complete all costumes—black, gunmetal, dark and light brown. You'll want two or three pairs . . . the smart shops of every city have them. In modish fabrics, too. The B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corporation, Watertown, Mass.



Now the Zipper fastening is hidden by two tiny strips of rubber. And over it snaps a buckle, smart as modern costume jewelry



You'll be delighted with this slim Shower Boot in gunmetal moiré rubber—held closely to the foot by three little hidden snaps



The new Goodrich Zippers are lighter, trimmer, smarter—yet gossamer stockings are unspotted; expensive slippers are unharmed, no matter how slushy the ground is



Goodrich Zippers

... another
B. F. Goodrich Product

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

NEW DOUBLE EYELASH TREATMENT *Beautifies... Softens*



No longer need you fear "Brittle Lashes"

Perhaps you hesitate. Perhaps you just hate to put ordinary mascaras on your lashes. Perhaps you feel that made-up lashes—stiff and beady—are in bad taste...

Of course you're right... And therefore, you will be the more interested in a new and absolutely different eyelash treatment.

It is the new Winx with the "double treatment" formula. First—of course—it darkens and shadows lashes. The effect is always good taste, natural, appealing... But that isn't all... Winx actually *softens* lashes... "Brittle" or coarse lashes—so often the result of ordinary make-up—are impossible with Winx. Indeed, regular treatment with Winx helps lashes to grow fine—curly.

Winx comes in two forms: *Liquid*, which is easy to apply and is absolutely waterproof. *Cake*, which in its chic silvery compact can be carried even in a small purse... Ask for the new Winx!

for lovely
lashes



Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

people you meet. Don't let others find those qualities in you. Don't cultivate them. We are all tempted at times to act a bit, and that's all right, when it serves a specific purpose and is well done. But don't let it become a habit.

Constantly and quietly working for self-improvement and development is one thing. But too much straining for effect defeats its own purpose.

S. W.:

The three shades you mention—pale orange, pale pink and tan—are all good selections. In addition, I think you can wear green, because your skin is inclined to rosiness; most shades of blue; gray; dark brown; black; and white. You can also wear clear yellows, and the deep wines that are always so popular in the fall.

B. L. B.:

Just liking to dance and sing is not enough to give you a chance to appear in musical comedies on Broadway. Without your parents' consent and cooperation you will probably have to side-track that ambition for a while. I suggest that you fit yourself for a business position, as your parents wish, and save whatever money you can without depriving them of your help. Then, if you find an office as irksome as you think, you will be a little older, more mature in your judgment, have had more contacts with men and women outside your neighborhood circle, and will be ready to choose your own career. If you still feel it

should be on the stage, you can make your plans carefully. Perhaps by that time your parents will be willing to help you.

I certainly dislike to discourage girls who have talent, but I am afraid you have the impression that one just trips out on the stage to instant success. And that just doesn't happen!

ELIZABETH:

Here is the list of colors you should be able to wear becomingly: deep, rich reds and wine color; terra cotta, buff and apricot; mahogany and bronze brown; dark, soft greens of bluish cast, avoiding olive greens; dark blue, ivory and cream white.

If you can wear tailored and frilly clothes equally well, you should choose the more severe lines for utility wear and the others for dress wear. You're fortunate in not being limited to one type of clothes, Elizabeth.

BETTY MAY:

You can wear soft shades of green; most blues, especially the vivid tones; deep orchid; gray; golden brown; burnt-orange and tomato; black with color touches, and white with color touches.

Any pure shampoo is beneficial. The advertising columns of PHOTOPLAY will help you to make a choice. Cold cream is not intended to cure pimples and other skin disturbances. Used correctly, however, a good cream will help you to keep your face perfectly clean, which is the first requisite for a healthy skin.



What a big screen wedding looks like from the light gallery! This is the 'board-ship wedding procession for Marilyn Miller's new "Sunny." In the center, foreground, you will recognize Marilyn on the arm of Joe Donahue

DOES YOUR SPORT SPUR ON YOUR CIGARETTES?

♦♦♦ KEEP GOING
FOR
"HAPPY-MOUTH"
IN COOLER SMOKE!

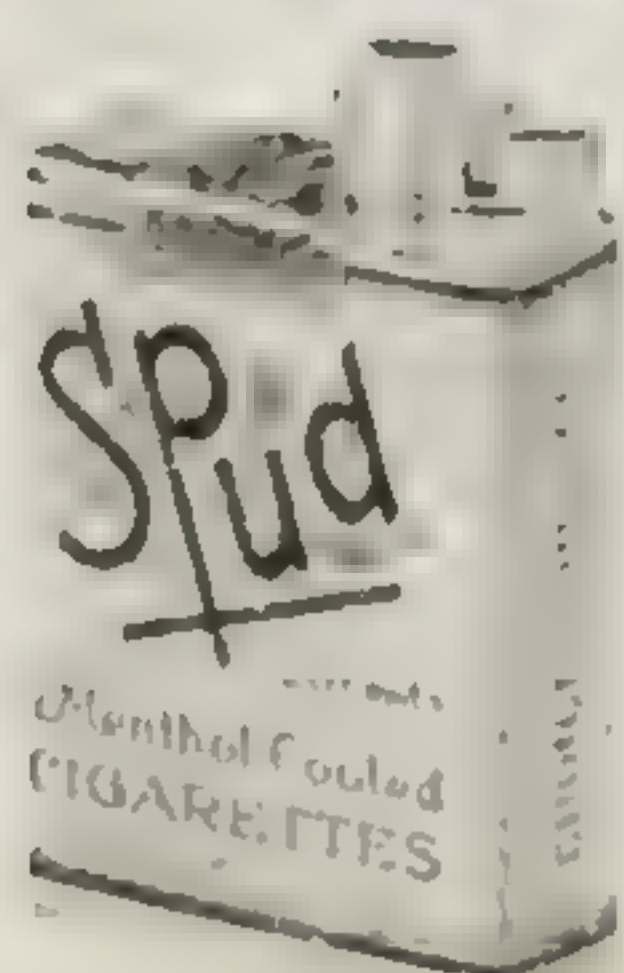
When your particular sport gets particularly spectacular... doesn't this speed up your cigarettes? What a great moment to try Spud and Spud's cooler smoke! Smoke straight through a whole Spud pack... and understand how Spud keeps you mouth-happy... how your mouth and throat keep their original moist-cool comfort. Then you realize that it is Spud's cooler smoke which heightens and sustains your enjoyment of Spud's choice tobacco blend and flavor. Come on, find out for yourself why Spud is the much-discussed new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment! At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.



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SPUD

CIGARETTES



JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten

... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.



*"As gentle and
refreshing as rain
in spring, is the*

**Velvet
PATTER**

Joan Crawford

"Those who have been out-of-doors on a cool misty morning will remember this exhilarating experience when using the **Velvet Patter**, for it has the same crisp, life-giving feeling," says Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's popular young star.

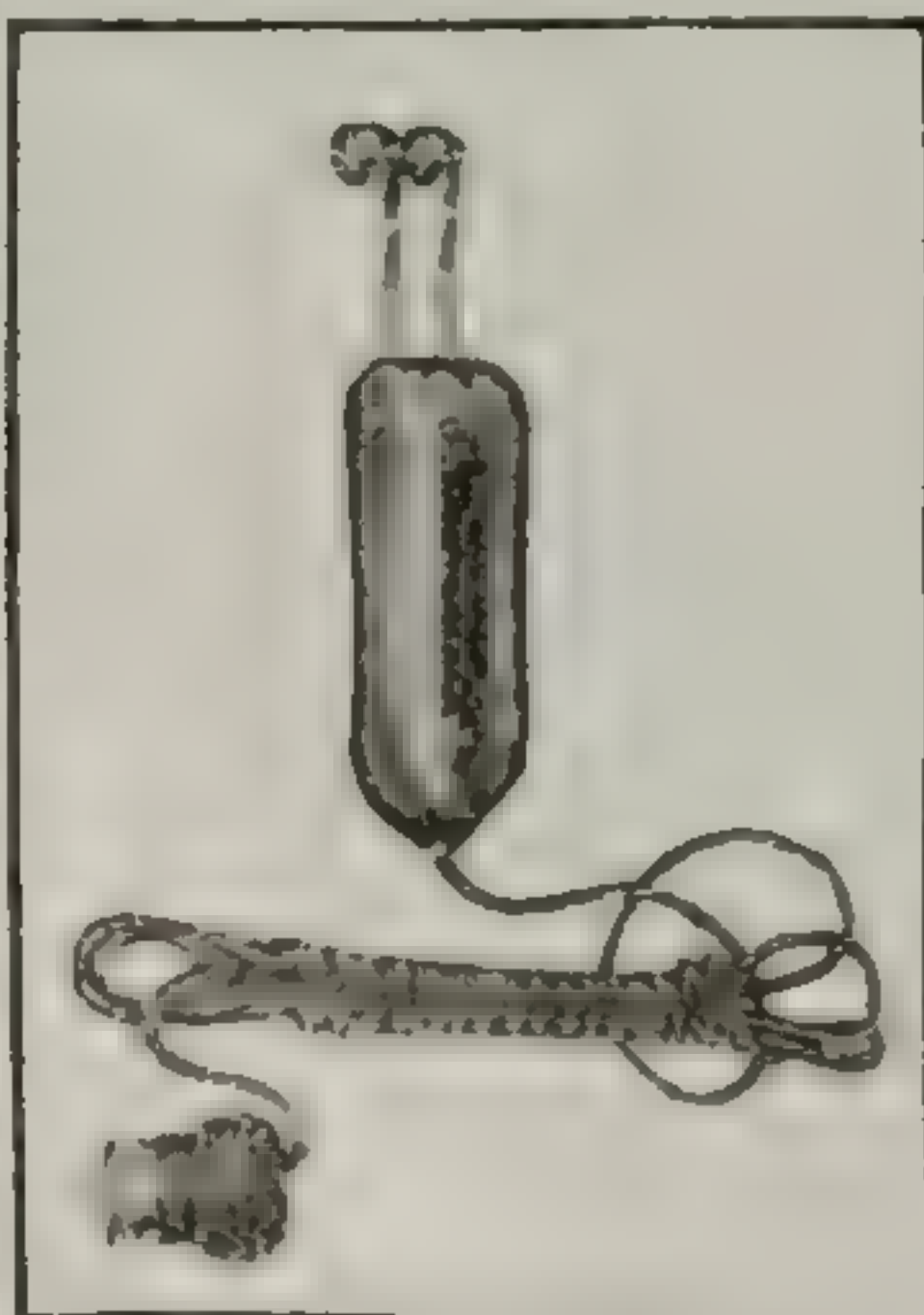
"Waking up sleeping pores and bringing life to the skin, the **VELVETSKIN PATTER** should become a morning and evening ritual of all beauty seekers."

The benefits of regular facial patting, as advised by Miss Crawford, have been generally acknowledged but all too seldom practiced because of the difficulty of hand patting. Now comes this newest of beauty aids, making a genuine pleasure of a former task.

For your complexion's sake you can't afford to be without a **Velvet Patter**. Its rapidly moving fingers work in creams and lotions . . . stimulate nourishing circulation and accomplish pore-deep cleansing, so necessary for the perfect complexion.

Select your **Velvet Patter** to match your boudoir. Available in Orchid, Jade Green, and Primrose, with electrical cord to match. The handle is of a new material (non-metal) that resists heat and electricity.

For sale at the better shops and stores. Send coupon for interesting new booklet, "Velvetize Your Skin." Learn this new method of making an exhilarating pleasure of your daily facial.



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TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC
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Meriden, Conn.

Connecticut Telephone & Electric Corporation
60 Britannia Street, Meriden, Connecticut

Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one **Velvet Patter** with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Mark X here ☐ for Alternating Current, \$5.00.

Mark X here ☐ for Direct Current, \$7.50.

Mark X here ☐ for free Beauty Booklet only.

Color wanted: ☐ Orchid, ☐ Jade Green, ☐ Primrose.

Name

Street and No.

City.....State.....

My dealer's name.....

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

IT'S getting dusky in November, 1920.

A storm's about to break.

Her name is Pola Negri!

In this issue of PHOTOPLAY there is a full page ad announcing the approach of a picture called "Passion," and labelled "A Mighty Epoch of the Screen," if that means a thing.

There's a picture of a dark-haired charmer looking out of the page through slitted eyes.

Pola wasn't even a name the day before "Passion" was shown. The next day she was a toast. "Passion" brought Pola to America, and began her tragi-comic reign as one of the queens of that era which already seems fabulous and incredible. It also brought the director to this country. His name is Lubitsch, and today he lives and thrives mightily in Hollywood, a conqueror of the microphone.

A TRAGEDY creeps into the pages we try to keep gay.

On page 43 is a smiling picture of Olive Thomas and Jack Pickford, taken on shipboard as they started for a belated honeymoon in Europe.

On page 89 is the story of Olive's tragic death in Paris—a story rushed into the magazine just as it went to press, when it was too

according to her pen name) and Mr. John Barrymore. That was in 1920. In 1930 John cruises on his yacht with the fair Dolores Costello Barrymore and Dolo the Second. . . . Norman Anthony has drawn us a swell cartoon. He calls it "Enoch Arden." . . . Charlie Chaplin, in his tramp make-up, is shown looking through the window of his house at his lady love, "Public Favor," accepting the attentions of a young fellow recognizable as Harold Lloyd. Lawsy me, and that was ten years ago, and Charlie was thought to be loafing on the job of making us laugh! What can we say now, when it's three years between pictures?

WELL! Here's the story of a picture called "Polly with a Past." It stars a beautiful blonde named Ina Claire. Now she's making a talkie of the play called "The Royal Family." But then, this is 1930.

In "Polly with a Past" Ina had three leading men.

Ralph Graves. Still a prominent actor, and branching out both as director and writer. One of Griffith's youngsters, then.

Harry Benham. Oh, where?

Clifton Webb. Now one of our most prominent dancing comedians of the top-hat school, and a star of the first "Little Show."

LOTS of interesting chit-chat in Cal York's Cosy Corner this month.

Mary Miles Minter's reported engagement to Percy Helton, young stage actor, roundly denied by her mater.

Pauline Frederick is suing Willard Mack for divorce, charging misconduct.

George Arliss is going to make his first screen appearance. The story is "The Devil." A deal to make "Disraeli" as his first film fell through.

Helen Ferguson and William Russell are about to get married.

The Pickford family has been acquiring American citizenship, having previously been subjects of His Majesty George V, as Canadians.

SOME interesting new pictures this month, according to the Shadow Stage's reviewers.

King Vidor's "The Jack Knife Man" appears, and focuses attention on this young director who, in five years, is to make "The Big Parade."

Cecil De Mille turns from lingerie and makes a picture on the novel thought that love conquers all. It's called "Something to Think About," and the grand old gang plays in it. Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Monte Blue, Theodore Roberts.

Pearl White débuts in her first ten-reel feature, after all these years as queen of the chapter plays! It's called "The White Moll," with Pearl playing an underworld damsel who reforms.

"Earthbound" gets a lot of comment this month. It's spiritualism of the Basil King brand, which had a vogue a decade ago. Wyndham Standing, Mahlon Hamilton and Naomi Childers play the leads, and the picture is considered pretty penetrating and subtle stuff.

BABE RUTH, the baseball player, has just made a movie. It's called "Headin' Home."

Henry B. Walthall is playing on the stage in San Francisco in "The Humming Bird."

Irene Rich has just secured a divorce from Lieut. Col. Charles G. Rich in Buffalo.

Doug Fairbanks is at work under Fred Niblo's direction.

And ZaSu Pitts has just eloped with Tom Gallery, her leading man.

BIG doings, these, it being the football season of 1920, and the smell of burning leaves on the air!



Olive Thomas, whose tragic death in Paris was recorded ten years ago. She was a film star, and the first wife of Jack Pickford

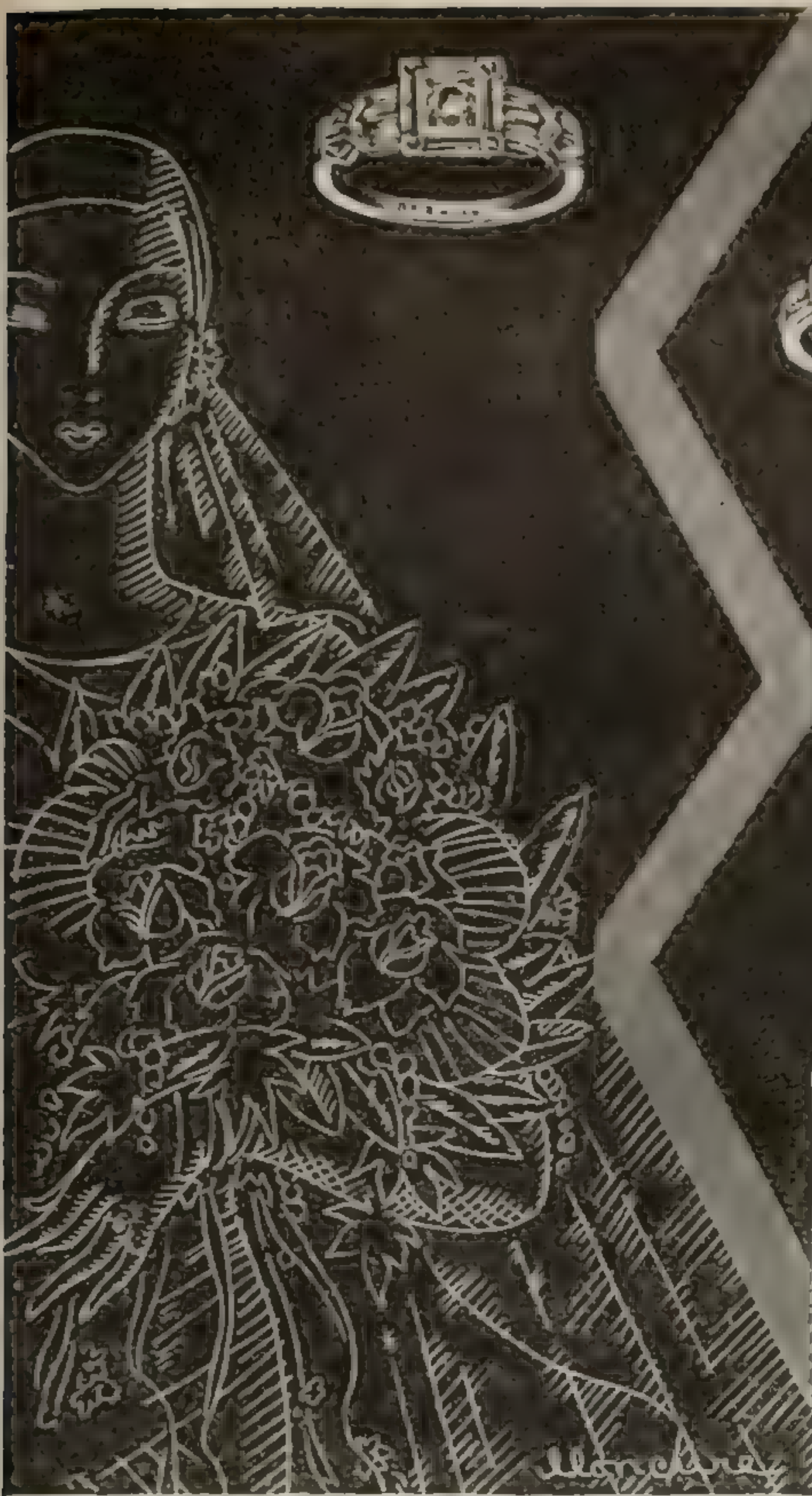
late to prevent the appearance of the happy picture on the earlier page.

Olive died at the height of her youth and beauty—a "Follies" girl whose youthful loveliness lighted up the screen for a little while.

Coming at the same time, as the death of Bobby Harron, it seemed in the fall of '20 that the screen was losing some of its youngest and best. For it had at that time, remember, no gray-bearded veterans of the camera lines.

HARRY CAREY is a "human" Western star, and his new picture is "Sundown Slim." . . . This month we launch an attack on the phony motion picture companies who are going about selling stock, in a high pressure way, to those citizens fascinated by the rapid rise of what was then called with pride "the fifth industry." . . . A story on the romance of Mrs. Leonard Thomas (or "Michael Strange,"

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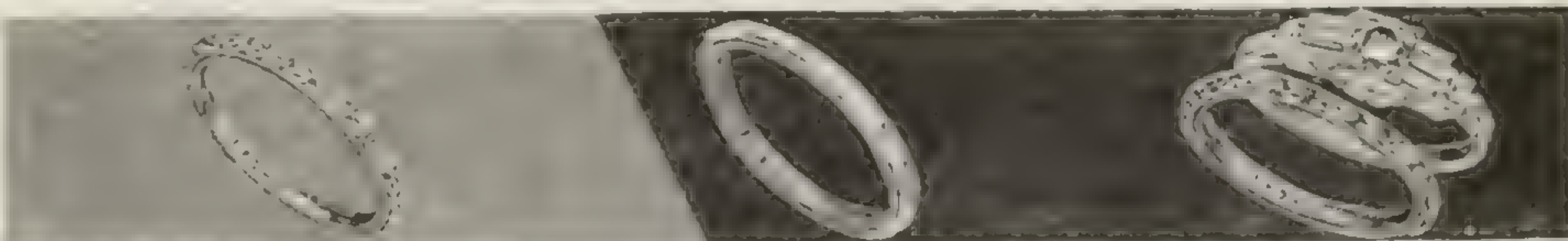
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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

because of their art, but because they came in on an unprecedented wave of prosperity. Isn't this a time for readjustment—smaller profits, smaller salaries? America has become money conscious. If they want our money let them give us our money's worth.

FLORENCE WAGNER.

'Pit It Out, Clara

Wilkes-Barre, Penna.

Clara Bow should be given a chance to demonstrate her real acting ability in a good picture. I do wish we could see her in a rôle different from those hard-boiled, gum chewing parts. Her rôles in "Love Among the Millionaires" and "True to the Navy" were so identical that scenes could even have been exchanged.

RUTH BIRKENHEAD.

Too Many Bills

Logansport, Ind.

One real disappointment is to see a picture advertised with William Boyd, and then to find it isn't our big, smiling Bill, but a stage star. Can't this wrinkle be ironed out so we can know who's who?

HELEN BERKSHIRE.

Americans Drink!

Hollywood, Calif.

It strikes me funny that every really smart drama has at least one scene showing Americans at home drinking, free and easy. Either repeal prohibition or take drinking out of the movies!

BARRON GAYBEAU.

Untrained Animals

Winnipeg, Canada.

A brickbat, and a bomb for those terrible cartoon comedies now enlivened by sound. They have suddenly blossomed out into low, vulgar and obscene antics. Is Will Hays only a myth, or are they too low even for his job?

DOROTHY GARBUTT.

Girls Still Blush!

Kansas City, Mo.

Is it too old-fashioned to suggest that our feminine movie stars retain enough of their clothing to relieve the embarrassment of those of us who go to picture shows with boys whose respect we wish to keep? There is after all a class of girls who still can and do feel uncomfortable at some of the suggestive scenes of our so-called "best" pictures.

MILDRED L. RUFI.

Nobody's Sap

Reading, Penna.

Our mutual friend, Jack Oakie, may be a sap in "The Sap from Syracuse," but when it comes to turning out real, high-class comedy of the smart-guy type, he takes a back seat for nobody—and that includes Bill Haines.

C. RUSSELL ERB.

Sez Hollywood

Los Angeles, Calif.

For some strange reason you seem to get a huge kick out of publishing sarcastic, uncomplimentary articles about Hollywood. Hollywood is a beautiful, prosperous, progressive community, populated by people who are really quite human.

C. I. KANAGY.

And One Mickey Mouse!

Maryville, Mo.

Why this forever digging up of Russian, Austrian or German Greta Garbos? There was one Caesar, one Napoleon, one Lincoln, also one Garbo! Hail the one and only Greta Garbo!

HELEN KRAMER.

Good and Mad

Chattanooga, Tenn.

All censors should be put on the front line and be wholly devoured by cooties if there is ever another war.

After finding out that "All Quiet on the Western Front" was censored out of Chattanooga, a city of 150,000 people, I took the trouble to go to Atlanta to see it. The picture was well worth the trip.

When it finally did come to Chattanooga, about thirty minutes of the picture had been cut out.

Why isn't this picture shown in every part of the world as it was originally produced? It is the greatest implement against war that we have ever had.

C. T. McD.

He's from Washington, Too!

Washington, D. C.

Shades of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"! Since when did Kentucky let down the "Jim Crow" laws and allow a negro jockey to qualify for the derby? Since when did white men in the South allow negro waiters to slap them over the back in hotel dining rooms?

Al Jolson has let his enthusiasm run away with him in "Big Boy" and has overstepped all bounds in trying to present a sympathetic portrayal of the negro in the South.

ELIZABETH HOOPER.

Gambler Wanted!

Sandston, Va.

Could anything be more charming than Ronald Colman's portrayal of the debonair "Raffles"? I'll bet a cookie—with pink icing—that half the women in the audience envied Kay Francis her rendezvous with him in Paris.

ANNA T. RAWLINGS.

What'll You Have?

Springfield, Ill.

If you were given your choice between a glass of water and a glass of old-fashioned beer, which would you choose? So would I.

But I'm sure if M. E. Jollow, whose letter appeared in your August issue, were given the same choice, he would choose the water. He says that Tibbett or Chevalier cannot hold a candle to Bill Haines!

IRENE REICHERT.

Al Jolson's the Boy

Everett, Mass.

Say, what would you do if the clergyman broke into a "ditty" in the middle of a sermon—or the cook burst into song just as she was going to serve that appetizing meal? My heart misses a beat every time the hero looks with love in his eyes at the heroine. Nine chances out of ten he will break out with theme-itis just as he is about to tell her what he thinks of her—we would like to do the same to him.

Oh, what wouldn't I like to do to the guy who invented the stein—I mean the theme song!

S. A. C.



Iron Monsters thundering and gasping through black nights. Men of steel whose hair trigger brains and tense fingers control the destiny of thousands. Men of steel, but human, susceptible to romance. A grim race with death, and the love of a woman. That is "Danger Lights".

LOUIS WOLHEIM

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

JEAN ARTHUR

in "DANGER LIGHTS"

with Sessions Clocks

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Favorite Christmas and Wedding Gifts are Sessions Clocks, the clocks found in the Hollywood homes of many film stars. The Sessions Clock Company, Forestville, Connecticut.

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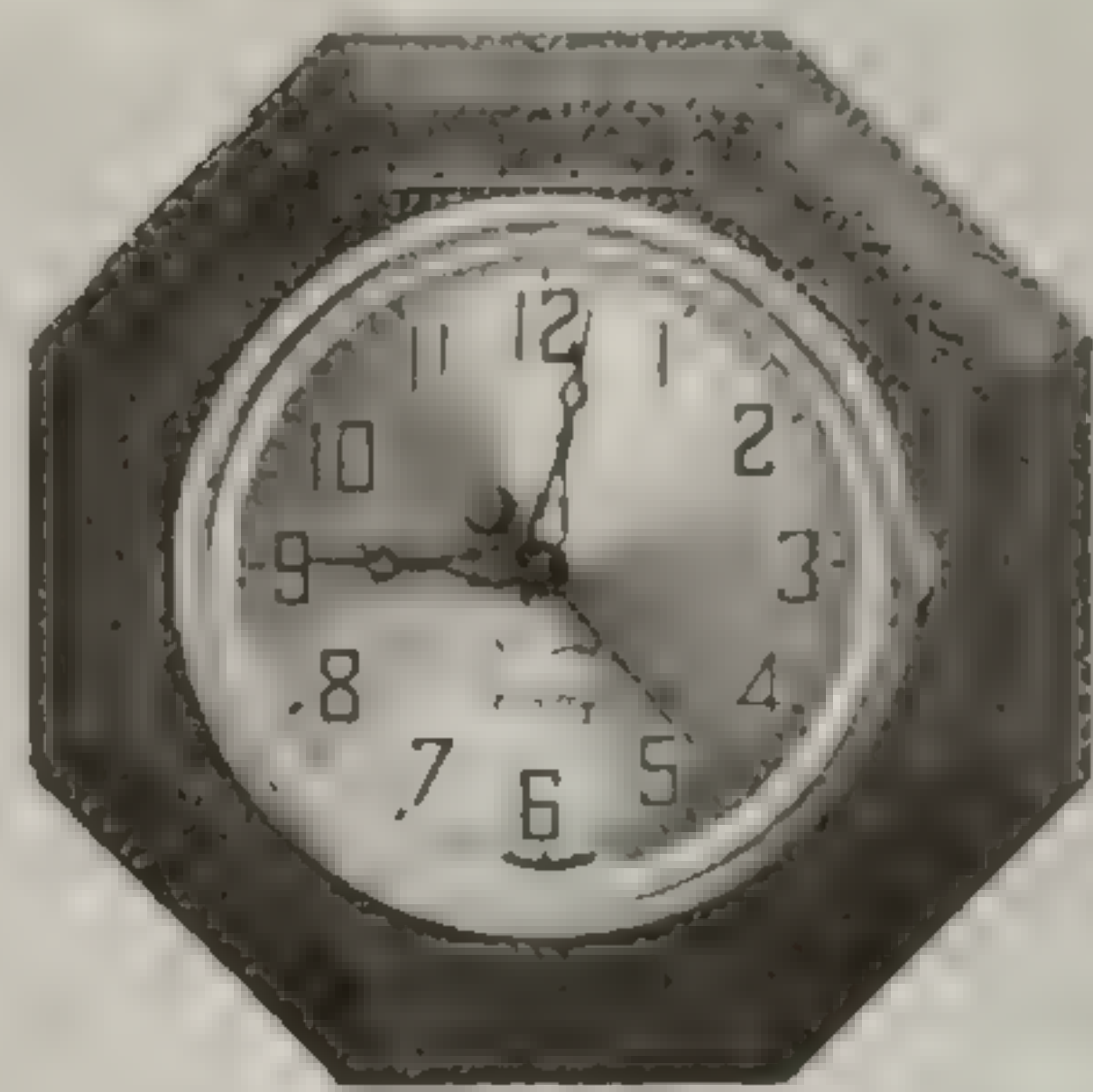
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El Dorado (electric) \$16.50
An authentic banjo design with hardwood inlay. Polished brass brackets and sash. Finished in rich rubbed Mahogany, Rose, Green or Ivory. 22 1/2 inches high.



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The clock starred in "Danger Lights" Finished in Rose, Blue, Green or Ivory.



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Addresses of the Stars

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Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen	Helen Kane
Jean Arthur	Jack Luden
William Austin	Paul Lukas
George Bancroft	Jeanette MacDonald
Clara Bow	Marcia Manners
Mary Brian	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Nino Martini
Jack Buchanan	Cyril Maude
Nancy Carroll	Four Marx Brothers
Paul Cavanagh	Moran and Mack
Ruth Chatterton	Rosita Moreno
Maurice Chevalier	Frank Morgan
Claudette Colbert	Barry Norton
June Collyer	Jack Oakie
Chester Conklin	Guy Oliver
Gary Cooper	Eugene Pallette
Frances Dee	Ramon Pereda
Marlene Dietrich	William Powell
Leon Errol	Roberto Rey
Stuart Erwin	Bruce Rogers
Stanley Fields	Charles Rogers
Norman Foster	Ginger Rogers
Kay Francis	Lillian Roth
Richard "Skeets"	Charles Ruggles
Gallagher	Marion Shilling
Harry Green	Stanley Smith
Mitzi Green	Regis Toomey
Phillips Holmes	Fay Wray

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson	Joan Lawes
Robert Ames	Dixie Lee
Michael Bartlett	Edmund Lowe
Warner Baxter	Claire Luce
Rex Bell	Sharon Lynn
Humphrey Bogart	Mona Maris
El Brendel	Frances McCoy
Marguerite Churchill	Kenneth MacKenna
Thomas Clifford	Victor McLaglen
William Collier, Sr.	Don Jose Mojica
Joyce Compton	Goodie Montgomery
Fifi Dorsay	Lois Moran
Louise Dresser	J. Harold Murray
Charles Farrell	George O'Brien
Noel Francis	Maureen O'Sullivan
John Garrick	Frank Richardson
Janet Gaynor	Will Rogers
William Harrigan	David Rollins
Mitchell Harris	Jillian Sand
Ted Healy	Marie Saxon
Althea Henly	Milton Sills
Louise Huntington	Spencer Tracy
Keating Sisters	John Wayne
Richard Keene	Marjorie White
Jane Keith	Charles Winniger
J. M. Kerrigan	

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Amos and Andy	Dorothy Lee
Henry Armetta	Renee Macready
Evelyn Brent	Everett Marshall
Sue Carol	Raymond Maurel
Joseph Cawthorn	Joel McCrea
June Clyde	Jack Mulhall
Betty Compson	Ken Murray
Bebe Daniels	Edna May Oliver
Richard Dix	Roberta Robinson
Irene Dunne	Lowell Sherman
Eddie Foy, Jr.	Katya Sorina
Roberta Gale	Ned Sparks
Ralf Harolde	Leni Stengel
Arthur Lake	Hugh Trevor
Rita LaRoy	Bert Wheeler
Ivan Lebedeff	Robert Woolsey

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss	Laura Lee
John Barrymore	Winnie Lightner
Noah Beery	Lotti Loder
Monte Blue	Ben Lyon
Joe E. Brown	Marian Marsh
Claudia Dell	Marion Nixon
Irene Delroy	Walter Pidgeon
Robert Elliott	Vivienne Segal
Frank Fay	H. B. Warner
James Hall	Barbara Weeks
John Halliday	Jack Whiting
Leon Janney	Grant Withers
Evelyn Knapp	

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Joan Bennett	Chester Morris
Charles Chaplin	Mary Pickford
Dolores Del Rio	Gloria Swanson
Douglas Fairbanks	Norma Talmadge
Al Jolson	

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

William Collier, Jr.	Bert Lytell
Ralph Graves	Joan Peers
Sam Hardy	Aileen Pringle
Jack Holt	Dorothy Revier
Ralph Ince	Barbara Stanwyck
Buck Jones	Johnnie Walker
Margaret Livingston	

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd.

Eddie Cantor	Lily Damita
Ronald Colman	Evelyn Laye

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios

Roland Drew	LeRoy Mason
Rita Carewe	

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Lionel Barrymore	Barbara Leonard
Wallace Beery	Bessie Love
Charles Bickford	Andre Luguet
Edwina Booth	Ellen McCarthy
John Mack Brown	John Miljan
Lenore Bushman	Conchita Montenegro
Harry Carey	Robert Montgomery
Lon Chaney	Grace Moore
Joan Crawford	Polly Moran
Marion Davies	Catherine Moylan
Mary Doran	Conrad Nagel
Marie Dressler	Ramon Novarro
Cliff Edwards	Edward Nugent
Julia Faye	Elliott Nugent
Greta Garbo	J. C. Nugent
John Gilbert	Catherine Dale Owen
Gavin Gordon	Anita Page
William Haines	Lucille Powers
Hedda Hopper	Basil Rathbone
Lottice Howell	Duncan Renaldo
George Huston	Gilbert Roland
Leila Hyams	Norma Shearer
Kay Johnson	Gus Shy
Dorothy Jordan	Lewis Stone
Buster Keaton	Lawrence Tibbett
Charles King	Ernest Torrence
Arnold Korff	Raquel Torres
Harriett Lake	June Walker
Gwen Lee	Roland Young

Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong	Ann Harding
Constance Bennett	Eddie Quillan
William Boyd	Helen Twelvetrees
James and Russell Gleason	

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Stan Laurel
Mickey Daniels	Gertie Messinger
Dorothy Granger	Our Gang
Oliver Hardy	David Sharpe
Mary Kornman	Grady Sutton
Harry Langdon	

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams	Joan Marsh
Lew Ayres	Charles Murray
John Boles	Mary Nolan
Hoot Gibson	George Sidney
Jean Hersholt	Sisters G
Rose Hobart	Slim Summerville
Barbara Kent	Lupe Velez
Jeanette Loff	John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Mary Astor	Lila Lee
Harry Bannister	Lucien Littlefield
Richard Barthelmess	J. Farrell MacDonald
Sidney Blackmer	David Manners
Bernice Claire	Frank McHugh
Robert Edeson	Marilyn Miller
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Ona Munson
Louise Fazenda	James Rennie
Alexander Gray	Virginia Sale
Lawrence Gray	Otis Skinner
O. P. Heggie	Arthur Stone
Edward E. Horton	Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.
Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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A radio whose units are but partially balanced can only bring you the distorted tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear, undistorted tone pictured at the right

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PHILCO BABY GRAND . . . \$49.50

... two months old ...

years ahead in popular favor

LIKE the understudy who played a star part and woke up famous, the Philco Baby Grand Radio has won a public of its own in two short months.

This great little radio—understudy to the famous Philco Line of super-performing radios—is the first full-fledged, big-toned, finely-selective Screen Grid Radio ever produced at such a price.

When announced a month ago we said, "Philco *knows* the public will want a lot of these wonderful sets." The prophecy has been fulfilled—in quick time. The demand already is enormous. And no wonder!

The Philco Baby Grand has the *quality* you look for in receivers costing many times this price. It is a Balanced-Unit set—Philco's exclusive method of balancing all electrical units to give full, rich, true tone, *without distortion*.

Seven tubes; three of them Screen Grid; and double-tuned input circuit gives remarkable selectivity without cross-talk. The built-in speaker is genuine electro-dynamic. The handsome Gothic design cabinet is genuine walnut. Never before have trade and public seen such a VALUE.

Many want it for an EXTRA radio set. The day has come, too, when many people find they want TWO radio sets.

While the young folks dance to a jazz program in the parlor, Father and Mother can listen to some fine music upstairs. For the guest room, the Baby Grand is hospitality supreme. For that boy or girl at college, the Baby Grand adds entertainment to higher education at a mighty low tuition fee. And what a gift it makes, for all occasions!



The Philco Baby Grand is all-electric. It just plugs into any AC light socket and is easily moved from room to room; finely sensitive; tunes accurately and gives genuine "big radio" performance in compact space.

If you haven't seen or heard the Philco Baby Grand, better see your dealer today. He will be glad to give you a free demonstration, of course, and easy terms when you, too, decide you must have a Baby Grand.

The Philco dealer also offers a complete line of Philco Radios in beautiful Consoles, Lowboys and Highboys from \$95 to \$145; Radio-Phonograph at \$198 and magnificent Concert Grand Radio-Phonograph, greatest of all receivers, at \$350. Each Philco radio is the finest that can be produced by the leader of the industry—Philco. Furthermore, enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio now is sold by all Philco dealers.

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Handsome Gothic design; genuine walnut; 7 tubes (3 Screen Grid); genuine Philco Dynamic Speaker built-in; double-tuned input circuit; push button, A-B-C; 16 in. wide, 17 in. high. Full size radio performance in small space.

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Finish . . . with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. It's the new, indestructible type . . . clean and easy to handle. Choose Black or Brown—35c.

When purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used for all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Any color—75c.



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EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL
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The Tragic Story of a Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

and she now had to go to school which meant that she must arise before dawn to do the work of the farm.

SHE was, of course, shunned by the other students, and her teacher wrote notes to her father insisting that he buy the child a decent dress.

His answer to this was that Rita could not be persuaded to wear a dress and, naturally, the teacher believed the father rather than the child.

Not a day passed that she was not beaten or cursed. She had never heard a word of kindness.

Once she ran away but she was overtaken by her father and beaten.

There was nothing in her life but work and misery and pain and a dull stagnant ache in the place where her heart should be. She begged her father to love her, to treat her with a little tenderness.

She received for this only oaths and a back-handed slap.

When she was almost fourteen a terrific climax occurred in her life. Her father had not been home for days. It was a brutally cold winter.

Rita had prayed that he would never return and then, one night, he came back with all the pent-up fury of a week within him.

He was like an insane man and he beat her as he had never beaten her before. He kicked her and threw her across the room. He was on the verge of killing her.

She ran from the room screaming and snatched a gun down off the wall. He came at her brandishing the whip.

"You take another step toward me and I'll kill you," she said.

"You haven't got the nerve," he laughed and made a lunge toward her.

She fired the gun and made a flesh wound just under his arm. She had aimed for the heart and missed.

He sank to the floor wailing that she had killed him, begging her to dress the wound, but she knew that if she put the gun down he would kill her, so she made him go into his room, where she tied his hands together and bandaged his arm. Then—it was two o'clock in the morning—she marched him, at the point of the gun, into the town where she had him arrested.

She was old enough now to tell her pitiful story and be believed.

The last time she saw her father was in the court room when he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Rita felt that she was free, at last, but she was not, for she became a ward of the state and was put into an orphanage where her treatment was not much better than that she had received at home. It seemed that the first freedom she had had was being snatched away from her just when the taste of freedom was good.

She remained ten days in the orphanage. She should have remained until last year.

In the middle of the Canadian winter, Rita, clothed in a pair of overalls and rubber soled sneakers, headed through the snow toward the States. It took her three months to make the journey. She lived on raw eggs and milk that she stole.

WHEN she, at last, sneaked across the line to the United States she found a train that, so a tramp told her, was headed toward Spokane.

She hid in the manger of an empty cattle car and made the trip.

She remembered that once in Spokane she and her father had lived in a certain apartment house where the landlady had been kind to her.

She forgot how many years had passed, and when she at last found the apartment house and was told, by a strange landlady, that Mrs. Keating was gone her courage gave way for the first time.

She collapsed upon the floor.

For three months she lay ill with pneumonia. But she was free.

Upon her recovery the landlady who had taken her in, got her a job waiting on tables in a cheap little restaurant. The gingham uniform she wore was like the satin robe of a princess and the hard-faced, painted girls who worked in the place were the princesses themselves.

She thought that surely she had reached heaven at last.

And when, one night an entertainer was ill and Rita took her place, thinking she was singing her number dramatically only to discover that the audience thought she was doing a burlesque and a theatrical producer gave her a comedy part in his stock company she knew that, at last, she was free and there was a chance for her to begin living in earnest.

THUS a child almost fifteen, at the age when most sheltered girls are entering high school, began a new and thrilling existence away from the brutality of a father who hated her. The story of her rise to success upon the stage and her subsequent beginning in pictures is a thrilling sequel to her amazing childhood, too long to be told here.

Rita is happy now. She deserves to be. She has a long-term contract with Radio Pictures where she has played with Rod La Rocque in "The Delightful Rogue" and others, and now she is doing the vamp with Amos and Andy in "Check and Double Check."

She is one of the most beautiful sirens the screen has known.

The most remarkable part about the girl is that with all her misery, with all her blighted and thwarted childhood, she has come through like the fine trouper she is. She talks of her experiences as simply and with as few dramatics as if she were recounting an ordinary story. She has not become embittered, nor hardened. She even adds humor to that recital.

The tears may roll down your cheeks. They do not come to her eyes.

She has a great and sincere love for children. The things that she has missed she wants to shower upon the kids in her neighborhood. And this is no pose. This is no, "Oh, my, what a sweet little child. I just love the kiddies, don't you?"

She meets life head back, chin out.

She is quick to sense injustice, brave as a warrior.

And instead of bemoaning her own unhappy life she has put it all behind her and is ready to begin again.

"**O**h, there is so much I haven't seen, so much I haven't done; there is so much beauty in the world that I have not known," she says. "I must take that beauty. I must find the rich and the full life that I was denied. But I'm in a position to find it now and I will have it."

"Nothing will stop me from going to the top, from having the things to which every woman is entitled. I got off to a bad start. I was almost left at the post. So I'm making up for that now."

Rita La Roy is twenty-two years old. She has had enough sordidness in her life to be a hundred. But that is past. Nothing can stop her from finding the things that rightfully belong to her, for she has courage and fearlessness. She has fought the good fight and has won.



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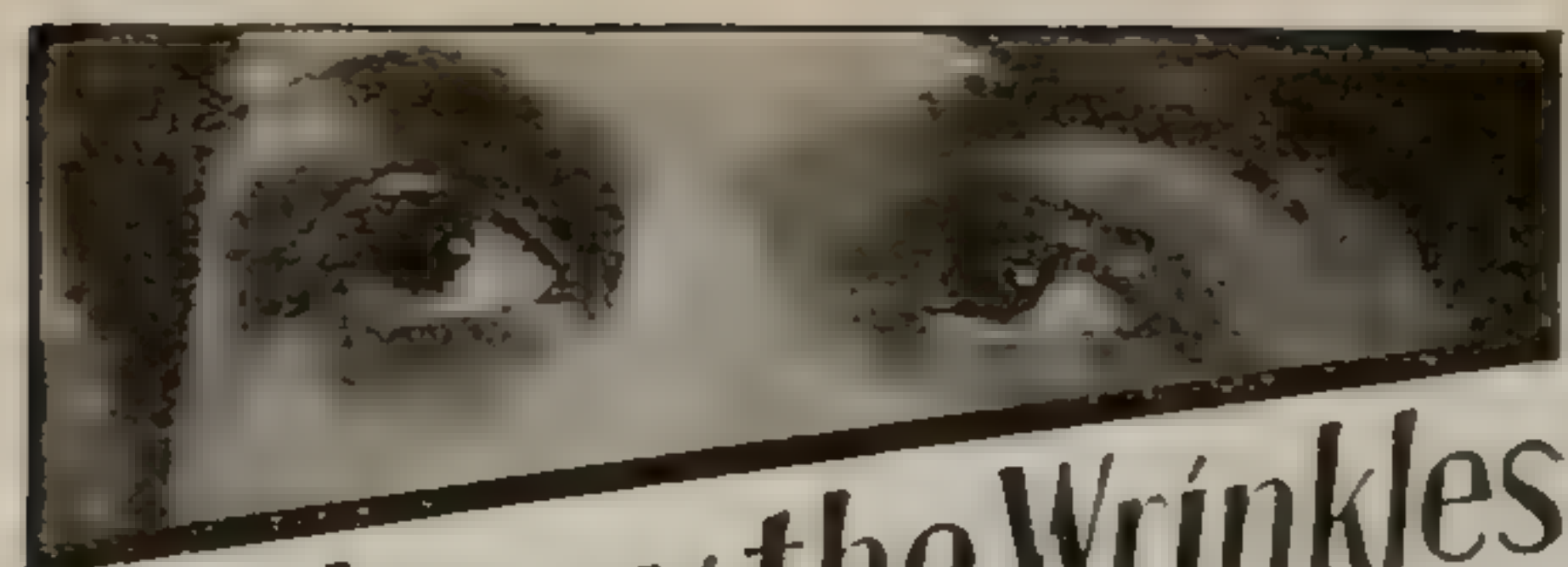
with
Harry Carey
Duncan Renaldo
Edwina Booth

Directed by W. S. VAN DYCK
who made "WHITE SHADOWS IN
THE SOUTH SEAS."

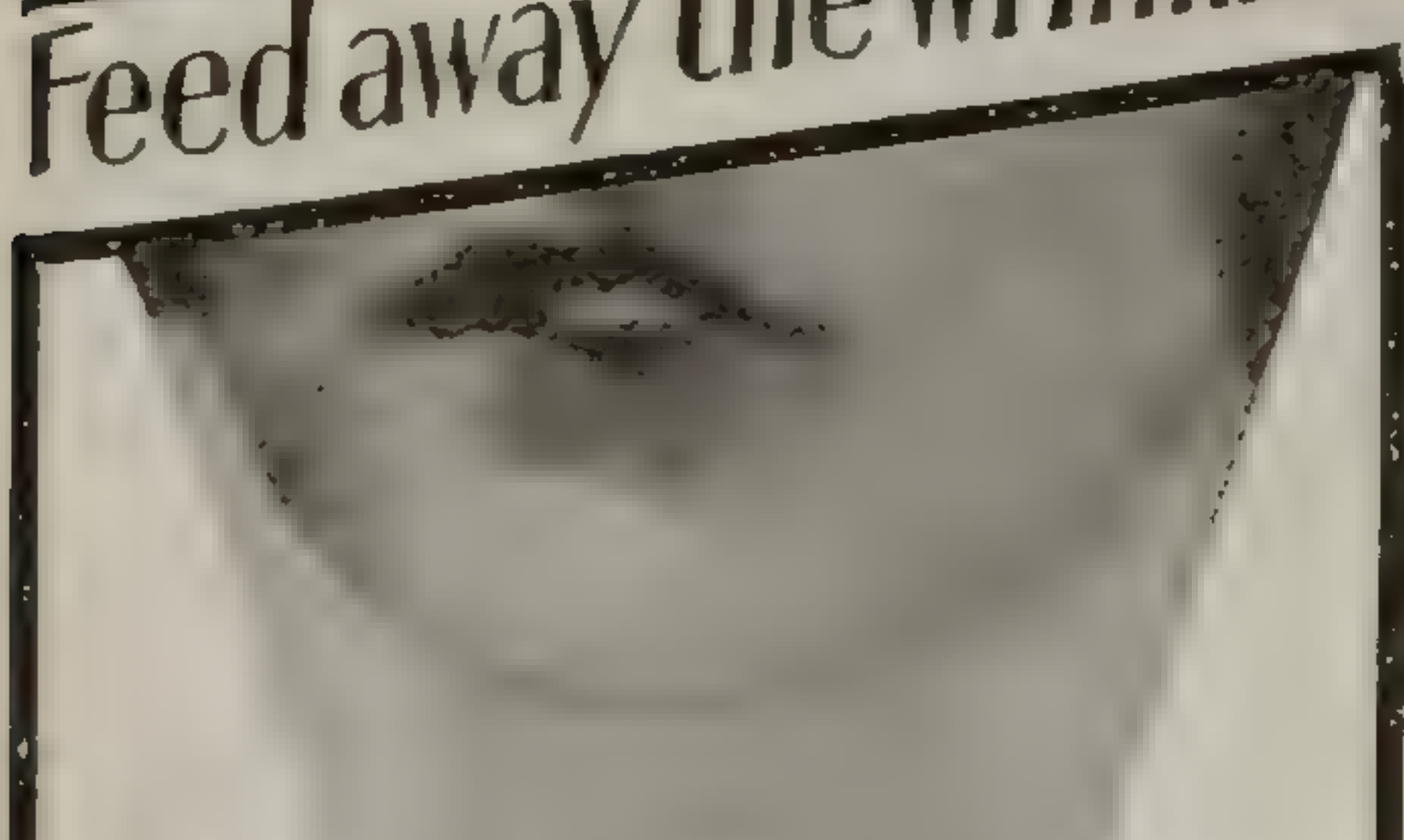
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Crystal-Gazing with Mary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

she has made to seers, table-thumpers, slate-writers, palm-readers, crystal-gazers all over the world. She told me of her visit to Evangeline Adams in New York, Miss Adams being one of the country's leading horoscope readers.

And in two shakes of a tambourine, there we were in the sanctum of Dareos. We sat at a table with a big crystal ball in the center, and the soothsayer took both Mary's hands in his.

"You have the body of a woman (that was a tough discovery, thinks I) and the brain of a man," he began.

"**YOU** will not be a success in marriage, but you will marry. Not soon, however. You will always follow the stage. You would do best in comedy. Perhaps, later, the sort of thing done by Marie Dressler and Polly Moran (here I felt sort of faint). Nineteen-thirty-one will be a great year for you. Someone should buy you Lenore Ulric's new stage play. It will be a great success in New York, and would be fine for you in pictures.

"You like to be surrounded with colorful personalities. You are nervous, with a strong will. You can be led, but not driven. You should live in the country, with horses and dogs, maybe a cow. You like small, rambling houses. Your lucky number is 13. You have nothing to fear from the air, nor ocean travel. Be careful of lakes and pools. In later life you will have a serious but not fatal illness. Be careful of your heart. Avoid stimulants."

Then it developed that Mary's birthday is August 13th, she made her stage debut on the 13th, and her picture debut, too. Dareos says October and March men would be the best mates for her. November men would be worst of all. I shut up like a regular clam. I happen

to be one of the old November boys, myself.

While we were there, Dareos took a crack at me, too. All I'll say is that some of these big movie directors had better look out. I'm apt to do something really big any day now, so remember you knew me when.

Dareos threw in a few extra tid-bits for the one ten-spot. He said Colleen Moore was under a very bad sign right now, that the best of Bebe Daniels' career is to come, and that Dorothy Mackaill was due for better breaks.

(Since this was written Dorothy has been offered a new contract by First National. Ed.)

That was that, and we blew. It was 12:30.

"Well, there you are," said Mary, on the way home. "You never know. I hate the country, and my ideal farm is at 42nd Street and Broadway. I always fall off horses, and I don't care to meet cows socially, and I like a house big enough to give me a room a day for six months. And drama and not comedy is my forte."

But Mary is a high-strung girl. That's why she loves the theater, too—because it's all touch and go. Too much rest in the movies—for Mary loves to travel on nervous energy.

WELL, here we were at the Duncan mansion—really a distinguished residence, once honored by the Lindberghs and a few of their lares and penates, and so on. It was shut up like a vault, but we finally routed out Mary's sister, and it was nighty-night all 'round.

I chugged and puffed my homeward way.

And, friends, if I ever considered ten bucks well spent, it was the bill I gave up to learn that the beautiful, vigorous, even brilliant Mary Duncan would thrive in the company of a cow!



Talk about your flagpole sitters! The Hollywood studios have rafter-sitters who make Shipwreck Kelly look like a passer-by! This is Lawrence Carter, who operates a rotary light for Paramount. He claims to have sat on the rafters for 36,000 hours, shooting his lamp hither and then thither


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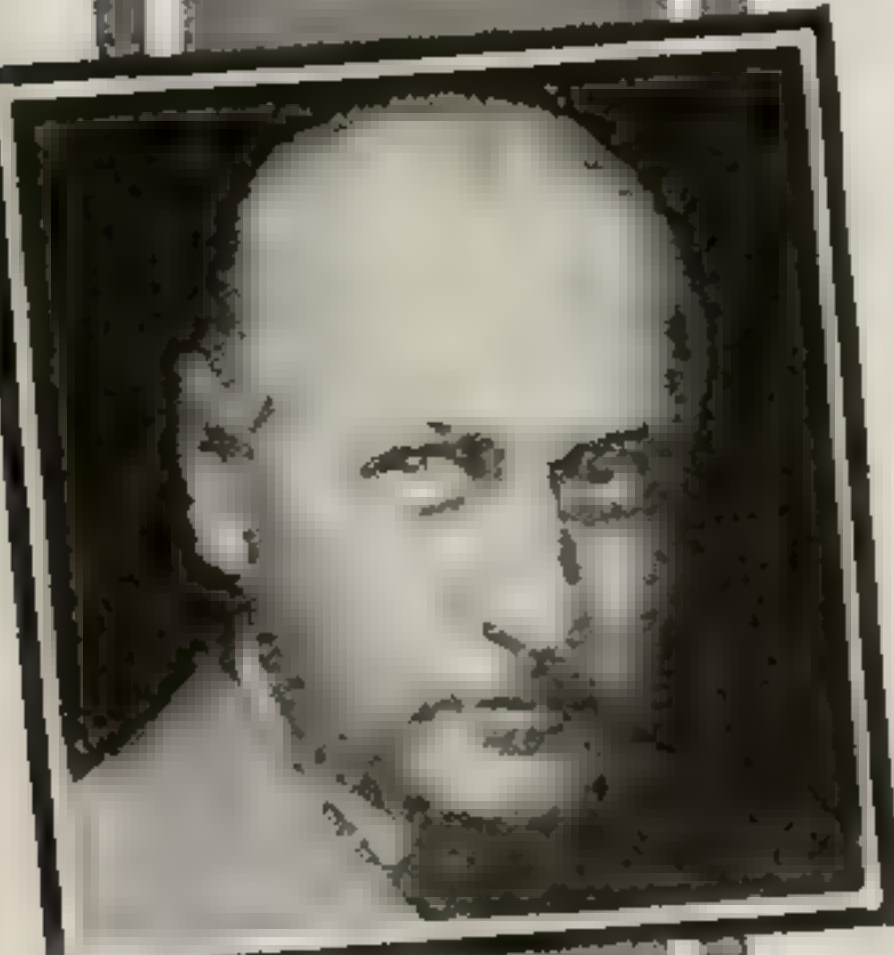
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LESLEY BETH STOREY of Brooklyn, N. Y., winner in Columbia's great nationwide search for "Miss Columbia." She has been awarded a week's contract at \$250.00 and a free trip to Hollywood. She was the selection of the New Movie and allied magazines.

Runners up for honors as Miss Columbia, all of whom have been awarded Majestic Radios, were: Dorothy Dawes, Brooklyn, N. Y., nominated by Film Fun; Dorothy Brown, Des Moines, Ia., Screen Romances; Jean Eckler, West Palm Beach, Fla., Motion Picture Magazine; Donna Barton, Tulsa, Okla., Motion Picture Classic; Vera Martin, New York, N. Y., Screen Book; Bernice Maiwald, Laconia, N. H., Motion Picture Stories; Meta Diane Neuburg, Tuckahoe, N. Y., Photoplay; Mercedes Janet Rice, Banning, Ga., Screenland.

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The Youngest Grand Old Man!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

utes his success to the fact that he was born with the proverbial luck of the Irish. But you can depend on this, much of his success is due to the fact that he hasn't whimpered about the breaks.

He takes the bad rôles with the good.

You've seen Jack in some fine pictures, and you've probably seen him in some of the worst clap-trap that ever flickered across the screen. Once in a while the Irish pops out, and he gets mad.

Then is the time for children to scamper home to mother!

There is the time, for instance, when Jack stood all he could from a very wisenheimer director. That director was the guy who thought up motion pictures. And he was very, very nasty and condescending. Jack stood all he could.

He finally turned to the leading lady, apologized for the scene that was about to be enacted, and the slaughter was on.

After the wreckage had been cleared away the technicians on the set tendered him a vote of thanks.

At fourteen he ran away from home to join a circus. He was assistant to the hand-cuff king. After that he was in the navy. When a relative left him a small legacy he promptly

went to Europe and lived like a rajah. Since he bought champagne on a beer income he had to work his way back by stoking a ship. It was an old boat and the trip took fourteen days, and stoking under the best circumstances does not come under the classification of pleasure. He worked in the harvest fields of Minnesota, and had a pitchfork battle with a big Montanan.

Jack came out best. He was an artist's model in New York.

He didn't care much for it, but he was also rather fond of eating.

He picks his own friends. "I could be a bum in the gutter," he says, "but I would still reserve the privilege of picking the bums that would lie with me. There's no reason why bums can't be just a little exclusive."

His life has not been without tragedy. Several years ago the first Mrs. Mulhall met a tragic death, leaving Jack with a small son. He is married again now to one of the most beautiful non-professional women in the colony.

Evelyn Mulhall is always a striking figure at any gathering.

She could easily have a career of her own, but Jack is just old-fashioned enough to insist on earning the living for both!



Robert Montgomery takes a busman's holiday. On his day off, he visits the set where Fifi Dorsay is making up for a scene in "Those Three French Girls," and has a nifty or two to offer. Fifi seems appreciative, but keeps on wielding the puff

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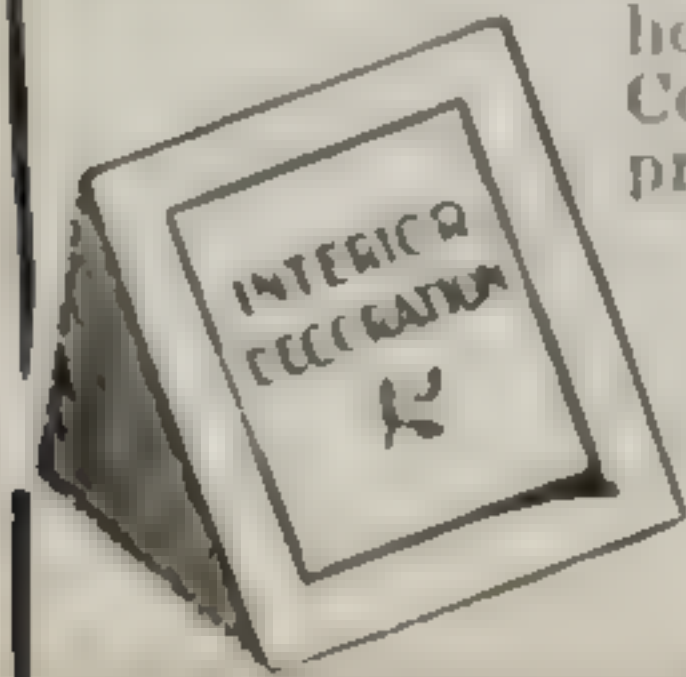
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Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

had lent it to Posner for his business. The honorable court must decide. In the meantime, Helen is just too miserable!

THE end of the tunnel is nearing for Anna Q. Nilsson. For months, she's been lying on her back in a hospital, under treatment to cure the effects of being kicked by a horse long ago. It's been a long, dark, bitter siege.

But the other day, the doctor said she could leave the hospital at last. The same old sunshine that Anna used to squeeze into one smile gleamed again as she heard the good news. She went to the home of the Basil Rathbones, until she's well enough to again take a home of her own.

WHEN Janet Gaynor was nursing her mad with Fox, stories were freely circulated that one Miss Rose Hobart, just as good, just as wistful, would replace her. The stories were designed to frighten Janet and bring her down to earth. It's a quaint old Hollywood custom.

The one person who may have taken the story seriously was Miss Rose Hobart. She decided that \$300 a week was a piffling sum to pay for a duplicate Janet Gaynor, demanded \$200 more and got a ticket back to New York, where talent is appreciated.

AT LAST a studio is getting smart. Or maybe it's just a big bluff. Anyhow, M-G-M has decided to take Billy Haines out of the cut and dried smart-cracking pictures he's been making to give him a really big picture.

He may do a swell gangster picture. Imagine Billy smart-cracking the hard boiled cops. Oh—I forgot. He isn't going to smart-crack any more in pictures anyhow.

THEY tell stories on themselves, too. Here are a pair:

Bob Montgomery told about being made very uncomfortable while dining alone at a Hollywood café the other evening by the steady stares of a couple seated nearby. Oldish, white-haired folk they were. They rose to go before Bob was finished. As they passed his table, the man leaned down and said:

"Sorry we stared so rudely at you, son. My wife thought you were Robert Montgomery. Ha, ha!"

And John Barrymore tells about the crack a studio prop boy made when he had to stand, in "Moby Dick," and have hundreds of gallons of water sloshed over him in a shipboard scene.

"Oh, oh," grunted the prop boy, who knew Barrymore quite well as prop boys do know the stars; "I'll bet he's swallowing more water right now than he's drank in the last twenty years!"

OAKIE Wisecrack No. 8754-B: It was on a Clara Bow set. It was her birthday. There was a surprise party in progress. There was a cake. Clara was just biting into a piece of the cake when Jack Oakie strolled on.

"Ah, ah," he said to Clara, "you can't eat your cake and have IT too."

Oh dear; oh dear . . .!

PARagraphs and PARAdoxes . . . and PARAllels: Advent of talking pictures produced an outlay of \$200,000,000 in American studios and in one Hollywood studio the office girls have to chip in to buy ice for the water cooler because the studio won't . . . Doug Fairbanks, held up in his home, hires a night watchman to prevent a recurrence and five nights later the night watchman prevents the landing of a \$25,000 liquor cargo on the beach near Doug's home . . . Connie Talmadge cuts a wisdom tooth and the Marquis de la Falaise loses a game of putt-putt golf . . . Al Jolson coaches Doug Fairbanks in how to sing in "Reaching for the Moon" and Al Jolson goes to Germany to make a talkie in German . . . John Barrymore finishes making "Moby Dick" in which he goes to sea and finally catches a mammoth white whale and then John Barrymore goes on a vacation which consists of a fishing trip on his yacht and catches a 145-pound swordfish . . . Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell once again are teamed in pictures and Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck resume denials that their marriage is on the rocks . . . Basil Rathbone reported to have been ousted from lead in "The Boudoir Diplomat" because he didn't like the story treatment and Basil Rathbone announces he plans to return to the New York speaking stages because movies "cramp individuality" . . . "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes" was yanked out of "Dancing Sweeties" because they didn't think it was a good enough song to stay in, and "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes" is one of the biggest-selling popular song hits in recent years . . . El Brendel is the screen's funniest Scandinavian comedian and El Brendel hires a Scandinavian



Detroit, Mich.

My wife and I have been married twenty-five years and have not yet had our first quarrel. Our courtship, begun twenty-five years ago, has never ended, and romance is as thrilling to us today as long ago. We enjoy so much the beautiful romances pictured to us so sweetly in the films. And when we hear of the parting of

the ways of some Hollywood couple, our hearts are saddened, as they have brought so much peace and happiness to us in their portrayal of romance. How happy we would be if we could thank all the actors and actresses who have given so many hours of happiness to two lovers of today and long ago.

Raymond J. Johnson

secretary to answer his fan-mail from Norway, Sweden and Denmark because El Brendel isn't Swedish and can't speak it . . . George M. Cohan once tore up a \$1,000,000 contract offer from the movies because he wouldn't have anything to do with the screen and George M. Cohan's daughter Helen, 19, enters talkies as a juvenile in Will Rogers' "Lightnin'" . . . Lawrence Tibbett gets who-knows-how-many thousands a week in the pictures and the traffic police in South San Francisco had to threaten his arrest on a warrant to enforce a \$15 speeding fine.

A GOOD blonde can't take chances. Jean Harlow, flaxen-haired siren of "Hell's Angels," refused to have her picture taken with Maurice Chevalier unless her mamma was in the picture. "My reputation!" gasped careful Jean to astonished news photographers, "Why, Hollywood's already talking about a divorce I never intend to get!"

Careful Jean's husband, wealthy Chicagoan Charles F. McCrew 3d, recently accused the blonde of having posed for frisky pictures without her mamma.

THE rumor of a separation between Audrey Ferris and her husband, Archer Huntingdon, seems to have been erroneous, as they are not only living happily together, but are very



This up-to-the-minute short fur jacket is just the thing for the snappier fall days, allows Edwina Booth. It's made of peach-colored Galapin, which is dyed pony skin, and has a roll collar and patch pockets



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Virginia Valli

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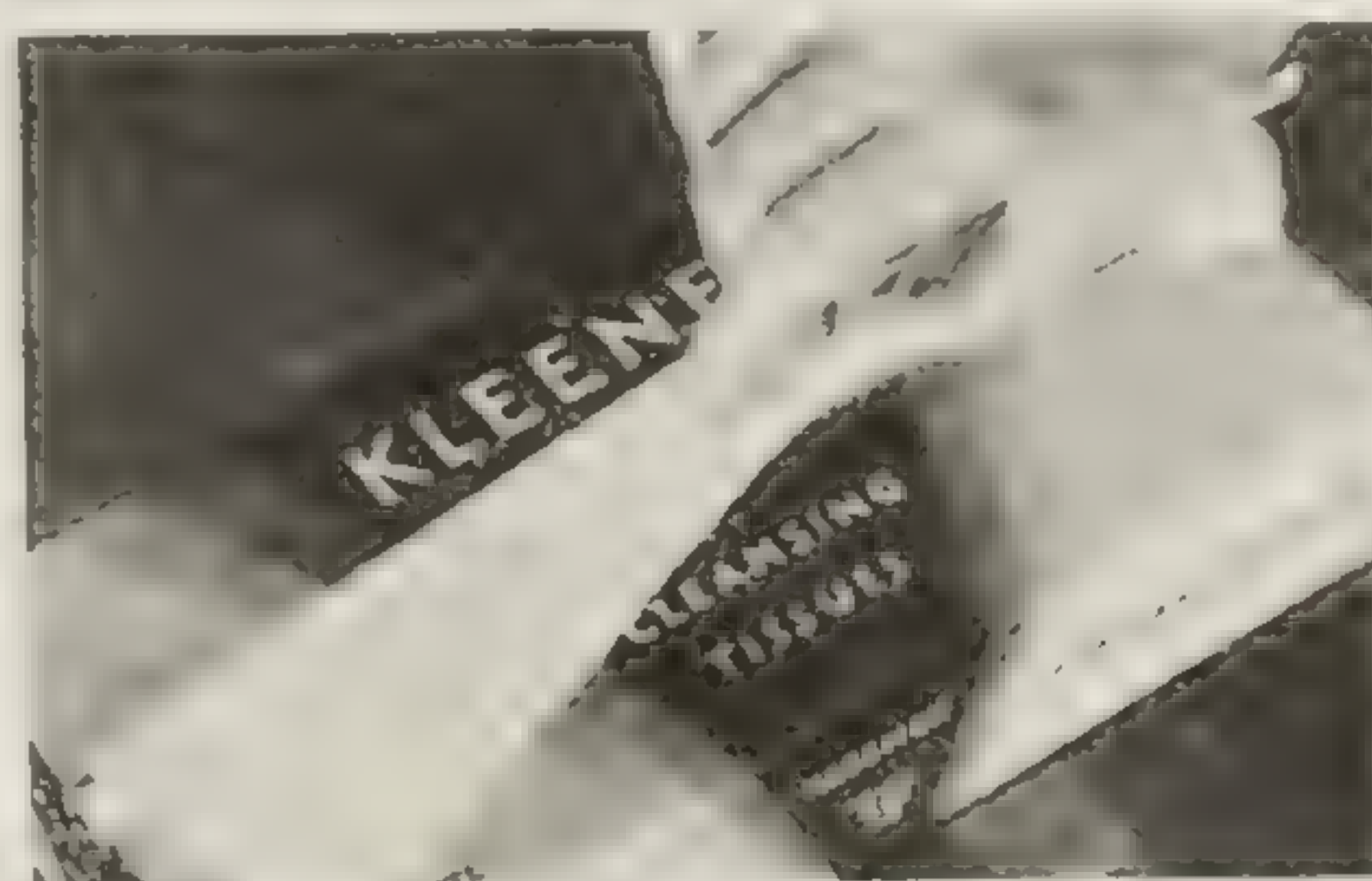
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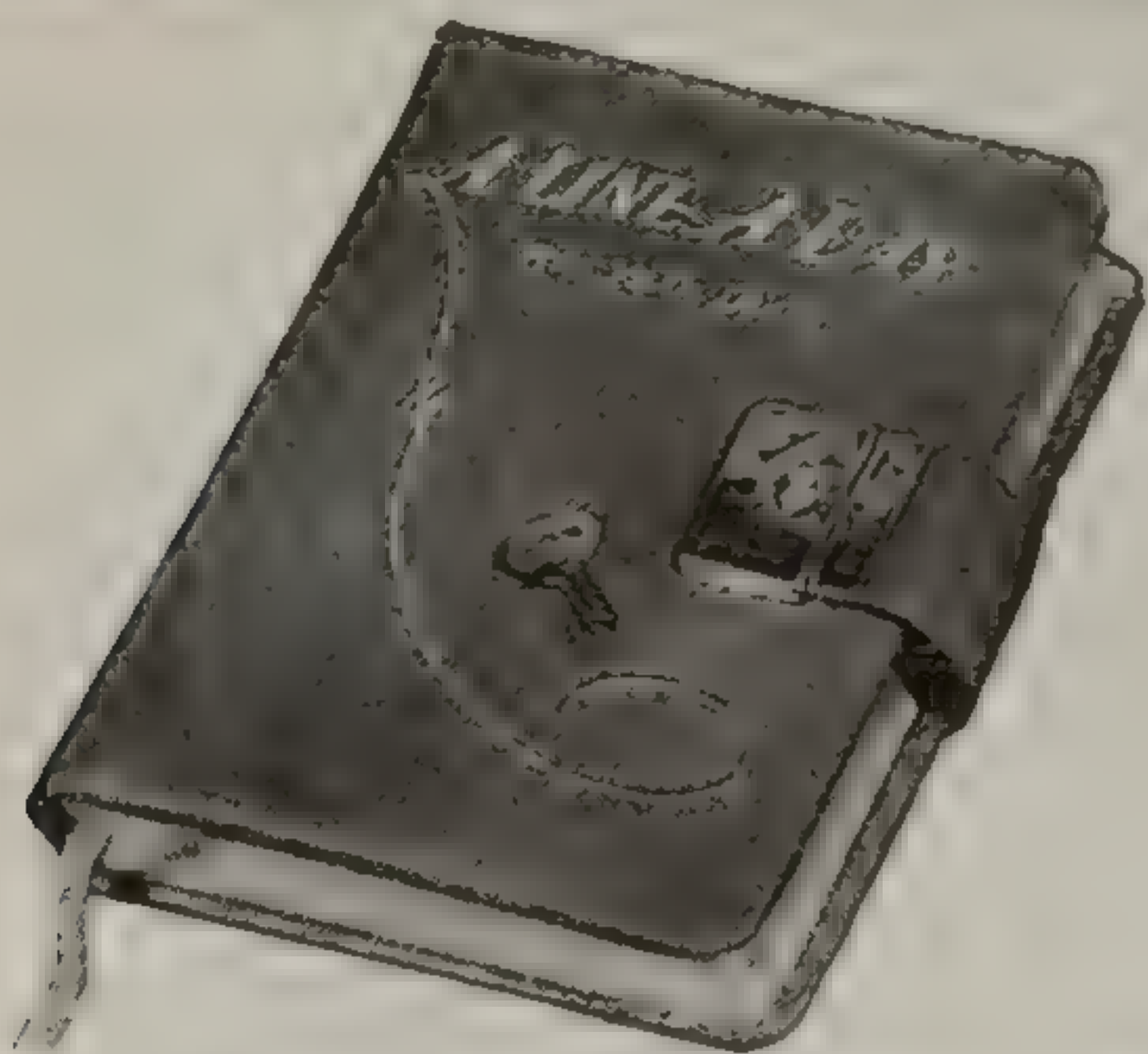
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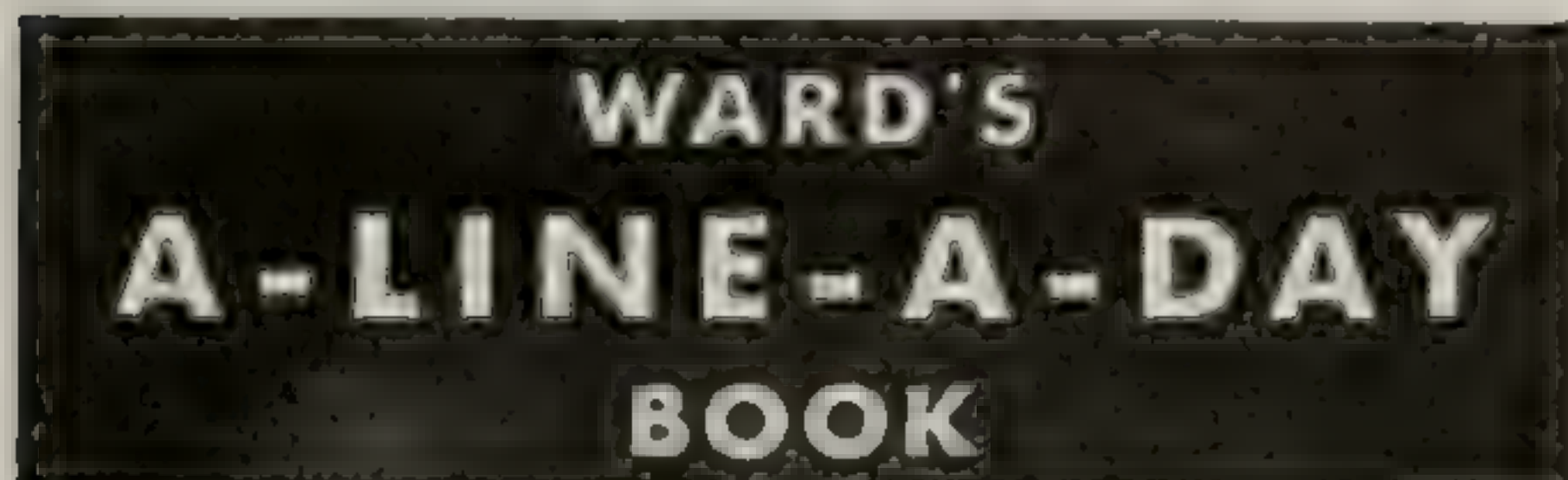
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eagerly awaiting the arrival of the stork, which will arrive about the time you read this.

Audrey will celebrate her twentieth birthday soon after, and plans to return to the screen just as soon as her health will permit. Mr. Huntingdon, being an aviator himself, says if the baby is a boy, he is to be trained for a second Lindbergh. If a girl, she is to become an actress, if she desires.

EMILY POST can add a page or two about the etiquette of separated couples in Hollywood. The other evening Gloria Swanson gave a dinner party and invited her husband, the Marquis.

He arrived after several of the guests were already there, formally kissed Gloria's hand, seemed to enjoy the evening and left with the rest, kissing her hand again at the door.

"**HOLIDAY**" drew the customary stellar audience at its premiere at the Carthay Circle Theater.

It opened on the eve of Ann Harding's birthday, and all the ladies in the audience

Jack Mulhall played twin brothers in "Dark Streets." Now Ruth Chatterton will be both mother and daughter in "The Right to Love."

In this adaptation of Susan Glaspell's novel, "Brook Evans," Ruth will have the somewhat unusual experience of embracing herself.

AN interesting sight. Constance Bennett in elaborate white satin lounging pajamas, playing miniature golf on one of the boulevard courses with Henry the Marquis de la Falaise. Just good friends, as they say in Hollywood.

REPORTS and Animadversions About What Makes the World Go 'Round: Every once in a while Hollywood's skeptical cynicism gets a wham on the ear . . . movie stars always complain about what long hours they have to work, but Norma Shearer and Bacalanova and Skeets Gallagher's wife are among Hollywood's most recent mothers . . . Director William A. Wellman's wife gets a divorce after she has to whisper into the judge's ear the words he used to her that she didn't like . . . the Wallace Beerys formally announce

Coming! The Winners!

Photoplay's Famous \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest

The names of the 70 winners of cash prizes will be announced in the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

On Sale about Dec. 10

The Photoplay Gold Medal of Honor

For the best picture released in 1929! Announcement of this famous award will be made as soon as the ballots are counted.

It's Filmland's Nobel Prize!

were presented with gardenias in honor of the occasion.

There weren't quite so many sidewalk standees. The radio announcer complained that the miniature golf courses kept the non-paying customers away. The theater even resorted to building stands. No opening is much-a-much without the mobs.

Ann Harding, the star of the picture, appeared quite early for a famous personage, before nine o'clock. She came in with her husband, Harry Bannister. Kay Hammond, one of her best friends, sat next to her. Joan Crawford, another of her pals, with Doug, Jr., was also there.

Russell Gleason beamed Marguerite Churchill, back from that long location trip on "The Big Trail." Johnny Farrow, the writer and man about town, escorted young Maureen O'Sullivan. Mary Duncan was with Willis Goldbeck, the writer.

Harry Bannister was master of ceremonies and introduced Ann, Mary Astor, very regal in a trailing satin gown, Hedda Hopper, Robert Ames and other members of the cast. Ann kissed Harry when she stepped on the stage. She didn't wear a vestige of make-up, and the footlights made her appear as if she had been ill. Lots of flowers for both Ann and Mary.

FOR the second time since the inception of talking pictures, a player has been given the difficult assignment of a dual rôle.

their separation and move to different *ménages* and a week later are dining together *tête-à-tête* at a swell café . . . Wally says they were just settling business matters . . . and Hollywood hadn't gotten over that when Director Eddie Sutherland and his wife threw a big party and announced in the middle of it they were separating and this was their formal separation party . . . Lina Basquette tries suicide because she can't get her baby back and after she recovers Pev Marley sues her for divorce. Lina announces she's going to make every legal fight to get her baby and that the biggest reason she gave it up at all was so she could marry Marley . . . Viola Dana asks the court to legally change her name back to that from Viola Flynn, which she became when she married "Lefty" Flynn. Oh yes, they divorced long ago. Gosh, this guy Danny Cupid has his moments.

THE most amusing sight on the M-G-M lot is Ramon Novarro directing—yes, directing—the Spanish version of "Call of the Flesh." And does Ramon take his work seriously? *Sí, sí, señor!* Ramon is also playing the stellar rôle and, instead of wearing puttees and a cap, he is in the Spanish costume he wears in the picture.

"The only trouble with playing a rôle and directing at the same time," Ramon said, "is that when I get annoyed with the other actors I cannot tear my hair. For if I did I'd have to leave the set to get it put in place again."

JETTA GOUDAL, the stormy one, is to be married—and to Harold Grieve, Hollywood's most famous interior decorator.

Jetta is a keen judge of periods, moods, modes and decorative doo-dads, and this brought the two together. The romance started when both were fixing up Director Paul Bern's new house. They admired each other's taste and talents—and it turned to love.

Now the lovebirds are decorating Jack Gilbert's new house at the beach. And if this isn't a happy note in the rather tempestuous Hollywood life of the vivid Jetta, I wouldn't know one if Sousa's Band played it!

HOWARD HUGHES came a cropper at last. Of all his ambitious schemes, reckless of money, his latest was to use the British dirigible R-100, which recently flew across the Atlantic, as a publicity gag for his "Hell's Angels" opening in New York! But Hughes flopped.

It seems he offered \$100,000, while the R-100 was moored at Montreal, if the commander would give him a ride from there to New York in the airship. But the British air skipper turned Hughes and his hundred thousand down flat.

A PTEST crack of the season:

Says Cy Wood, one of Radio Pictures' writers: "Now, ain't it hell that Fatty Arbuckle never had a chance to work in wide film?"

A DIRECTOR was telling Joe Frisco about his new picture. "It's great!" he said of his own effort. "It's perfectly great. Why, I showed it to So and So at the projection room of his studio and he raved about it. Then I showed it to Such and Such in the projection room of his studio and he told me it was the greatest picture he'd ever seen." "Yeah?" yeah'd Frisco. "But you can't play studio projection rooms forever."

THESE Hollywood reporters never let a piece of news slip through their typewriters. And if you don't believe it ask Estelle Taylor.

Not long ago Estelle gave a stork shower for a friend of hers. She gave her friend a



Now that Jack Coogan is making "Tom Sawyer," this earlier version of the famous Mark Twain yarn is called to mind. A scene from the film directed by the late William Desmond Taylor, with Jack Pickford as *Tom* and Louise Huff as *Becky Thatcher*—the rôles now played by Coogan and Mitzi Green

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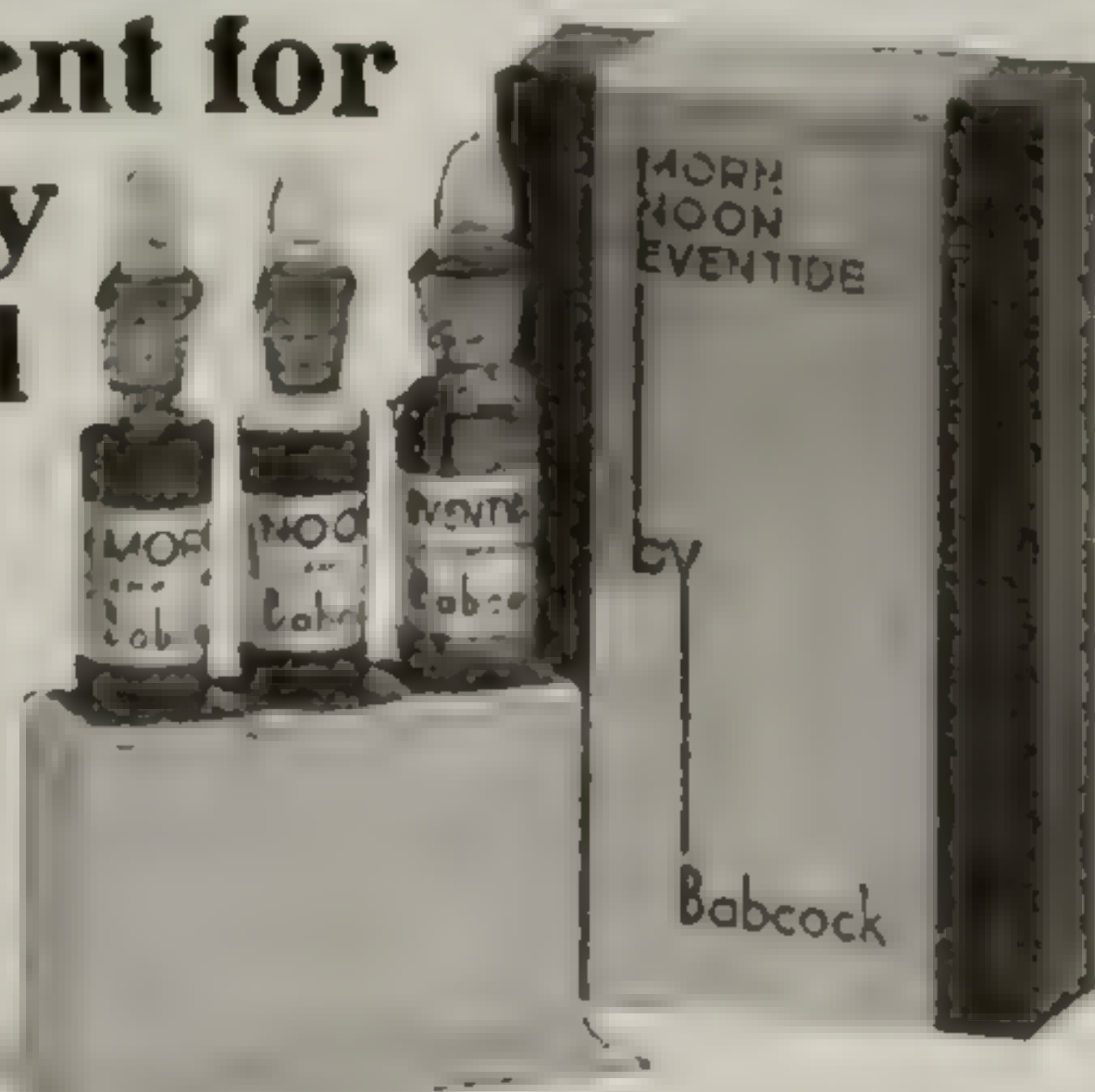
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International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 1152, Chicago



The director of "Tom Sawyer" and his young friends and helpers. John Cromwell poses with the youngsters on the set at Paramount. Left to right they are Jack Coogan, Dick Winslow, Ruth Grace, Mary Jane Irving, Junior Durkin, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl. Dog—name and pedigree unknown. The kids are all in the film, which marks Coogan's talkie debut

beautiful bassinette, fully equipped. The night of the party a reporter from one of the papers called Estelle.

"We've heard," he said, "that you were shopping for baby things. We thought you'd give us a statement about it."

DON'T read this if you've read it already:

A head of a chain of theaters on the Pacific Coast, reading a depressing financial report from one of the houses, showing a loss, sent a special delivery letter asking the house manager why.

The reply came back:

"The only reason I can think of is because my expenses were greater than my receipts."

WOMEN'S clubs put in a lot of time reviewing pictures for the benefit of the ladies and their families.

Here's a report on a comedy turned in by one of the volunteer reviewers:

"A clean comedy. Would have been cleaner if the vulgarities had been omitted."

WILLIAM BOYD, Pathe's William Boyd, is about to be mobbed by the carpenter's union.

He has just finished a beach shack at Malibu. He built it himself, hammered every nail in every two by four.

HOLLYWOOD is aghast, agog and agape. Serge Eisenstein, the Russian director whom Paramount brought over, refused a cocktail at a party the other night.

After the other guests had been revived, someone asked him why.

"When I came to America," explained the Russian, "I swore to abide by its laws."

So all the guests fainted again.

ONE of the most poignant stories that is being told in the studios is of the note of thanks for the kindness of friends, sent out by Elsie Janis following the death of her mother.

The note read—

"Mother and I want to thank you for your sympathy."

OVER at Paramount the other day, a film writer heard someone behind him, in conversation, say emphatically:

"The whole country has gone Bancroft!"

Curious to see who was talking, the writer turned and looked.

It was George Bancroft.

SHE may look like Greta Garbo, but the resemblance stops right there. Marlene Dietrich, the German star making pictures for Paramount these fine fall days, does not go in for the sweet and simple, Ford cars, and old polo coats. She has just purchased the swankiest thing on four wheels in Hollywood.

It is a Rolls-Royce limousine. The car is green with a cloth top, and with modernistic trimmings on the doors. When she first arrived in Hollywood she purchased Bebe Daniels' Rolls. Then she turned it in on a new car. La Dietrich wasn't going to be riding around in anybody's old car.

DID you know that Connie Talmadge turned down an offer to play the lead in the "Command to Love," one of the plummiest parts of the year, because she believed a return to the screen might endanger her domestic happiness?

Connie not only knows what she wants, but has it. And furthermore she isn't going to lose it! That shows both courage and wisdom.

TWO of the Paramount juveniles are beginning to put on the pounds! Regis Toomey had better watch out, and the other lad is Barry Norton.

Keeping weight down is an unceasing trial for Barry. It lost him his contract at Fox. He reduced and Paramount signed him. Now the weight is coming back. Paramount is keeping him in the Spanish talkies.

NEWEST of Life's Little Ironies:

AL Wilson, one of the most famous stunt fliers in pictures, the man who has dared death in a score of air films, fell out of bed recently and broke two ribs.

MAYBE this is old, but Al Jolson's telling it on himself:

It seems he drove to Barstow to meet Joe Schenck on his recent return to California. Schenck left the train there to drive back to Hollywood with Al. But they lost their way.

Finally, in the desert heat and dust, they beheld two bedraggled figures, hiking along the road. Al stopped.

"Can you tell me the way to San Bernardino?" he asked.

"I don't know," said the man. Al threw in his clutch and started off, to be halted a moment or two later by halloos. The man came running up to the car again, dragging his companion along.

"This here," he said, "is my friend. And he don't know, neither!"

GONE are those jolly old days of prodigal expenditure in Hollywood. The stars are economizing. The stock market crash taught



"I'd rather not answer those questions"

WISE MOTHER! She knows that professional advice and explicit rules are needed in the delicate and critical matter of feminine hygiene.

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A beautiful reason why cameramen should cultivate good memories. Frances Dade was tested along with forty or fifty others for a Samuel Goldwyn film rôle, but the test film was lost. The cameraman, however, remembered this blonde beauty. Since then she has appeared in "Raffles," "He Knew Women," and "Grumpy."

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them something, and also there is the realization that some day the fans will transfer their interest to new charmers.

Out of every hundred cars sold to film personalities, only one is custom-built or specially designed. It used to be that no self-respecting star would be caught in a motor that didn't cost at least \$10,000 more than the usual purchase price.

The caterers are weeping into the truffles and *pâté-de-fois-gras*. There are practically no huge parties these days. There are plenty of dinner parties, but the house staff takes care of that.

Even the modistes are bewailing the fact that the gowns of feminine Hollywood are becoming more simple. Very smart, *oui*, *Madame*, but not extravagant.

THE reason that attendance at the famous Hollywood premières is falling off is because it is so much more fun to stay at home and listen to the people make fools of themselves over the radio. Or so some say!

HERE'S another of the petty rackets of Hollywood.

A friend of Alice White's saw a cute little dress in a small shop. It was \$15. The friend said to the saleslady, "I have a pal who'd look wonderful in that dress. I'll tell her about it."

The next day Alice called the shop to find out whether the frock was still there or not. She made the mistake of telling the saleslady her name.

The woman left the phone to see if the dress was there and returned to say, "It's here, Miss White, and I wish you'd come over to look at it. But I find we made a mistake on the price. It is \$25."

INSTEAD of charging them higher prices the shops along Hollywood Boulevard should give the stars commissions for sales.

The other day Joan Crawford was lunching at the Roosevelt. When she rose to leave three tourists followed her. Joan went into a shop to buy an evening bag. The ladies trailed along and when the salesman came up to them they could not tell him that they were there simply to watch young Mrs. Fairbanks.

Each one bought a bag. They didn't realize how much money they were paying until after the deal was transacted.

WEDDINGS are popular this season in Hollywood.

Thornton Freeland, director of "Whoopee," turned little June Clyde down for the lead in that film, but decided she'd make a grand wife. June, you remember, has been seen and heard in several Radio Pictures.

Margaret De Mille, daughter of Director William C., and Bernard P. Fineman, Metro-Goldwyn producer, stepped off the deep end in early fall.

And Fred Niblo, Jr., son of the director and a writer at Columbia, and Patricia Henry, young stage player, were married at about the same time.

ONE of the screen's leading comedians looked out of his apartment window. Said window faced on a courtyard, and commanded an excellent view of some hundred windows across the way.

"I'm going to have to move," he told a friend.

"Why?"

"I'm just a Peeping Tom at heart," he explained, "and I'm unable to go to sleep until every light is out."

IT'S an ill wind that blows nobody something good.

Sue Carol and Rita LaRoy thought it was an ill wind that blew sparks from a brushfire onto the roof of their garage and set it ablaze

the other day. They were home, and a garden hose, expertly manipulated by them, soon put the blaze out. Total damage: a few charred shingles and two watersoaked pairs of slippers.

But the studio press agent heard about it, got a cameraman, posed the girls in the fire-extinguishing act, and got several hundred dollars' worth of publicity in the papers out of it.

So there'll probably be an epidemic of garage roof blazes at the actors' homes now. With art.

MARY BRIAN went up to the telegraph office to have her picture taken with the oldest male telegraph operator in the world. The occasion was the eighty-sixth anniversary of the sending of the first telegraph message.

The telegraph office called up the old man and said: "We would like you to come down today to have your picture taken with Mary Brian."

"Who's she?" he asked. "A new telegraph operator you got down there?"

LIFE prints this dispatch from Hamburg, Germany.

Forty inmates of a reform jail rioted when authorities refused to grant their request to be transferred to another prison nearby. The boys wanted to go to the other jail because "better talkies" were being shown there, according to their spokesman.

That's the spirit that made the motion picture great.

Even among the gratings!

"I HAVE the cleverest husband in captivity," says Joan Crawford.

After making a success of pen portraits in one of the smart magazines, young Doug is bringing out, shortly, a book of these pen sketches. His book of poems will also be ready for publication soon.

ABOUT the most excitement this village has seen in years burst the night Maurice Chevalier was master of ceremonies in the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt. All of the best people were there, my dear.

Jesse Lasky, none other, set the jollification under way, when he introduced Chevalier.

"He's a real human bein'", said Lasky. And Chevalier proceeded to prove it.

Douglas Fairbanks was spotted in the dining room, and Chevalier called him to the front, threatening him with a French "salute."

And before all the crowd Doug was smacked fondly on both cheeks by the volatile Frenchman. You've never seen Doug blush so much.

After that Chevalier went over to the Fairbanks' table, and knelt before Mary Pickford.

"I've never been on my knees before to anybody," he said, just by way of special tribute.

THE folks out in Dodge Center, Minn., want talkies, and why not?

The owner of the local film house was more than anxious to wire his theater—but he just didn't have the funds.

So, according to a story in *Variety*, he issued dollar tickets, each good for six months. If he can sell 500 of these, says the manager, he will use the money for the first payment on talkie apparatus.

If Paris is on your route, and you see many women standing in the theaters, don't be alarmed.

It isn't a new physical culture stunt, nor a desire to suffer when there are plenty of empty seats.

It's just fashion. Smart Parisiennes are now wearing corsages pinned at the back of their waists. If they sit down—crushed orchids!

So women who would ordinarily kick and scream if they didn't get seats pronto—now stand and like it, all for the sake of style!

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION— United Artists

HERE is the sad spectacle of a story that suggests fire and thunder, and a picture that has neither. Norma Talmadge, as the milliner who became a king's favorite, shows a hint of her old-time vitality now and then, but gives up in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel plays his usual romantic rôle. But William Farnum gives a robust and excellent performance.

COLLEGE LOVERS—First National

THIS begins the annual fall production of football pictures. And it's just another football picture and don't get excited. Even the fact that it snaps its fingers at tradition by NOT having the hero make a touchdown for old Alma Mater in the last three seconds of play doesn't make it hot. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon play the leading rôles. Ho, hum!

THE SANTA FE TRAIL—Paramount

HERE'S a very talkie talkie wherein Richard Arlen wears his Western clothes and thumbs his nose, figuratively, at a lot of



Vivacious, beautiful—Alice White knows, as a charming First National star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that makes brilliancy natural!

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Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow*. On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts glow*—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to come from within the skin. It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effect never.

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by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need*.

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Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your skin*. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited*. There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, shade for night—under artificial lights.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be*.

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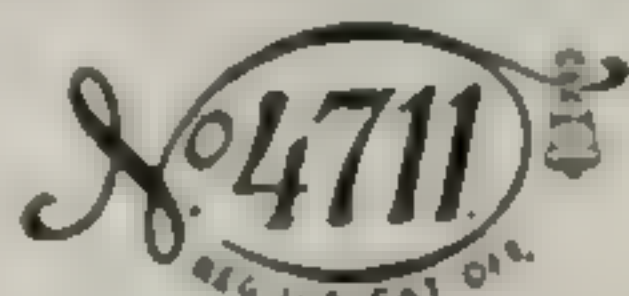
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Indians. If you like your Westerns straight, this is all very fine. Eugene Pallette, who plays swell detective rôles, doesn't quite seem to fit in this sort of thing. Rosita Moreno is an appealing heroine. Mitzi Green is Mitzi Green.

GOING WILD—First National

DOUGLAS MacLEAN did something of the sort called "Going Up" quite a while ago. The revival has its full quota of laughs, but there's too much of it. The dull spots are doleful. Joe E. Brown shows his tonsils again, but is funny as the fellow who is mistaken for a famous aviator. Lawrence Gray and Ona Munson warble agreeably. Yes and no.

CAPTAIN APPLEJACK—Warners

THIS is all in fun—and such fun. The *blasé* young gentleman looks for adventure and finds it among thieves, pirate treasure and things like that. But how that John Halliday and that Kay Strozzi can put on the heavy necking scenes. Gilbert and Garbo in their most impassioned days could not have done worse. Mary Brian is the nice girl. You'll like it.

THE SQUEALER—Columbia

IF you can bear the thought of another gangster picture, this one has a few new ideas. Jack Holt is the gentlemanly boss of a gang, with Robert Ellis chief of the opposing tough guys. Holt goes through half the picture without his moustache. Goodness, he looks nude. Davey Lee prattles childishly and artlessly. Dorothy Revier, growing stout, is the girl. Well acted.

THE THOROUGHbred— Tiffany Productions

A NICE little horse story for the family trade—doubly interesting in the domestic circle because Wesley "Freckles" Barry reappears, playing the jockey hero. He falls for the wiles of a wicked woman, but when he hears that his sweetheart still believes in him, he goes out and wins the big race. Nancy Dover and Pauline Garon are in support. And Wes is good.

L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES—Paramount

THIS is of great interest because it is the French version of "Slightly Scarlet." See it if you get a chance—the rippling French of M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert, in the leads, is soothing to the ear. Louis Gasnier directed, with Emile Chautard,

Armand Kaliz and others in support. Made for the French, but interesting to American fans, too.

THE STORM—Universal

THAT famous old melodrama of stage and screen, "The Storm," becomes a very mild blow indeed in its talking version. Lupe Velez plays the little girl of the Great Northwest in her pidgin English, and Paul Cavanagh and William (stage) Boyd are the male leads. The picture is saved, in a measure, by the excellent outdoor scenes. A hoped-for screen tornado is, alas, only a gentle breeze.

MISBEHAVING LADIES— First National

EVERY old gag you've ever heard of is brought out and dusted off for this one—and some of 'em aren't even dusted off. Still it made a preview audience roll in the aisles with helpless mirth. But there are two darn good reasons for seeing it: the brilliantly blended humor and pathos of Louise Fazenda's performance and the flashing charm of Lila Lee's.

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE— Columbia

A NOTHER nice little girl from the country goes to the big city. Another suave millionaire, with more money than morals, lures the little girl to his yacht. Another poor but honest hero saves her. And another movie is born. Alice White, pert and peppy, is the nice girl. Marie Prevost, who looks as young as your kid sister, proves that they can come back.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM— Willis Kent Production

DON'T take this seriously. It is maudlin melodrama and in its day was probably a stirring indictment against Demon Rum. There are many drunken songs, and little Nell leads pappy, the souse, from the saloon. She gets a stein in her face for her trouble, too. The high point is a battle between William Farnum and Tom Santschi. Ah, memory of "The Spoilers." Everyone overacts something grand.

THE LONESOME TRAIL— Syndicate Pictures

LIKE most yarns of the open spaces this story follows the well worn plot. What it lacks in originality it makes up in action. Kids will love it, particularly when the hero gets going with that trusty six-shooter. Charles Delaney is fine as the hero, and Virginia



Seattle, Wash.

A dear friend of mine was recently released from a tubercular sanitarium where she had been confined for six years. Once, maybe twice, in six months, she saw a picture. She used to look forward to these as a shipwrecked person would to a hoped-for rescue.

Six years is a long time. Styles

and manners change. Who was to be her guide when she came back to the city?

She began going to movies two and three times a week. They opened the world again for her, brought her back to life where she had left off.

May motion pictures long help others as they have helped her.

Elizabeth Parker

Brown Faire is the rancher's daughter. Jimmie Aubrey clicks as the comedian. Photography is beautiful.

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners

YOU'VE seen this one before. It's the one about the romantic bandit who rights wrongs with bullets, restores the heroine's lover to her, and rides off into the sunset alone. But don't mistake us—it's swell entertainment even if you know all the answers. Victor Varconi is a dashing and irresistible *Captain Thunder*. Fay Wray emerges again with a Spanish accent and a grand performance.

Talking of Talkies

"THE quality of Greta Garbo's acting and mode of expression suggest to me Modjeska and Adelaide Neilson at their best, and she has a pathetic emotional appeal that brings the tears as only Clara Morris could."—David Belasco, theatrical producer.

"JOHN BARRYMORE rarely stops acting under any circumstances. . . . He has no conceit, but rather a feeling of gross inferiority. . . . He is cordial only to intimate friends and to those who work with him; to strangers he is, at times, inexcusably rude. . . . He is a chap whom most men like and most women hate."—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in *Vanity Fair*.

"IF every motion picture theater prefaced its films with the title, 'This picture has been censored by a minor politician and his assistants,' the patrons might be made to understand why the movies are so childish and banal."—Pare Lorentz, in *Scribner's*.

"BEFORE Elinor Glyn babbled her stuff there were only two sexes, male and female. Today a person, besides having a sex, either has 'it' or hasn't 'it.' A dame that creates 'it' ought to get billing. Her epitaph will probably be 'She was a good kid when she had it.'"—Sidney Skolksy in *The New York Daily News*.

"THE UNHOLY THREE' was definite proof that Lon Chaney in sound would have remained the distinguished figure that he was in the pictorial manner he and Chaplin honored."—Richard Watts, Jr., in *The New York Herald Tribune*.

"IT is almost impossible for a picture personage to find real honesty. Everyone is out to hornswoggle them and take advantage of their gullibility and ignorance in business matters."—Rex Cloc, Hollywood business manager.

"AS you hear melancholy bells tolling the sunset of the stage, be consoled by the information that the cinema will resurrect it and set it, freer than ever, to fly heavenward."—Percy Hammond in *Vanity Fair*.

"THERE is no such thing as a 'camera face.'"—Frank Capra, director

"THE poor old theater is done for, I'm afraid. All my plays will be done into talkies before long. What other course is open to me? The theater may survive as a place where people are taught to act. Apart from that, there will be nothing but talkies soon."—George Bernard Shaw, playwright.

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The Port of Missing Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

about tomorrow. They spent lavishly. Ethel, who once lived in a great house with many servants, played a very small rôle in "Hit the Deck." Del Henderson, a formerly well known director, played a bit in the same picture. Perhaps you haven't forgotten "The Galloping Fish." He directed it.

ELLA HALL, at the time when Mary Pickford and her curls were the model for all feminine stars, rose to celebrity as a Universal star. She had a wistful, fragile beauty that intrigued her fans. It was a great event when she married young Emory Johnson, later to become a prominent director. Then hard luck for both of them. They separated.

Recently Johnson became a photographer when directorial assignments were no longer forthcoming. He receives his big chance to come back now in directing "The Third Alarm." It was his most successful silent picture. But Ella Hall—she has been playing extras for a long time now. She appears among the gay throng at the zeppelin ball in "Madam Satan." A gay throng? Hardly, when she recalls her former fame.

Then there is Ruth Renick, once a popular leading woman. She played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in one of his most successful com-

edies, "The Mollycoddle." Ruth was trying to stage a comeback at the time talking pictures arrived. There was a general hue and cry for stage people, stage trained voices. Ruth organized a company in Los Angeles, her own repertory theater. One play gave evidence of developing into a hit. A New York producer accepted it.

RUTH knew that the picture executives had a wholesome respect for anyone who had scored on Broadway. If she could only play in New York a return to pictures would be comparatively simple. She didn't play the rôle. The stage producer cast the play with legitimate names. Picture people didn't mean much to Broadway. Ruth is still in Hollywood but good breaks do not come her way very often.

Sometimes there is a humorous aspect to this tragic story. There is the time that a very great favorite of former years approached a young casting director in regard to a certain rôle.

"What's your name?" asked the casting director.

"Francis X. Bushman," was the reply.

"Ever been in pictures before?"

Bushman started to make a wise-cracking answer. Then, suddenly, he perceived that the



International

One of Hollywood's newest and prettiest brides! June Clyde, of Radio Pictures and her new husband, Director Thornton Freeland, leaving the church after their recent marriage. Enough lilies of the valley in that bouquet to start a florist shoppey!

question had been asked in all seriousness. "Oh, pardon me," he said, "I'm really Holbrook Blinn, and I've been dead for two years." And he walked away.

Even the great Francis X. does not enjoy the fame of former years. The *Messala* of "Ben Hur," the favorite Romeo of the screen's youthful days, plays supporting rôles. Another star to slip is King Baggot. Fan letters used to pour in on this romantic hero with the distinguishing white streak across his dark hair. Baggot played a bit without program credit in a recent picture. You will see both Bushman and Baggot giving beautiful performances in "Once a Gentleman." Even the title has rather a mocking ring.

EVERYONE is familiar with the pathetic story of Margaret Mann. She had been an extra player for years—then suddenly as her years of life were running toward their close she was lifted to the heights as sweet-faced *Grandma Bernle* in "Four Sons." That picture won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal as the best picture of the year, and hers was the best performance.

She made her bow from the stage of the Carthay Circle after a brilliant opening night. She heard waves of applause, and bowed and cried as each bouquet of flowers came over the footlights. Then the spotlight of fame moved on. She plays extra rôles again now. A character like *Grandma Bernle* happens only once or twice in a generation.

Rose Tapley, once a favorite of the New York stage, and after that one of Vitagraph's best loved players, is occasionally seen in bit rôles. She has a charming voice, but big breaks no longer come her way.

Wesley Barry and Lew Sargent, two former child actors, are occasionally seen around the studios. Wes still looks a little too young for mature rôles, and that is Lew's difficulty also. Lew, if you remember, was *Huckleberry Finn*.

One actress was more frank than the most in stating her need for work. Claire DuBrea, having played many stage and screen rôles, took out an amazing advertisement in the Standard Casting Directory. It is a complete little drama in itself.

"I will do either bits, dead bodies off-stage or what have you?"

"With the sincerity which dictates this step, plus my experience, I ought to be a rare bargain as an extra woman."

"Obviously, I am gambling on the chance of establishing myself in talking pictures."

Motion picture people are attracted by the unusual. Claire DuBrea has had more work than she could accept since that striking plea.

Perhaps the talkies struck the hardest at Western pictures. No longer could the dramas of the open spaces be made for a thin dime. Talkies cost money. Western players and directors are usually stereotyped and can seldom step from the mountain ranges to a drawing room tea party.

THERE is the strange case of the man who directed one of the fabulously paid Western stars for years—now doing extra work for \$12.50 a day. Neil Hart and Franklin Farnum, once stars in their own rights and who have rescued countless damsels from nasty, old villains, are playing bits. Art Acord, one of the early favorites of the out-West melodramas, is traveling a road of misfortune.

"Buddy" Roosevelt did not find talking pictures a boon. Buck Jones has gone into vaudeville, and Tom Mix has been traveling with a circus. Hollywood lost many picturesque characters when Westerns disappeared. Many of the cowboys have gone back to punching real cattle on real ranches.

There were four former directors in the cast of "The Spoilers." They played good rôles, but as directors most of them are through. There were "Slim" Summerville, James Kirkwood, Oscar Apfel and Hal Davis. Summer-

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A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where the hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.



There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms—hair-free as a child's.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

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field and Kirkwood are in demand as actors, and probably have no desire to exchange the make-up box for the megaphone.

It was Hal Davis who directed Beverly Bayne in many of her most successful pictures. Even the name of Beverly Bayne is sinking into obscurity. The lovely Beverly is living in retirement on Long Island.

Do you remember that singularly moving Fox picture, "The Man Without a Country"? Edward Hearn was the tragic hero—"unwept, unhonored and unsung." Hearn plays bits these days.

Rosemary Theby, the beautiful girl of "The Connecticut Yankee," and an early screen vamp, also plays small rôles at a fraction of her former salary.

There are other glittering names which are heard less and less frequently. Colleen Moore, a year ago one of the most popular figures on the screen and one of the highest salaried, has not had studios clamoring for her services. They no longer pay \$12,000 weekly salaries. Now she is planning a stage play. That will keep her from the screen even longer, and how quickly people forget their beloved favorites.

Corinne Griffith is another who cannot expect the fabulous salary of other times. She has made no announcement of future screen affiliations, and she is living quietly at her home in Malibu Beach. Lina Basquette keeps in the public eye through divorce rumors and repeated bickering with the Warners over the custody of her child, but the screen sees nothing of her. Laura La Plante's popularity cannot stand the test of a much longer screen absence.

SO many screen faces of yesterday can be seen in and around the port of missing stars. Names that once flashed on a thousand theater marquees—faces that the world knew and loved—a little older now. Occasionally you see Warren Kerrigan, definitely retired and still living in his pleasant white house on Cajuenga. The Novak sisters are living over the Pass in the Valley, and turning deaf ears to picture offers. Mary MacLaren, the heroine of Lois Weber's immortal "Shoes," has a decorating shop. Eileen Percy is doing a motion picture column for a newspaper syndicate.

Viola Dana drops into town from vaudeville. Monroe Salisbury, the first *Alessandro* in "Ramona," is a clerk in a Hollywood hotel. The casting directors occasionally see Mabel Ballin, Fritzi Brunette, Lillian Rich, Helene Chadwick, Leah Baird, no longer demanding leading rôles, and willing to work for less than their former salaries. These players, however, do not accept bits.

IT is tragic to see the sound version of Griffith's old masterpiece, "The Birth of a Nation." So many of those players have gone from the screen, and some of them are gone far beyond that. Mae Marsh, the "Little Sister," lives in retirement near Pasadena. Lillian Gish has left Hollywood for the stage. Henry B. Walthall plays father rôles now. Bobby Harron, Wallace Reid and George Seigmann are gone forever. Mrs. Wallace Reid, who produced pictures following the death of Wally, has been inactive for many months, but she is planning to make pictures again. Ann Little, Wally's leading lady in many pictures, is sometimes seen on the Los Angeles stage.

And you sometimes see Clara Kimball Young, rather portly now and not the svelte Clara of the beautiful orbs. Juanita Hansen and Wanda Hawley are here, too, and Theda Bara, married to a prominent director, and Mary Miles Minter. So many of them haven't left Hollywood—just out of the spotlight that used to sweep across their lives.

Even when they die, these "missing stars," there is a tiny mention at the bottom of newspaper columns, and the world marches on.

The other day a story read, "Ben Wilson, 54, once famous film star, died in Hollywood today, unknown and moneyless, as a seven-dollar-a-day extra."

Twenty years ago Ben Wilson was a star, a director, a producer of his own pictures. But time had its cruel way.

The dust gathers on the names of many others formerly famous in the casting director's files—the last port of missing stars. Work becomes more and more infrequent for them. There are new faces—fresh, young faces. The public always wants new faces.

What is that famous line about "the paths of glory—"?

Did You Miss Any?

HERE are the 20 mistakes in the "What's Wrong With This Story?" on page 73, in the order in which they occur:

The picture is all wrong. Dick Dix, and not Barthelmess, appears in "Cimarron." It's about the old Southwest, and Radio Pictures are making it.

1. First National studios are *not* in the heart of Hollywood, but in Burbank, a suburb.
2. "Cimarron" was shot at Radio Pictures studio, *not* at First National.
3. "Cimarron" is *not* a whaling or sea story. It is a story of the pioneer Southwest.
4. Richard Dix is the star of "Cimarron," *not* Richard Barthelmess.
5. Joan Crawford's hair is deep red, *not* blonde.
6. Joan is *not* under contract to Fox, but to M-G-M.
7. Joan was *not* loaned to First National or anyone else to play the heroine in "Cimarron." She's, of course, *not* in the picture.
8. The entire description of the Technicolor process is all wrong. All the colors are photographed with one camera.
9. Tourists are *not* allowed on the sidelines in picture studios, at fifty cents a head or any other price.

10. El Brendel's name is misspelled as El Brendal.

11. El Brendel is with Fox; he has *not* signed any contract with First National.

12. Although El Brendel uses Scandinavian dialect in his comedy, he cannot speak Swedish. The only language he speaks is English.

13. There never was any picture called "The Cohens and Kellys in Sweden" in that Cohen-Kelly series.

14. Louis B. Mayer is head of M-G-M, *not* First National.

15. Of course Amos and Andy aren't Dutch comedians. We knew darned well that one wouldn't fool you for a minute.

16. Betty Compson is no longer James Cruze's wife. They were divorced recently.

17. The big, bulky things they put over cameras to hush them are called "blimps," *not* "grips." "Grips," as a matter of fact, is the name applied to the odd-job men and stage handy-men in the studios.

18. First National does *not* make Movietone recordings. Their process is called Vitaphone.

19. "The Big House" was made at M-G-M, *not* First National.

20. Red is never used for white in photography. As a matter of fact, red doesn't photograph at all; it registers black or gray.

Miss Master Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

of Hollywood as though they were the streets of Paradise! Hettie Moffet sang to herself, and planned the wedding she had dreamed of for six years!

And the whole picture business laughed and said, "Get who's playing *Louis* in 'Isle d'Amour'!"

Then out of a clear sky a wire came from Harrison Craig, of New York, who owned eighty-five per cent of Peerless Pictures stock! He was on his way to Hollywood!

A BUNGALOW was engaged at The Ambassador. A riot of silk flags went up around the block. A delegation met the Limited. A band waited!

And the entire studio force of eight hundred and twelve persons was called out to pack around the main entrance and wave handkerchiefs and cheer!

Mr. Harrison Craig arrived! A fashion-plate, from *boutonniere* to boot tops. Crushed hat. Buff gloves turned over his hand, just so. He was fifty-five. Looked forty-seven. And to the world at large, was forty-three.

Down the aisle of cheers he bowed right and left, basking in the spotlight as a lizard in the sun!

The Western studio manager, Mr. Gassman, showed Mr. Craig around the lot.

"Great organization," he said. "Just one big family!"

A draftsman in a smock, with a blue-print under his arm, came briskly out of the stock-room and disappeared in the engineer's office. On the porch of a little white house marked "Hospital" a pretty nurse in crisp linen sat waiting to be professional. Out of Stage 7, *ballet* girls in iridescent wings fluttered down to the dressing rooms.

Mr. Craig could feel the hovering suspense; the anxiety for perfection caused by his pres-

ence! Little Imp Vanity sat on his shoulder and grinned and chuckled!

"Now, Mr. Gassman," Mr. Craig said, from the cool recesses of the Western manager's private office, "of course the studio will expect to give me a banquet." He offered a hand-monogrammed cigarette.

"Of course! Yes, of course!" Mr. Gassman assured him. "It is a pleasure we greatly anticipate, Mr. Craig!"

Mr. Craig proffered a diamond-studded lighter.

"It should be quite an affair, Mr. Gassman," he said. "In fact, it should be spectacular! Something to be talked about!"

He rippled his left hand along the arm of the leather chair and let the light play on a four-karat diamond.

"I will be named as the guest of honor, of course, and the invitation list will include one hundred prominent officials and stars. Engage all the necessary entertainment, and plates, say at forty dollars each." He made a wide gesture. "My secretary will write you a check."

MR. GASSMAN absorbed the details with proper seriousness.

"It will be a great pleasure, Mr. Craig," he said. "Shall we say—Thursday? And why wouldn't it be a great little stunt, Mr. Craig, to have the banquet on the set of our new super-special, 'Isle d'Amour,' that starts shooting Thursday? Why wouldn't it be a great little stunt, Mr. Craig, to stage the banquet in the gold room of *King Louis'* palace!" He warmed to his inspiration. "Dress the waiters in costume! Serve a French menu, and play all the numbers of the picture. Is that a great idea, Mr. Craig? It's a great idea!"

Mr. Craig flattered the suggestion with his attention; brought his imported linen hand-



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kerchief out of his top pocket and replaced it at an angle slightly more rakish.

"And wouldn't it be quite a feature," said Mr. Craig, "for me to attend as *King Louis*?" He lifted one eyebrow slightly—wickedly! "I have always had a little conceit that I might be a very good actor! In fact I have always intended to try the amusing experiment of playing in a picture! What's the reason I can't play *King Louis* in this picture and appear in costume at the banquet given on the set in my honor?"

He posed aesthetic fingers as though they were dressed in cuffs of lace!

"No reason at all!" Mr. Gassman assured him. "It's a great idea! Front page! 'Millionaire clubman rides new hobby! Picture magnate appears in leading rôle of greatest super-feature of the screen!'" He swung his chair around to face the jaunty picture magnate.

"Sensational!" he said. "It's a knock-out! Syndicate rotogravures of the banquet in *King Louis*' palace and yourself in costume! It's colossal!"

He buzzed a button on the mahogany desk. "Call the casting office," he told his secretary. "Tell Billings to tell Trask he is not playing *Louis* in 'Isle d'Amour.' And get us a couple of good seats for The Belasco tonight. Ethel Barrymore, ain't it? Yeah. 'The Kingdom of God.'"

HETTIE heard the news before it reached Jeffry. Alma just happened to call one of the girls in the costume department at Peerless.

"Well," she said, when she hung up the phone, "here's where your bridal bouquet gets rusty again!"

Hettie's breath seemed to stop in her throat! "Wha' do you mean!" she said. And then she forgot all about herself, and thought only of Jeffry. What would he say! What could he do!

Where could he find courage to start all over again! Hot tears blinded her eyes; dropped on the chiffon and smeared it with purple from the spangles!

"Go on home, kid," Alma told her. "If *Salome*'s jacket ain't done in time for her song and dance, she can work in the nude!"

"I'm going to see Harrison Craig," Hettie said, her fingers pressed against her eyes, "and I'm going to tell him what it means to us—"

"You'll see Harrison Craig like I'm Lydia Pinkham!" Alma said.

For three days Hettie tried to see Harrison Craig. At the Ambassador bungalow, his valet told her, courteously, he was at the studio. At the studio, his secretary was very sorry but Mr. Craig was at the hotel and could not be disturbed.

Preparations went on for the spectacular banquet. Preparations went on for beginning work on "Isle d'Amour."

In the costume department, the work that had been started for Jeffry Trask was finished for Harrison Craig.

Jeffry said nothing about it, only to ask Hettie if she knew.

It seemed to hurt him so much, it didn't hurt him at all!

"Study the lines!" Hettie said. "They signed you up to play *Louis*, and you're going to do it! You've got only till Thursday!"

ON Wednesday night, at six o'clock, Hettie saw Harrison Craig! She didn't ask his secretary or his valet. She opened the door of his Ambassador Hotel bungalow, and walked into his bedroom where he was dressing for dinner. He was in dinner trousers, and B. V. D. uppers, his man tying his shoes.

"How do you do?" Hettie said.

Mr. Craig was surprised, and annoyed! He reached for a bathrobe. Smede, the valet, was distinctly more disturbed than was suitable for him *ever* to be disturbed! Hettie told Mr. Craig why she had come.

"My dear," he said patronizingly, "Mr. Trask will receive a check for his salary, I assure you."

Her hands were damp with cold! Her knees quaking together with chill!

"He *must* play the part, Mr. Craig!" she said, her voice trying desperately not to break. "Won't you send word to the studio that Jeffry Trask is to play *King Louis* after all?"

Mr. Craig glanced at the clock over the door. "I shall play the part," he said. "I shall not change my mind. I shall not write any letter. And the picture will begin in the morning."

He took a cigarette case from the table, snapped it open and closed it impatiently.

"I'm very late," he said, "if you will excuse me!"

Hettie went back to the room on Gower Street where Jeffry lived. She took a little package of beefsteak and some asparagus and a chocolate cake.

"You must eat, darling," she said gaily. "And then study your lines! It's only twelve hours more!"

"Do you think Craig is going to die," he said bitterly, "in the night?"

"Well," she said—and rustled open the packages on the tiny kitchen table, "lots of people *do*!"

She opened the broiler—spread the steak out on the grate.

"By the way, sweetheart," she said, "where is it Charlie Fishbone lives?"

At nine in the morning Jeffry Trask's telephone rang. "This is Billings! Craig ain't going to play *Louis*! Get over here!"

Jeffry tried to get Hettie. She wasn't at home.

He had five minutes to catch the Sunset Boulevard bus!

* * *

HETTIE wasn't at home, because in pale blue linen she sat in the wicker chair in the open French windows of Mr. Craig's bungalow reading the morning paper and nibbling at strawberries from a breakfast table, which stood untouched by Mr. Craig.

That gentleman was in bed, in blue pajamas, smoking.

"Think of this!" she said. "Five sharks discovered on Jersey coast! . . . And Texas Guinan's night club is padlocked again! . . . Do you want to hear the radio?"

She got up and turned the dials.

"No," he said shortly. She turned them back again.

"I'm terribly sorry to keep you in," she said, "but it won't be long, really. It just depends on how fast they work at the studio. Jeffry only needs one or two good scenes to show them what he can do."

She picked up a book from the table, and gave him the newspaper, opened to the stock market reports.

"If you want anything," she said, "just let me know."

Through the open door and window came the smell of roses and flowering trees; the trill of a hundred birds from the hotel veranda. Smede arrived stiffly and removed the breakfast.

"Do you wish to have a bath drawn and morning clothes put out, sir?" he asked in great concern.

Mr. Craig didn't answer. Smede withdrew.

AT two o'clock when Hettie telephoned Billings, Jeffry Trask had been *King of France* for five hours!

"Hello, Eddie," she said. "How's everything?"

First she smiled, then she laughed—then she turned her face away from the phone with just one quick little sob!

"Sure, Eddie," she said, "didn't he tell you six years ago? It's no surprise to *me*, Eddie. Does he get a contract?"

Across the room sounded the little metallic voice of the wire—"I'll say he does!"

"Attaboy, Eddie! Tell him I'll see him for supper."

Hettie put away the telephone and brushed her hand across her eyes.

"Well, Mr. Craig," she said, after a minute, "you can go to the studio now, if you want to."

They heard someone coming across the bungalow porch—in at the open door.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Gassman," Hettie said.

Mr. Gassman looked from Hettie Moffet to Mr. Harrison Craig.

"What's the big idea, Craig?" he said.

"Where were you this morning? What's the matter?"

"I guess I'll have to tell you, Mr. Gassman," Hettie said. "I got Mr. Craig to make a compromise. I knew he couldn't miss the banquet tonight, so I came over this morning and told him I'd let him go to the banquet, if he'd let Jeffry play *King Louis*—"

"You'd let him go to the banquet!" Mr. Gassman said, staring at Mr. Harrison Craig, who said nothing at all!

"YES," Hettie said, "you see I had somebody steal something from him last night, and I've got it hid, and I told him I'd give it back in time for the banquet if he'd send word for Jeffry to play the part."

"Of course, I know Mr. Craig could have me arrested and he could spoil Jeffry getting a contract, and everything, but I don't think he will, because it would only be a big newspaper story that would make him look foolish."

"Besides—there's really no harm done to anybody!"

With which little Hettie Moffet reached through the window out on the rose trellis, and brought in a small, square box.

"Here, Mr. Craig," she said, "I was awfully careful!"

And out of the dainty nest of a pink chiffon handkerchief, she delivered to Mr. Harrison Craig—a set of false teeth.

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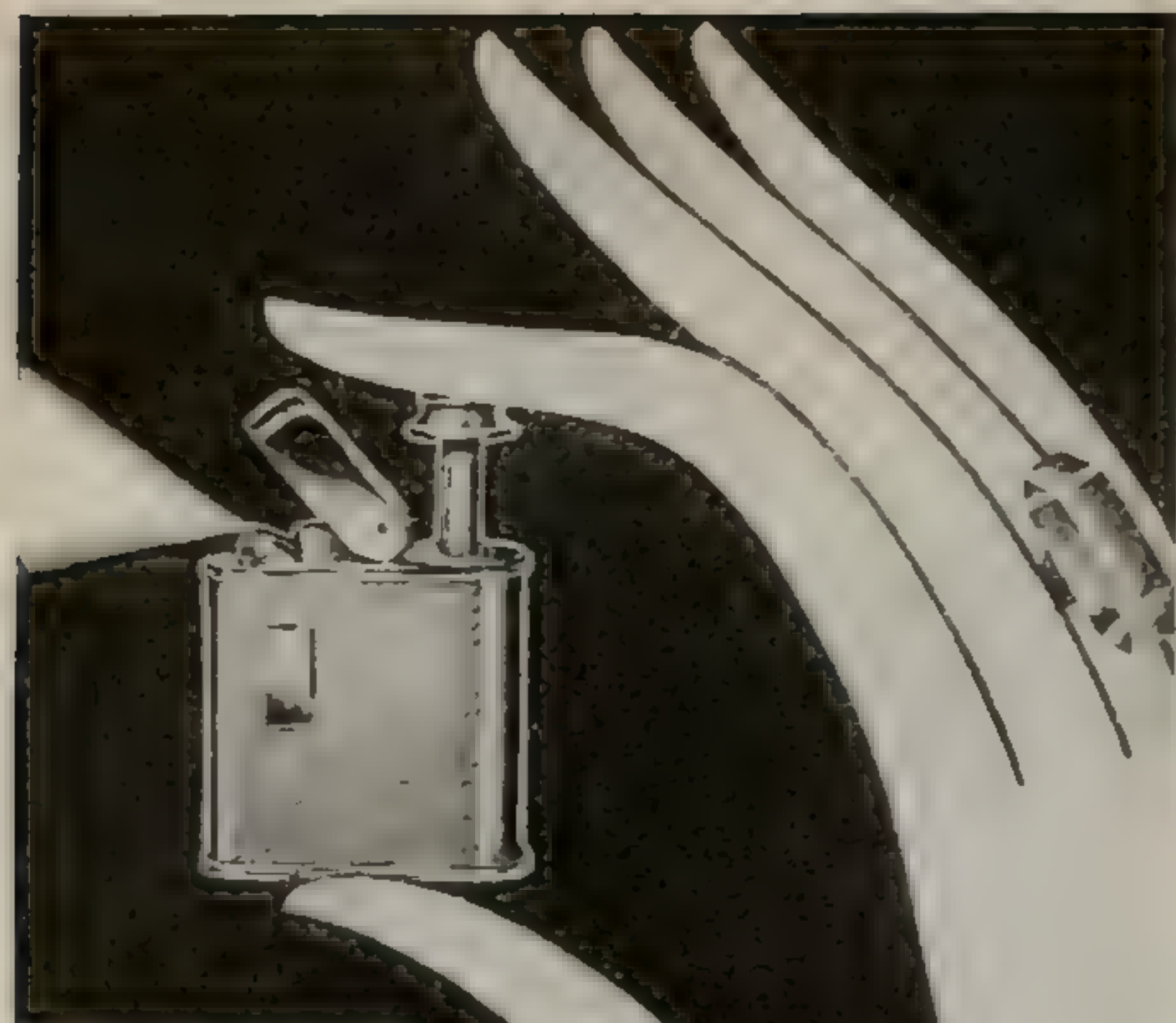


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Janet Is Back on the Job!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

away from the studio, a gesture that must have hurt her.

Because she has struggled so hard for it, success and work are Janet's gods.

She is a great believer in metaphysics and Ralph Waldo Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite" is her Bible.

UPON her return it became a game, with Janet as the pawn, between Lydell Peck and the Fox Studio.

At home Janet heard all the arguments about why she should remain away. She also learned that many girls were being groomed to take her place.

In the papers she read that other actresses were being assigned the rôles in pictures scheduled for her.

Gradually, she began to see that she was playing a losing game by holding out. She saw that beautiful, golden bird, success, winging its way to sunnier skies while she languished upon the beach. She could not sit calmly by and watch it fly.

At last the studio won. She talked terms again. They came to the "amicable agreement" of which she talks. She had lost the part of *Julie* as well as \$44,000.. She was offered her old place back and a rôle she coveted, that of the girl in "The Man Who Came Back."

So Janet came back. Janet and Charlie are to be together again. Janet is happy. She must work to be happy.

What part her husband will play in this new arrangement, how much he will be heeded, how long their marriage will last, remains to be seen.

The whispers of unhappiness in the Peck household have been numerous.

Janet and Lydell quarreled at a big party in the home of a studio executive.

It was rumored that Janet walked out of their beach home one night after a "scene." She did not return for such a long time that Lydell feared she had taken her own life. He called the police to search for her. So the story goes. Janet denies it.

Rumors have linked the names of Charlie Farrell and Janet for so long—ever since the memorable days of "7th Heaven." Yet, those who have known them for a long time say the two have never been in love with each other to the same degree at the same time. There must have been a time when Janet loved Charlie, and there must have been a time when Charlie loved Janet.

There must have been jealousy and the inevitable making-up. No one in the world was more pleased than Charlie when Janet returned to the Fox fold.

Recently Janet said to a PHOTOPLAY interviewer, "How can I say whether or not six months from today I will still be living with Lydell? I don't know. I can't even be sure that six months from today I will be with Fox. I live for today. Now that, no doubt, sounds as if I am considering a divorce, but I promise I am not."

IT would have been more encouraging had Janet said definitely that she was happy and would be happy ten years from now. Most brides of a year feel about that way on the subject.

But the important item is that we will no longer be denied a glimpse of that little, poignant face upon the screen, the joy of seeing those small, fluttering hands and the delight in the art of a truly great emotional actress.



Father Time gives Maurice Chevalier a glass of regular beer—and Maurice seems a little shocked! Is this the American influence on the French star? This was taken at the Paramount studio at Joinville, France, during Chevalier's visit to the French lot. He's been holidaying abroad with Mme. Chevalier

Bogy-Man Turns Actor!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

have been a loafer and a bum—but not now. He is an industrious worker, a prolific writer ever in hot pursuit of the great American dollar. He has written several novels, most of them supposedly autobiographical. Of this, however, there is some doubt. It is generally known in Hollywood, for instance, that his book, "Circus Parade," ostensibly a transcript of his life beneath the big tops, was originally written by an old circus man and subsequently revised by Tully and published under his own name.

WHILE he has written many biographies of Hollywood celebrities, in none of which he could find much good to say about them, he has seldom been known to gouge the eye that reads the scenarios or bite the hand that might, perchance, sign a scenario check, which creates the suspicion that perhaps his critical integrity has at times been warped by sound business expediency.

His consuming passion for the close-bitten epigram, his inability to pass up a telling smart-crack, has often carried him away from the truth.

There was, for example, his rather astonishing reference to Miss Greta Garbo as "a flat-chested Swede."

He is a professional snorter. Even in the old Alexandria bar days he sniffed and scoffed at the literary abilities of almost every known writer except Jim Tully and Theodore Dreiser—in the order named.

Having hoodwinked Hollywood so long, his repeated sneerings at what he regards as the low mentality of the average Hollywood mind can be excused.

BUT everything is going to be different now. Under the benign and civilizing influence of grease paint and the warming rays of incandescent lights, a great metamorphosis is going on. The worm—a figure of speech, I assure you—that reveled in the dust of the road and the squalor of the slums, that looked at life with a cinder in his eye, has passed through the chrysalis and is emerging with resplendent, kaleidoscopic wings—a Hollywood butterfly.

The penitent Plutarch is going in for this acting business in a big and serious way. His first picture is "Way for a Sailor," in support of his old sparring partner, Jack Gilbert—a strange situation that might embarrass a man less contrite than Mr. Tully.

Just what sort of an actor he is remains to be seen. The gentlemen of the Metro-Goldwyn studio, where he is employed, declare he is pretty awful. He finds acting much more difficult than he suspected when he said all

those mean things about it. The ordinarily brilliant Tully mind, it is said, cannot memorize lines—nor speak them properly once memorized. He is in constant conflict with his own hands and feet. In his first tests, his voice recorded but three tones lower than a boy soprano.

This initial picture calls for barroom brawls, sailors' fights and general rough stuff, all of which you might think would be right in his line. Such does not seem to be the case. He balked at letting Wallace Beery throw him off a boat into the water twenty feet below.

He receives a salary for acting of \$1,000 a week. This does not necessarily indicate his true ability as an actor for, as he has himself so aptly said, "Vast earning power is no criterion of mentality in Hollywood."

HAVING made enemies of almost everyone with whom he has come in contact he is now trying to make friends—but finds it harder to make friends than it was to make enemies.

People who invited him as a freak dropped him as a nuisance.

But worry not. Mr. Tully will get along. He has done very well so far. He will stick to this business of acting like glue because there is more money in it than in writing and Mr. Tully has bills and alimony to pay just like any other successful actor. He will no doubt be seen in other pictures as his theatrical agent is seeking further engagements for him.

His chief rivals, as he sees it, are the Messrs. Wolheim, Bancroft and Beery. He is certainly as tough-looking as they. The only advantage they seem to have over him is the ability to act. But perhaps I am wrong about that. Come to think of it, Jim Tully has been a very good actor right along.

All Hollywood waits with bated breath to see how far the civilizing influence of the studio stage will affect its newest devotee. Will he buy a necktie and wear it? Will he comb his hair? Will he purchase a hat? And wear it? Will he blossom forth in clothes that fit him instead of those that—purposely perhaps—do not? Will he clean up his conversation and stop talking through the corner of his mouth?

PROBABLY not. He cannot afford to. He must continue to be that which he has always been first and foremost—an ardent Jim Tully-ite. He dares not emerge from the character that has brought him where he is. For if he ceases to be a professional hard-boiled egg, stops criticizing everything and everybody—why then he'd just be a nice, ordinary, sentimental little fellow.

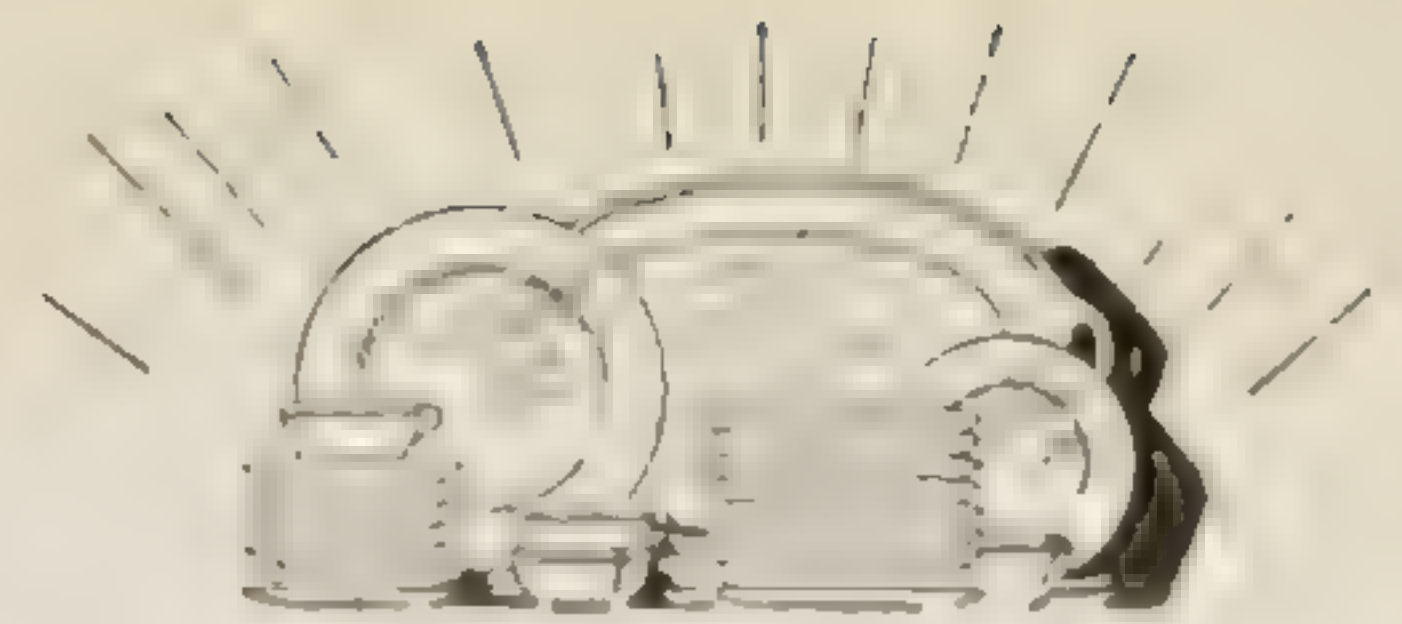
At least as he is he attracts attention.

November Birthdays

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November 2—Dennis King
November 3—Louise Huntington
November 4—Don Alvarado
November 5—Hugh Allan
November 7—Mona Maris, Alice Day, Joe Cobb
November 8—Marie Prevost
November 9—John Miljan, Marie Dressler
November 11—Raquel Torres, Roland Young
November 12—Gwen Lee, Jack Oakie
November 13—Gertrude Olmsted
November 14—Lottice Howell
November 15—Lewis Stone

November 16—Lawrence Tibbett
November 17—Leone Lane, Edna Murphy, Betty Bronson
November 18—Frances Marion
November 19—Nancy Carroll
November 20—Robert Armstrong, Reginald Denny
November 21—Jobyna Ralston
November 22—Charles Mack
November 25—Margaret Livingston, Vera Reynolds
November 26—Frances Dee
November 29—Rod LaRocque
November 30—Jacqueline Logan

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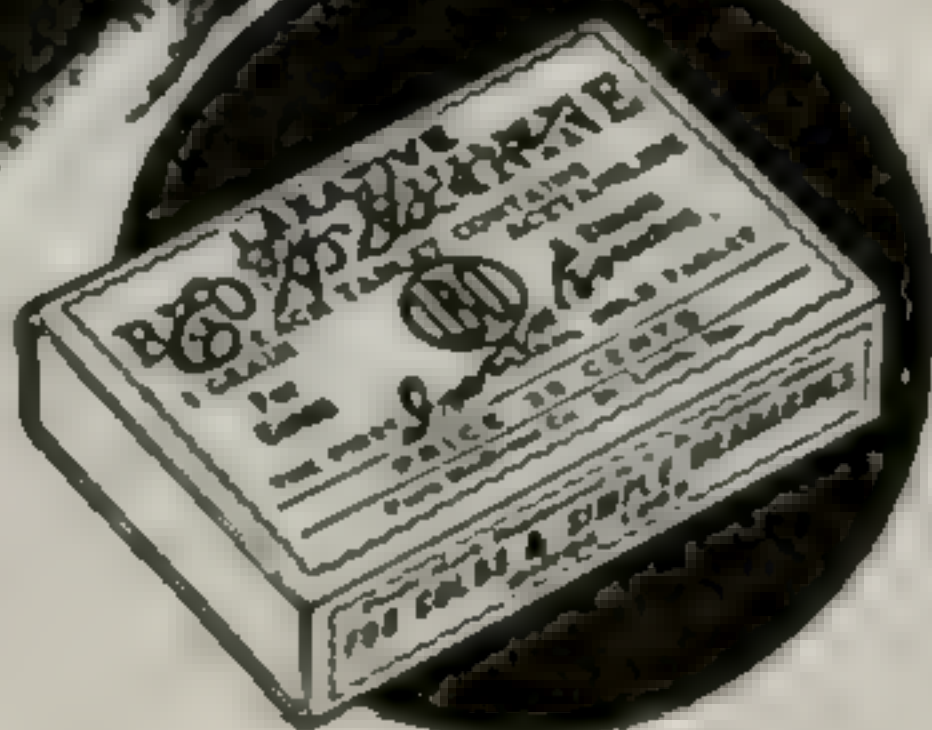
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"Young Doug"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

his—but wives'll understand this sort of thing. She just loves him for it.

He never hung a suit on a suit hanger in his life. Joan does that for him. She sees to it, too, that his things go to the cleaners. Doug never thinks of it himself. "He imagines that they get up and walk to the cleaners of their own accord, I suppose," Joan surmises.

HE'S crazy about silk dressing gowns, and has a lot of them. Joan gives him a new one every birthday, and several between birthdays. When he gets a new one, he immediately discards his old ones, and wears the new one all the time, until he gets another new one.

There's always one laid out for him, in the living room, when he gets home—a dressing gown, lounging pajamas, slippers and his pipe. If Joan's home, she attends to it, and if she isn't, she's got the servants trained to see to it. Doug loves to get into that sort of an outfit when he comes home, but if he didn't find them laid out, he'd never go to the trouble of getting them out for himself.

He's quite a versatile chap. Acting isn't any great love in his life; it's a means to an end. It's the most convenient and efficient method of making a great deal of money. But among the things he loves to do, and does for the sheer enjoyment of it, is writing poetry, sketching, painting, modeling. He's an artist. His prose has been published by famous magazines; he is publishing a book of his poems, illustrated by himself. He's temperamental about his arts.

One day, for instance, he was working on a drawing for his book of poems. He had been at it for hours—an intricate background with a lot of pen-work. Joan called him to dinner, and he unwillingly left the unfinished drawing. When he went back to it, and resumed, the ink dried a different hue and didn't match up with his earlier work. He flew into a tantrum and was just about to slosh a big brushful of ink right across the picture when Joan grabbed his arm and stopped him. She hid the picture until he got over his peeve, and then he finished it and it was all right.

ANOTHER time, he had been working on a clay bust. He hadn't any wire framework inside it. It was almost finished, when a big

truck rumbled through the street outside the house. The vibration shook the soft clay bust a bit squeegee. Doug picked it up and hurled it across the room and that finished that.

He's twenty-three years old.

He's got what Joan calls a "Napoleonic complex." It tickles her. It manifests itself in his desire to be leader in whatever's going on. He likes to officiate as master of ceremonies at parties, and is happy when he can be leader in a follow-the-leader party at his dad's beach place. Then he always sets tremendous stunts, and is overjoyed when he can't be followed. A pet trick is for him to climb up on the roof of the house, leap down onto an awning, slide down the awning and kersplash into papa's swimming pool.

"JUST a chip off the old block," and it'll make him mad as a hornet to read that.

On parties, he's always called on for his imitations. Doug Junior's imitations are a Hollywood party institution. He does John Barrymore, John Gilbert, Richard Barthelmess and Doug Senior, and does them well.

He adores dancing. With Joan. He likes to make speeches, too. Playing jokes on people he loves is another diversion that appeals to him. When Doug and Joan visit Joan's mother, you can almost always count on Doug to sneak up behind mother-in-law and tickle her ribs or slap her playfully on the back when she's least expecting it. He particularly likes to tickle her when he can catch her carrying some dishes or breakables.

HE likes going to movies. Two or three times a week, and his favorite actors are Barthelmess and Leslie Howard. His favorite actress is Joan Crawford, but he criticizes her fiercely on her screen performances. He's ambitious to some day direct as well as act, and plans, at the expiration of his two-years-to-go contract with First National to have his father produce his pictures. He hopes his father will let him direct them as well as act them. He also aspires to do very serious, heavy rôles, but realizes that comedy is perhaps a better bet for him now.

His poetry is exquisite imagery, but he



All the comforts of the home studio for the lucky leading ladies at Fox, since this make-up room on wheels was delivered. Where the troupers go, it goes. Beside the two experts in white, the little actresses are, left to right, Claire Luce, Helen Cohan, Joyce Compton, and Maureen O'Sullivan

shows no more imagination in his food than a longshoreman.

Thursday is the cook's night off. He takes Joan out to dinner. Invariably, every Thursday night out for the past two years, Doug orders *filet mignon* with mushrooms, potatoes *au gratin* and asparagus hollandaise. He detests desserts, and won't eat tomatoes in any form—sliced, cooked, sauce, soup or what have you. When they're giving dinner parties, Joan always has to sneak out into the kitchen before dinner is served to be sure there's no hint of tomato in anything for Doug.

He'd have potatoes *au gratin* seven nights a week, four weeks a month, twelve months a year if he had his own way. Joan won't let him have them more than twice a week though. She says he likes them that way so much that it'd be a shame to spoil his enjoyment of the dish by letting him have it too often.

HE loves nice things around the house but hasn't the slightest idea of true values. Joan bought two framed samplers—you know those needlework things little girls used to make when they wore pantaloons. She paid fifty dollars apiece for them. Doug came home and saw them hanging on the wall.

"What's those?" he asked.

She told him.

"How much did you pay for them?"

She told him.

He thought she was crazy.

A few nights later, some guests were in. Doug suddenly leaped to his feet and dragged them over to see the samplers. "Aren't those swell?" he demanded. "Aren't they great?" Now he thinks they're the finest things in the house. In short, he doesn't know fine things when he first sees them, but when he learns about them and gets acquainted with them, he loves them.

He loves to be massaged. When Joan wants to make him feel particularly happy, she has a *masseur* come to the house in the evening.

Doug doesn't play bridge. He never learned, because he doesn't want to know how. As long as he doesn't know how, he can't be asked to play. People stare at him when he first tells them he doesn't know how to play bridge, but he doesn't mind that.

He has cultivated the ability to snatch a few minutes' sleep on the set. It relaxes him. He can drop into a chair between scenes, with hammers going, bells ringing, people shouting and all sorts of racket going on about him, and be sound asleep in half a minute. And so soundly asleep that his fellow-workers have taken to practical jokes. Like lighting a crumpled newspaper under his chair to wake him up.

Traveling is one of his greatest delights. Joan doesn't like to travel, but she loves Doug so much that she'd travel anywhere with him. Doug has his next ten years' travel plans all laid out. They cover the world, beginning with two successive seasons in Europe, and then proceeding to the Orient, South Seas and all the rest of the places one wants to go.

HE loves deep discussions and friendly arguments. He likes to wait to see what side of a question will be taken by the person he's talking with. Then he'll take the other side and argue it out to a fare-you-well. When he's thinking deeply, he always strokes the tip of his nose with his thumb and forefinger. Joan's afraid it'll give him a button on the end of his nose if he doesn't cut it out.

He used to wear his hair very long in back. One day he got a fan letter with a half-dollar in it. "Enclosed find fifty cents," it read. "Please get a haircut." Now he wears it cut very short in back.

He wants to raise a moustache same day, but Joan won't let him.

He can always think of a snappy comeback for the motorcycle cop who stops him for a bawling out. But he never thinks of it until about ten minutes after the cop has gone on his way again.

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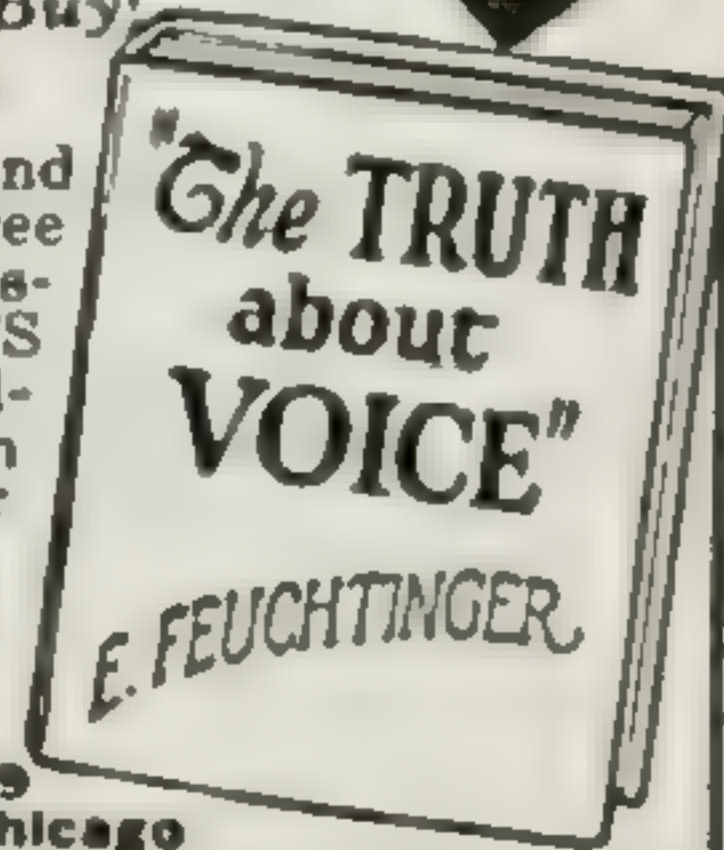
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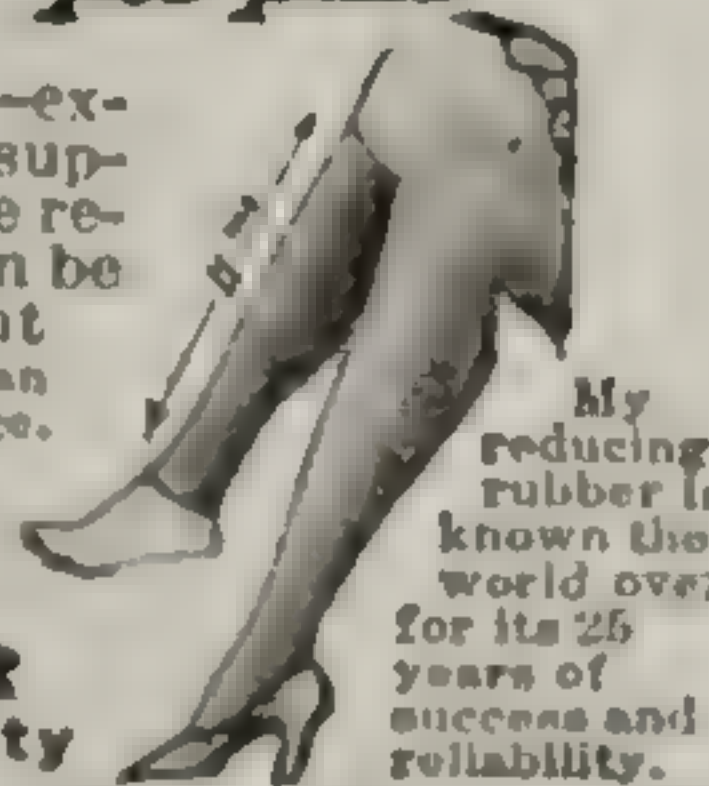
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Hollywood Children of Divorce

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

little fellows, Creighton, Jr., and Bobby, were born, seven servants and a Long Island home sheltered them from the cold world. Now they live modestly, supported by a man who is no kin to them. The blond hero father is out of the picture.

THE status of the Chaplin children has been considerably changed by the divorce of their parents. Though each child has an income of four hundred dollars a month from trust funds, they get little advantage from it, for the children are being raised without nurses or tutors, by their grandmother and great-grandmother while their mother is almost continually absent on vaudeville tours. Those close to Charlie say that he is very unhappy over the lack of discipline in the children, but he is able to do nothing about it on the occasional visits he has with the little ones.

They live not in the home of their mother, for that is rented furnished, but as guests in the home of the great-grandmother, Mrs. Curry.

They have every creature comfort, but none of the advantages that their money could bring them in the way of training from nurses with unsentimental ideas of discipline.

Both children are bright enough to absorb much from proper outside teaching. The talent and temperament of their father shines through the curly-headed brown-eyed beauty given them by their mother.

Lita Grey herself was a child of divorce, raised from a tender age in the care of her mother in Hollywood, and making her first appearance as a child of eleven as the angel in "The Kid," the Chaplin picture that gave Jackie Coogan to the world of fans.

Away from the outlook that only a father can contribute to the raising of a daughter, Lita suffered from a broken home. Her own father, Robert MacMurray, of Wichita, Kans., has never seen his daughter since she was two-and-a-half years old. At sixteen she married Chaplin, poorly equipped by temperament and training to be the wife of one of the most complex and temperamental personalities of our times.

She was still taking lessons in algebra and geography after her marriage, to satisfy the demands of the board of education.

An interesting item in the provision made by Chaplin in the trust fund settlement for the children is the mention that the children will not come into the capital of the trust until the youngest reaches the age of thirty-five.

Lita got \$625,000 for herself. The settlement also provides that Charlie may see the children at will, and that when they become older he may take them on trips.

When one of the children breaks into a fit of temper, which is pretty often, the grandmother smiles placidly and says, "Yes, they're full of temperament, just like their mother and father."

Lita's temperament had a large cash value, and one can only hope the astute grandmother will do as well with the grandsons as she did with the daughter.

WILLIAM S. HART settled the largest sum of money on his son that had ever been settled on a child in Hollywood, and this \$100,000 settlement has only been equalled by Charles Chaplin since, though there have been many wealthier parents divorced since Hart's time.

Hart settled the money on the boy in the form of a trust fund, four months before the child's birth. At that time the mother insisted on sole care and custody of the child, as is shown by the insert in her handwriting on the document. The \$102,000

awarded the wife at the time of the divorce was for herself alone.

When Joan Bennett divorced her husband, John Marion Fox, in August, 1928, she obtained custody of her daughter, Adrienne, aged five months, and fifty dollars a month for the support of the child. Since that time, Fox, though of a wealthy family, has been sued by Miss Bennett for the money which she says he has not paid.

In the spring of this year, Miss Bennett sued to collect back money for the child, and has tried to secure the small support money in some permanent manner. The husband has married a Seattle heiress since, and it looks as if the entire raising and care of the little one will be in the hands of Joan.

THE child of Eric Von Stroheim by a former marriage has been supported at the rate of seventy-five dollars a week since the divorce in 1919, when the child was three. Nevertheless his mother has had him working in pictures at intervals.

The divorce had included no alimony for her, as that had been agreed on.

In 1924, when the child was seven years of age, Von applied to Judge Keetch and Judge Summerfield to have the support money decreased, and asked for an accounting of the money as he felt the money had been diverted from the child's use.

Judge Keetch denied the application, in spite of Von's attorney telling that he had borrowed on his life insurance to secure money to keep up the payments. As he had, at this time, his mother, a crippled brother, another wife and child, Von Stroheim was in financial difficulties.

The judge said, "I denied this application because of the best interest of the little boy. Von Stroheim has been earning a large sum, \$31,000 a year with his Goldwyn contract, and he will earn \$1,000 a week when he acts in his pictures and is to receive twenty-five per cent of the net profits. . . . As a father prospers so his obligation to his children grows. . . . A man should be willing to take care of his first wife and their issue in proportion to the money he is now earning. The children of a first marriage are emphatically entitled to just as many opportunities as the children of subsequent marriages."

It has been with the bitterest opposition from Von Stroheim that his child by the former marriage has been working in pictures. However, there was nothing in the contract with his former wife, May Jones Von Stroheim, over the child that can prevent this state of affairs.

This idea that a child and former wife are entitled to support in accordance with what the father and husband earns was carried out in the Reginald Denny divorce arrangements, when money was awarded to Mrs. Irene Haisman Denny and their fifteen-year-old daughter, Barbara, on the basis of \$1,000 a week as long as Denny makes \$3,000 a week. When that happy state of affairs ceases, the money allowance drops with the salary.

MARSHALL NEILAN, known to fans as a leading man before he became a noted director, when he was divorced from his wife, Gertrude Bambrick, also an actress, in 1920, agreed to pay fifty dollars a week for the support of his son, Marshall, Jr., in addition to the alimony awarded. Neilan has access to the child at intervals.

John Gilbert, according to the terms of the divorce that separated him and Leatrice Joy in 1924, agreed to pay fifty dollars a month for the support of his child until her majority. At that time, Leatrice was the big star in the

family, as John had only begun to click. This was in addition to alimony of \$300 a month for Leatrice.

To date Leatrice has been able to supply every advantage to the child, even to adopting another little girl for a sister, to create a natural family environment.

THE daughter of Tom Mix, Ruth Jane Mix, was supported by Tom on an allowance of \$250 a month. Thomasina, the child of the last and present marriage, has lived on a much more lavish scale than that. Ruth played in pictures at the age of thirteen, travelled in vaudeville, capitalizing her parentage, from the age of six, when the divorce took place between Tom and Olive Stokes Mix. There was no arrangement to protect the child's interest in this matter of not working or using her father's name for advertising.

The outcome of this ill-advised childhood is that the girl became careless with money and when she married Douglas Gilmore recently, although only seventeen, her father cut off her allowance entirely.

Tom had been disgusted with lawsuits over her unpaid debts.

Julie Jane Cruze, child of Marguerite Snow and Jim Cruze, was supported by her father at the rate of twenty-five dollars a week, according to the terms of the settlement in 1923. A child of Jim Cruze today, with his financial rating what it is as a producer, would doubtless be awarded more by a court. Julie Jane is now seventeen; she has been attending a boarding school in Pasadena near Jim's home, where he has seen her often. He is very proud of her ability as a writer, which is beginning to blossom.

When William Powell and his wife, Jule M. Powell, were divorced in January, 1930, the custody of the child, William David, was given to the mother, to be shared with the father after the child reaches the age of six. The financial settlement, of which no terms have been published, for both mother and child, is said to be most generous. Bill adores his child, who is a very handsome youngster. He visits him frequently at the military academy which he attends.

When Florence Vidor and King Vidor separated in 1925, Florence said in her statement to Judge Gates: "I don't want any alimony; I only want custody of our daughter, Suzanne, and a decree of divorce." King married Eleanor Boardman not long after, and now has two daughters. It is interesting to note that the first caller on the new baby, when Eleanor had her first, was Florence Vidor. Suzanne has Jascha Heifetz as her new papa, and the stork recently brought her a third half sister. As for the money settlement or lack of it, Suzanne has wanted for nothing, as her mother had been very successful until her retirement. This, despite the fact that King was only too eager to do everything in his power and showers the little girl with expensive presents.

WHEN Gloria Swanson was divorced by her husband, Herbert Somborn, in January, 1925, he claimed desertion and said Gloria's ambition had broken up their home.

Nevertheless Gloria was awarded the custody of the child, with the understanding in court that a trust fund for the care of the child was to be established with each parent contributing.

This was a wise provision, for, aside from what the father might or might not be able to do in the future, Gloria is well known to be prodigal with her money, and often in difficulties.

If the future of the child should ever become dependent on this fund, it will be there; and that day may come if Gloria ceases to be a money-maker at any time.

Agnes Ayres, when she divorced her Mexican husband, Manuel Reach, made no claims on him for herself or the child. The child is in the custody of the mother, at the mother's

expense; the father may see it twice a week, and gets a monthly report on the baby's welfare. Maria Eugenia is five now. On occasional visits, Reach has accompanied his former wife to the Hollywood Progressive School, where they both rapturously watched little Maria Eugenia perform her part in the childish program.

LILA LEE is now fighting in the courts to regain the custody of her little six-year-old son by James Kirkwood. The two separated two years ago, the mother leaving the child with his father.

They are now divorced. A property settlement was effected at the time.

When the couple announced the separation was permanent, newspapers carried the story that Lila had moved four doors away to the home of her friend, Mary Nolan, and that she had access to the child at all times.

In May of this year Lila filed suit to regain custody of the child; it has not as yet been settled. The father hopes to keep the child; he adores him and has him with him continually. One of the permanent guests on the recent location trip of "The Spoilers" was little Jimmie, playing about on the beach, or watching his father gravely while he enacted his scenes before the camera.

When Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay were divorced in Paris, in January, 1927, the custody of the child, Mary Hay Barthelmess, then four, was shared for six months each year with each parent. Dick has had the baby with him since March, 1926. His sole comment on hearing of the divorce was, "I hope I will be able to retain the custody of our daughter."

In the autumn of 1926, Dick had invited Mary to visit the child. She did. Mary Hay married an Englishman, Vivian Bath, in April, 1927.

When she passed through Los Angeles on her honeymoon on her way to Singapore, her husband's home, she saw the child, but left her with Dick, with whom she has remained ever since.

Since Dick's second marriage to Jessica Sargent, who has made him very happy, he has become stepfather to her little boy, Stewart; and the two children are being raised very happily together.

While many of the children of divorce have suffered financially from the separation of their parents, the biggest loss seems to be the sentimental one.

Few parents, at the time of the divorce, stop to think seriously of the welfare of the children involved, beyond the financial provision that they make for them. However, there are some interesting cases where this matter has been gone into.

WILLIAM S. HART, when he made the settlement with his wife prior to the birth of the child in 1922, insisted that her settlement also in the trust fund should be dependent on her not working on the screen, and on her devoting herself personally to the care of the child that would be born. Bill believes firmly in old-fashioned mothers who care for their own children.

Mrs. Hart later tried to break this proviso of the trust, but it was upheld in court, and she did not return to work until after the privilege of working was awarded her again under the terms of the divorce in 1927, when the trust became hers with no provisos, and the boy was five.

Further clauses in the boy's trust fund say that the child may not be used in motion pictures during the life of the trust, and that the money is for his care and support and education, subject to the approval of his father, and that he may not be taken out of the United States.

In every way the child's welfare is guaranteed by the fact that the money in the trust returns to his father when any of the terms of the trust are violated.

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Hart's only error which he has keenly felt since was in granting complete custody to the mother as the boy, who is a bright, handsome child, with his father's powerful physique, needs a father's care and love.

His mother has insisted on raising him like a dainty French doll, and with his grandmother as head of the house, petticoat government gets pretty intense for a big, lively boy.

That the boy, too, feels the want of a father is demonstrated by the story of a family friend, who asked little Bill what he wanted for Christmas last year. The little fellow answered, "I want to see my father." The same serious keen-eyed glance of his father accompanied his request. It was not granted, for the only terms under which the mother will agree to allow the father to see the child, are that she be present at their meeting. Bill has felt that such a scene might be too distressing for the child's good.

HART thus is shut off entirely from his child. At the time that Hart was invited to attend the dedication of a statue of himself made in bronze, entitled "The Range Rider of the Yellowstone" at Billings, Montana, he attempted to make arrangements to take his boy with him, as it was perhaps the biggest single event of his life. Permission was indignantly refused. It was a great loss for the boy, as it would have been a high spot in his memory all his life. It was very sad for Bill Hart, and, one can only feel, not just. The mother, grandmother, and child have been supported entirely on Hart's money ever since before the birth of the child, with the exception of the money received by the wife in a single rôle in a picture.

Francis X. Bushman had the privilege of having his children by his first marriage with him for a part of every year. A strange situation rose at one time, when, in 1922, the first wife came to Los Angeles with the children to visit Bushman, then married to Beverly Bayne.

The wife stayed at a hotel, but the five children descended on the Bushman-Bayne ménage, where there was no servant at the time, and Beverly Bayne was taking care of her own fourteen-months-old child, Richard. The Bushman children liked Beverly very well, and said so.

The fair attitude taken by the first Mrs. Bushman and by the father, Francis X., towards their children, is responsible for the fact that the children have maintained their contact with their father, have lived with him at intervals, and have been helped with his advice in their lives and picture work.

When the second divorce, that from Beverly Bayne, took place, Bushman paid twenty-five dollars a week for the maintenance of the child, and contributed \$100 a month towards a cumulative trust fund of \$10,000. The father can see the child twice a week, and neither parent can take young Richard out of the state without the written consent of the other. The money Bushman contributes is contingent on his boy retaining the name of Bushman.

The child is living with his mother in Long Island.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and his son are another example of how tolerance and good will between parents can work to the advantage of the child. Young Doug, though he underwent hardships through the loss of the money his mother received for his care, grew to know his father better after he came to Hollywood, and when he set out on a career in earnest after that early experience in films, gained much advice and help.

Doug Senior was very much disappointed that the boy did not complete his education first, but now that the boy has done so well with his career, he is reconciled to it.

The two play golf, talk shop, and have a grand time together.

The funniest story is quoted from Mary Pickford in this regard of Doug's father and stepfather, as his mother is now married again. One day not long ago over at United Artists when Mary was still working on "Forever Yours" young Doug said, "I hear my father is to play in 'Reaching for the Moon'"; and Mary answered, "Yes, it seems one of your fathers will have the rôle." The present husband of Doug, Jr.'s, mother is Jack Whiting, stage actor, who had been originally slated for the rôle that passed from stepfather to father.

THIS matter of famous fathers of the children of divorce would not be complete without a story about De Wolfe Hopper and Hedda Hopper, the mother of his sixteen-year-old son, Bill. Hedda is a clever, handsome woman with a clear vision of things as they are. Since her separation years ago from the famous comedian, the care of the child and his financial needs have fallen on her, as Hopper was never the type to accumulate money.

A friend who was at their home last Christmas tells that Hopper made a visit to the boy, the first in many years, on Christmas Day, as he happened to be in town during the course of his work on a film. Hedda, surrounded by a *coterie* of clever and amusing folks, was holding an informal open house when De Wolfe arrived. "In half an hour," relates the friend, "the house was his; he was the center of attention; they were his guests, and he was serving them. The boy, Bill, was watching him with the rapt eyes of one discovering a divinity. He was drinking in every word. He had never seen or heard anything or anyone quite like this man, his father."

Hedda was most happy to have the boy see his father so, and to have him proud of his father. She feels it will mean a great deal to the boy in the future to have this mental picture of his father at his best.

One could go on multiplying incidents about these absorbing human experiences of interesting people; but one thing stands out. Their children are not going to be any ordinary children. Their heritage of talent and the lives they have lived, crammed full to overflowing with experiences, and impressions of

life at a tender age, are bound to have some very interesting results.

Some of our most brilliant film stars are themselves children of divorce. Gloria Swanson is a child of divorce; her mother married again. Marilyn Miller, born Reynolds, came of divorced parents; not only that, but the stepfather whom she had from the age of two, and whose name she bears, was also divorced by her mother after he had helped develop Marilyn in a most successful career. He was the authority for her contract when she signed with the Winter Garden when she was under age. After the divorce, it was shown he had no real legal authority to sign the contract for her as he was only a stepfather, and it was broken. Then Marilyn went to Ziegfeld. A couple of years ago, Marilyn and her sister were instrumental in uniting their mother and Caro Miller, the man they had known as a father. Both he and her mother were stage folk.

Harold Lloyd is another child of divorce; and his father was his help and mainstay, being both father and mother to him through his boyhood and his early career in pictures, even handling his business affairs for him.

Jack Gilbert is an outstanding example of a child from a divorced family. Of a sensitive nature, the vicissitudes of his early life made a deep imprint on him, and made him a better actor than he probably would have been if he had had a father that sprinkled the lawn evenings, and a mother that made good chocolate cake.

JOAN, Constance and Barbara Bennett, all talented and successful, are children of divorce.

While they all have had stormy matrimonial careers, they are certainly successful in their chosen fields. Born of Adrienne Morrison, herself a successful actress, and Richard Bennett, they are all temperamental individualists, both by heredity and environment.

If life can be defined as a series of experiences, then these children of divorce are having life in great draughts; who knows what genius for poetry, for art, for the drama, may not be developed and shaped for true worth and accomplishment among these Hollywood children of divorce?

Foreigners Welcome

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

George Lewis is repeating the George O'Brien Western rôles in Spanish. Jose Mojica and Mona Maris also made a Spanish print of "One Mad Kiss." Other Fox pictures will be made in different tongues.

OF course, many of these foreign productions will be shown in American cities with large alien population. There are many theaters in New York, Chicago and New Orleans with audiences for these pictures. Los Angeles has an elaborate theater, dedicated to the international screen, with offerings in Spanish, German, Italian and French, as well as English.

Jose Bohr, a favorite of South American and Cuban audiences, is one of the first of the new contingents to make an appearance in English after stowing away two in Spanish. His American film is called "The Road to Romance," and it will later be translated into Spanish. He has been called the South American Chevalier, so his appearance may portend something of importance. Bohr has taken on the aspect of permanency and has built a big hilltop home in true movie fashion. There are parties for the Spanish colony with "caliente" food, tango bands from the Argentine, and tarantellas.

Marlene Dietrich, the German star, will make her first appearance in the land of so-

called freedom in "Morocco." She will also make French and German versions. This lovely *frau* is a bit like Garbo with a lush, exotic type of beauty, and her English is excellent.

Lotti Loder has already attracted attention in her first two American appearances, the productions of "Oh Sailor, Behave" and "A Soldier's Plaything." The vivacious Lotti was transplanted from the city of the Danube to Hollywood. She was discovered by a Warner Brothers executive while she was dancing in a Budapest café.

Andre Luguet, at M-G-M, will also appear on the American screen after being cast in the French version of "Men of the North" and "The Green Ghost." Luguet is young and handsome and was educated in England. His family, by the way, is the royal house of the French theater, contrasted to the Barrymore aristocracy of America.

PARAMOUNT has a Spanish counterpart for William Powell, Ramon Pereda, and he has appeared in the Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case." In type, Pereda is not unlike Powell.

Rosita Moreno, a popular dancing star on the stage, and an exceptionally beautiful girl, is having her second fling at the films. Two years ago she was placed under contract to



After the game



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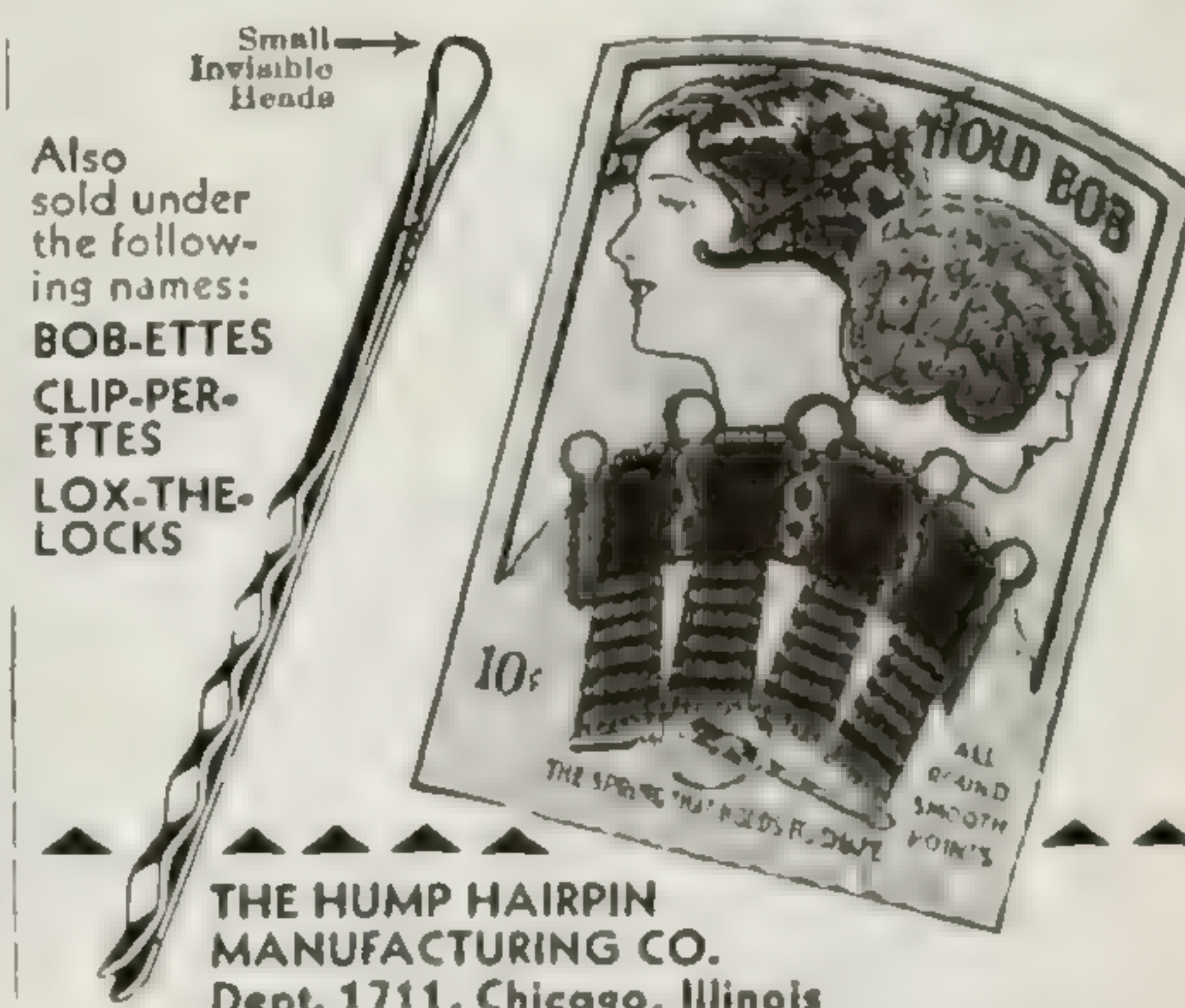
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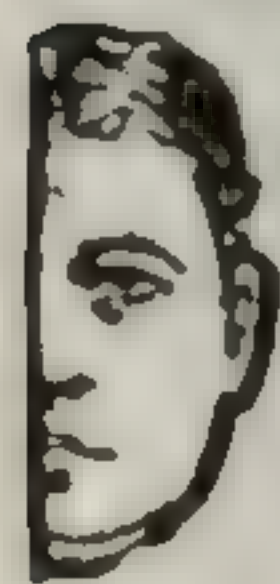
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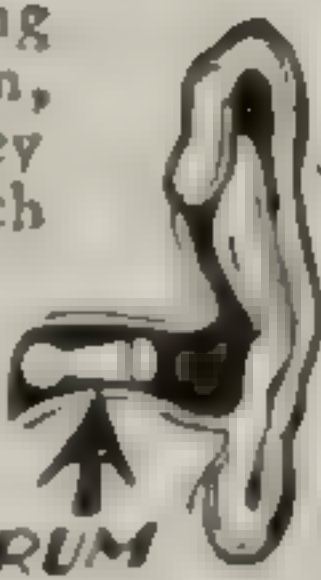


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Two of the mighty meet on the set! Harold Lloyd pays a visit to the set
where Maurice Chevalier is making "Playboy of Paris." "Bon jour!"
says Hal. "Howdy!" says Maurice

United Artists. By one of those strange twists
of fate that could not possibly happen any place
but in Hollywood, she never faced a camera.

The powers that be at the studio considered
her too much like Dolores Del Rio. Rosita is
a Paramount player, now. Another possibility
on that lot is young Nino Martini, a handsome
Italian with a glorious voice. Right now he is
having a little difficulty with English. When
he first arrived he could only say "Hello." Now
he can say "So long, see you later." Now
that's progress, or isn't it?

CARBO continues to be a tremendous draw-
ing card in the American cinema temples.
Her first phonoplays, "Anna Christie" and
"Romance," may have excited a difference of
opinion, but it was all good for the box-office.
Garbo will make German versions of both
these films. Theo Shall, a well known German
leading man, supports her in the rôle played
originally by Charles Bickford in "Anna
Christie." Shall has been given a long-term
contract, as has Nora Gregor, who will play
the Norma Shearer rôle in the German "The
Trial of Mary Dugan."

Ramon Novarro is both acting and directing
a foreign production of "Call of the Flesh,"
which has already flickered on the screens of
this country.

Absolutely undaunted by the rather cool
reception given John Gilbert in "His Glorious
Night," M-G-M is producing three foreign ver-
sions of the piece, to be called its original title,
"Olympia." Jose Crespo, in the Spanish, looks
startlingly like Gilbert. Crespo, coming to the
first attention of the fans in "Revenge," has
been visiting in Mexico. The visit turned into
many months as passport difficulties arose.
Now he is back in the midst of foreign pictures.
He is one of the handsomest of the Spanish
juveniles. Maria Alba, also extremely popular
with the studios now, is his leading lady in the
original Catherine Dale Owen assignment.

A young lady, well known on the French

stage, is appearing opposite Chevalier in the
French print of "Playboy of Paris." Her
name is Yvonne Vallee, and in private life she
is none other than Mrs. Chevalier. Her hus-
band, it might just be noted in passing, is an-
other foreigner who has made good.

Paramount will shortly make foreign prints
of "The Sea God." That studio has completed
a Spanish version of "Slightly Scarlet," with
Rosita Moreno in the Evelyn Brent rôle.

But as large as the foreign colony is at the
moment it is not great enough to care for the
increasing output of pictures destined for coun-
tries beyond our shores.

Players, not new to Hollywood, but pro-
ficient in languages, are constantly in demand,
and at large salaries. If they had a vogue
during silent days, so much the better—they
are already known to the fans. Antonio
Moreno is working all the time, and Tony was
quite definitely slipping as far as the American
screen was concerned. Young players like
Raquel Torres, Maria Alba and Gilbert Roland
have a greater chance than ever before.

The Spanish colony is the largest in Holly-
wood, just as the Spanish market is the most
important. Los Angeles itself has an enormous
Spanish population. Even so, M-G-M is hav-
ing a difficult time to find an accomplished
dramatic actress with the capabilities of a
Chatterton or a Frederick, to assume the rôle
of *Madam X* in Spanish. Italians are in the
greatest minority in the colony. Lillian Savin
and Franco Cosaro are important members of
Hollywood's "Little Italy."

OF course, tea is served every afternoon in
numerous homes of the British colony on
the cinema coast—but you can't really include
the English in a story of the foreign colony.
The English have been here so long that they
seem like native sons and daughters of the
Golden West.

And, after all, even the Texas stars are work-
ing hard trying to remember that Oxford A.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ARE YOU THERE?"—Fox.—From the story by Harlan Thompson. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Shirley Travis, Beatrice Lillie; Geoffrey, John Garrick; Countess Helenka, Olga Baclanova; Duke of St. Pancras, George Grossmith; Barbara Blythe, Jillian Sand; Hostler, Lloyd Hamilton; Barber, Roger Davis; International Crooks, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Nicholas Soussanin, Richard Alexander, Henry Victor; Page, Paula Langlen.

"BIG TRAIL, THE"—Fox.—From the story by Hal G. Evarts. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: Breck Coleman, John Wayne; Ruth Cameron, Marguerite Churchill; Gussie, El Brendel; Zeke, Tully Marshall; Red Flack, Tyrone Power; Dave Cameron, David Rollins; Pa Bascom, Frederick Burton; Lopez, Charles Stevens; Windy Bill, Russ Powell; Gussie's Mother-in-Law, Louise Carver; Wellmore, William V. Mong; Abigail, Dodo Newton; Sid Bascom, Ward Bond; Mrs. Riggs, Marcia Harris; Mary Riggs, Marjorie Leet; Sairey, Emslie Emerson; Ohio Man, Frank Rainboth; Ohio Man's Son, Andy Shufford; Honey Girl, Helen Parrish.

"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK"—WARNERS.—From the play by Walter Hackett. Screen play by Maude Fulton. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: Poppy, Mary Brian; Anna Valeska, Kay Strozz; Ambrose Applejohn, John Halliday; Aunt Agatha, Louise Closser Hale; Lush, Alec B. Francis; John Jason, Claud Allister; Mrs. Pengard, Julia Swayne Gordon; Ivan Borolsky, Arthur Edmund Carew; Mr. Pengard, Otto Hoffman; Dennett, William Davidson.

"CAPTAIN THUNDER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Harold Davitt and Pierre Coudere. Adapted by Gordon Rigby. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: Captain Thunder, Victor Varconi; Ynez, Fay Wray; Commandante Ruiz, Charles Judels; Morgan, Robert Elliott; Pablo, Bert Roach; Hank, Frank Campeau; Juan, Don Alvarado; Pedro, John Sainpolis; Miguel, Robert Emmett Keane; Anita, Natalie Moorhead.

"COLLEGE LOVERS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Baldwin. Adapted by Douglas Doty. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: Frank Taylor, Jack Whiting; Madge Hutton, Marian Nixon; Al "Tiny" Courtley, Guinn Williams; Eddie Smith, Russell Hopton; Coach Donovan, Wade Boteler; "Speed" Haskins, Frank McHugh; Josephine, Phyllis Crane; Gene Hutton, Richard Tucker.

"DOORWAY TO HELL, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Rowland Brown. Adapted by George Rosener. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: Louis Ricardo, Lewis Ayres; Sam Margoni, Charles Judels; Doris, Dorothy Mathews; Jackie LaMarr, Leon Janney; Captain O'Grady, Robert Elliott; Steve Mileaway, James Cagney; Captain of Military Academy, Kenneth Thomson; Joe, Jerry Mandy; Rocco, Noel Madison.

"DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by David Belasco. Adapted by Sam Taylor. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: Jeanette Vaubernier, later "Madame Du Barry," Norma Talmadge; Louis XV, King of France, William Farnum; Cosse de Brissac, Conrad Nagel; Duc de Brissac, Hobart Bosworth; Jean Du Barry, Ulrich Haupt; La Gourdan, Allison Skipworth; Denys, E. Alyn Warren; Renal, Edgar Norton; Maupeou, Edwin Maxwell; d'Aiguillon, Henry Kolker.

"GOING WILD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the

story by James Montgomery. Adapted by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Rusty Smith, Joe E. Brown; Jack Lane, Lawrence Gray; Ruth Howard, Ona Munson; Ace Benton, Walter Pidgeon; Peggy Freeman, Laura Lee; Richard Freeman, Frank McHugh; May Bunch, May Boley; Edward Howard, Anders Randolph; Robert Story, Arthur Hoyt; Simpkins, Johnny Arthur; Conductor, Fred Kelsey; Herndon Reamer, Harvey Clark; Matt Gore, Larry Banthin.

"GORILLA, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Ralph Spente. Directed by Bryan Foy. The cast: Garrity, Joe Frisco; Mulligan, Harry Gribbon; Arthur Marsden, Walter Pidgeon; Alice Denby, Lila Lee; The Stranger, Purnell Pratt; Cyrus Stevens, Edwin Maxwell; Simmons, Roscoe Kairns; Jeff, Will Philbrick.

"HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by James A. Creelman, Jr. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: Tommy, Bert Wheeler; Gilbert, Robert Woolsey; M. P. Sergeant, John Ruthenford; Colonel Marshall, George MacFarlane; Eileen, Roberta Robinson; Olga, Leni Stengel; Annette, Dorothy Lee; Lieut. Jim Reed, Hugh Trevor; Mrs. Marshall, Edna May Oliver; Military Policeman, Eddie de Lange; General Hale, E. H. Calvert; Capt. Jones, Alan Roscoe.

"HER MAN"—PATHE.—From the story by Howard Higgin and Tay Garnett. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: Frankie, Helen Twelvetrees; Annie, Marjorie Rambeau; Johnnie, Ricardo Cortez; Dan, Phillips Holmes; Steve, James Gleason; Eddie, Harry Sweet; Al, Stanley Fields; Red, Mathew Betz; Nelly, Thelma Todd; Sport, Franklin Pangborn; Bartender, Mike Donlin; Dance Hall Girls, Sally Ferguson, Blythe Daley, Ruth Hiatt, Edith Rosita, Leila Karnelly, Peggy Howard.

"L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Percy Heath. French adaptation by Battaille-Henri. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: Courtenay Parkes, Adolphe Menjou; Lucy de Stavin, Claudette Colbert; H. Silvester Corbett, Emile Chautard; Mrs. Corbett, Adrienne d'Ambricourt; Edith Corbett, Sandra Ravel; Jimmy Weyman, Frank O'Neill; Malatoff, Armand Kaliz; Hawkins, Jacques Jou-Jervill; Commissaire de Police, Andre Cheron.

"LILIOM"—Fox.—From the play by Franz Molnar. Continuity by Sonya Levien. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: Liliom, Charles Farrell; Julie, Rose Hobart; Madam Muskai, Estelle Taylor; The Carpenter, Walter Abel; The Buzzard, Lee Tracy; Linzman, James Marcus; Marie, Mildred Van Dorn; Hollinger, Guinn Williams; Aunt Hulda, Lillian Elliott; Wolf, Bert Roach; Chief Magistrate, H. B. Warner.

"LONESOME TRAIL, THE"—SYNDICATE PICTURES.—Directed by Bruce Mitchell. The cast: Judd Rascomb, Foreman, the Bar W, Charles Delaney; His Companions of the Range: Sweetheart, Ben Corbett; Tenderfoot, Jimmie Aubrey; Gila Red, Monte Montague; Mariha, of Rancho Jacinto, Virginia Brown Faire; Rankin, her Father, William McCall; Crabb, his Partner, George Berliner; Oswald, his Nephew, George Hackathorne; Man in the White Sombrero, Wm. von Brincken; The Ring Tailored Roarer, George Rigas; Sheriff, Lafe McKee; His Deputies: Two Gun, Yakima Canutt; Alkali, Bob Reeves; Slim, Art Mix.

"MISBEHAVING LADIES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

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wouldn't
exchange

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Spokane, Wash.

Being unable to read English, my mother has never been a movie fan. The first talkie that she saw was "Sunny Side Up." Throughout the entire picture she didn't say a word.

We didn't have to ask her a second time to see "High Society Blues."

She doesn't say she is "too old" or "too dumb" to go with the children any more.

If pictures can bridge the gap between most children and their parents in this way, they certainly are serving a worth while purpose.

Mary Juliano

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Adapted by Julian Josephson. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Ellen, Lila Lee; Phil, Ben Lyon; Aunt Kate Boyd, Louise Fazenda; Uncle Joe Boyd, Lucien Littlefield; The Old Princess, Julia Swayne Gordon; Meta Oliver, Emily Fitzroy; Mayor's Wife, Martha Mattox; Hazel Boyd, Virginia Gray; Mayor Twitchell, Oscar Apfel.

"OUTWARD BOUND"—WARNERS.—From the story by Sutton Vane. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: Mrs. Midget, Beryl Mercer; Mrs. Clivenden Banks, Allison Skipworth; Mr. Lingley, Montagu Love; Henry, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Anne, Helen Chandler; Tom Prior, Leslie Howard; The Examiner, Dudley Digges; Rev. Duke, Lionel Watts; Scrubby, Alec B. Francis.

"PAY OFF, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Samuel Shipman. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: Gene Fennmore, Lowell Sherman; Annabelle, Marian Nixon; Rocky, Hugh Trevor; Tommy, William Janney; Dot, Helene Millard; Mouse, George Marion; Emory, Walter McGrail; Frank, Robert McWade; District Attorney, Alan Roscoe; Margy, Lita Chevre; Spat, Bert Moorehouse.

"PLAYBOY OF PARIS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "The Little Cafe" by Tristan Bernard. Adapted by Percy Heath. Directed by Ludwig Berger. The cast: Albert, Maurice Chevalier; Yvonne, Frances Dee; Philibert, O. P. Heggie; Paul, Stuart Erwin; Pierre, Eugene Pallette; Mlle. Berengere, Dorothy Christy; Mlle. Hedwige, Cecil Cunningham; Cadeaux, Tyler Brooke; M. Jabert, Frank Elliott; M. Bannock, William Davidson; Gaston, Charles Giblyn; Jacqueline, Erin LaBissoniere; Plouvier, Fred Lee; The General, Edmund Breese; The Doctor, Olaf Hytten; Manager of Night Club, Edward Lynch; Street-cleaner, Guy Oliver; Wailer, William O'Brien.

"SANTA FE TRAIL, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Spanish Acres" by Hal G. Evarts. Adapted by Sam Mintz. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin Knopf. The cast: Stan Hollister, Richard Arlen; Maria, Rosita Moreno; "Doc" Brady, Eugene Pallette; Emily, Mitzi Green; "Old Timer," Junior Durkin; Marc Coulard, Hooper Atchley; Juan Castinada, Luis Alberni; Chief Sutanek, Standing Bear; Eagle Feather, Blue Cloud; Brown Beaver, Youlache.

"SEA GOD, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Russell. Screen play by George Abbott. Directed by George Abbott. The cast:

Phillip "Pink" Barker, Richard Arlen; Daisy, Fay Wray; "Square Deal" McCarthy, Eugene Pallette; Schultz, Robert Gleckler; Pearly Nick, Ivan Simpson; Abe, Bob Perry; Rudy, Maurice Black; Bill, Fred Wallace.

"SEA WOLF, THE"—FOX.—From the novel by Jack London. Screen play by Ralph Block. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: "Wolf" Larsen, Milton Sills; Lorna Marsh, Jane Keith; Allen Rand, Raymond Hackett; "Death" Larsen, Mitchell Harris; Smoke, Nat Pendleton; Mugridge, John Rogers; Leach, Harold Kinney; Johnson, Harry Tenbrook; Neilson, Sam Allen.

"SPOILERS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Rex Beach. Adapted by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: Roy Glenister; Gary Cooper; Helen Chester, Kay Johnson; Cherry Malotte, Betty Compson; McNamara, William Boyd; Herman, Harry Green; Slapjack Simms, Slim Summerville; Dextry, James Kirkwood; Judge Stillman, Lloyd Ingraham; Struve, Oscar Apfel; Voorhees, Jack Holmes.

"SPURS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Reaves Eason. Directed by Reaves Eason. The cast: Bob Merrill, Hoot Gibson; Peggy Bradley, Helen Wright; Pop Merrill, Robert Homans; Charles Bradley, Frank Clark; Buddy Hazlet, Buddy Hunter; Shorty, Gilbert Holmes; Indian Joe, William Bertram; Tom Marsden, Philo McCullough; Pecos, Cap Anderson; Blackie, Pete Morrison; Eagle-Claw, Artie Ortego.

"SQUEALER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Mark Linder. Continuity by Casey Robinson. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: Charles Hart, Jack Holt; Georgia Hart, Dorothy Revier; Bunny Hart, Davey Lee; John Sheridan, Matt Moore; Bella, ZaSu Pitts; Valletti, Robert Ellis; Red Majors, Mathew Betz; Miller Davis, Arthur Housman; Edwards, Louis Natheaux; Whisper, Eddie Kane; The Killer, Eddie Sturgis.

"STORM, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Langdon McCormick. Adapted by Charles Logue. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: Manette Fachard, Lupe Velez; Dave Stewart, Paul Cavanagh; Burr Winton, William Boyd; Jacques Fachard, Alphonse Ethier; Johnny, Ernie S. Adams.

"STORM OVER ASIA"—AMKINO.—Scenario by O. Brik. Directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin. The cast:

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The Old Master of Revue Producing watches his most famous star. A great dancing master looks at his most famous pupil. At the left, Marilyn Miller rehearses a scene for "Sunny." The man in the Russian blouse is Theodore Kosloff, her ballet master. Next is William Seiter, directing her. Next, holding the Panama and leaning on the camera, is Jack Warner, her boss. At the right is Flo Ziegfeld, in whose great musical shows Miss Miller came to her greatest fame



A new aviation cap modelled on the hood which covers the modern talkie camera. Dot McNulty says it keeps the sound out perfectly. It's made of silver shaded leather

The Son, V. Inkizhinov; *The Rebel Leader*, A. Tchistakov; *The Commander*, L. Dediseff; *His Wife*, L. Belinskaya; *The Commandant's Daughter*, A. Sudakevich.

"SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS"—WARNERS.—From the book by Egerton Castle. From the play by David Belasco. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, Claudia Dell; *Sir Jasper Standish*, Ernest Torrence; *Lord Verney*, Walter Pidgeon; *Captain O'Hara*, Perry Askam; *Julia Standish*, June Collyer; *Colonel Villiers*, Lionel Belmore; *Captain Spicer*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Old Dame*, Flora Finch; *Thomas Stafford*, Douglas Gerrard; *Lydia*, Christiane Yves; *Lord Markham*, Edgar Norton; *Verney's Valet*, Bertram Johns; *Innkeeper*, Albert Hart; *Megrim*, Tina Marshall; *Lord Northmore*, Geoffrey McDonell.

"SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Al Cohn and James Starr. Continuity by Colin Clements. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: *Helen*, Alice White; *Bill*, Lloyd Hughes; *Nita*, Marie Prevost; *Hendricks*, Kenneth Thomson; *Hank*, Ray Cooke; *Parker*, Wilbur Mack; *Denham*, Ernest Wood; *Department Store Manager*, Max Asher.

"TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM"—WILLIS KENT PRODUCTION.—Adapted by Norton S. Parker. Directed by William O'Connor. The cast: *Joe Morgan*, William Farnum; *Simon Slade*, Tom Santschi; *Mary Morgan*, Patty Lou Lynd; *Ann Slade*, Phyllis Barrington; *Dr. Romaine*, Robert Frazier; *Frank Slade*, John Darrow; *Bill, the barkeeper*, Lionel Belmore; *Mrs. Morgan*, Rosemary Theby; *Grandma Morgan*, Catherine Claire Ward; *Samuel Switche*, Harry Todd; *Fanny Cartwright*, Fern Emmett; *June Manners*, Sheila Manners; *Bully*, Jack Smith; *The Hag*, Daisy Belmore; *Harvey Greene*, Frank Leigh; *The Barfly*, Thomas Jefferson.

"THOROUGHbred, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by John Francis Natteford. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Tod Taylor*, Wesley Barry; *Colleen Riley*, Nancy Dover; *Margie*, Pauline Garon; *Drake*, Larry Steers; *Riley*, Robert Homans; *Donovan*, Walter Perry; *Ham*, Onest Conly; *Purple*, Mildred Washington; *Sacharine*, Mme. Sul Te Wan.

"THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Dale Van Every and Arthur Freed. Adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Charmaine*, Fifi Dorsay; *Larry*, Reginald Denny; *Owly*, Cliff Edwards; *Diane*, Yola d'Avril; *Madelon*, Sandra Ravel; *Earl of Ippleton*, George Grossmith; *Yank*, Edward Brophy; *Parker*, Peter Gawthorne.

"VIENNESE NIGHTS"—WARNERS.—From the story by Oscar Hammerstein II. Symphony composed by Sigmund Romberg. Directed by Alan Crossland. The cast: *Otto*, Alexander Gray; *Elsa*, Vivienne Segal; *Hocher*, Jean Hersholt; *Franz*, Walter Pidgeon; *Greil*, Louise Fazenda; *Barbara*, Alice Day; *Gus*, Bert Roach; *Mary*, June Purcell; *Bill*, Milton Douglas.

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Miriam Seegar, the Indiana blonde, who made good in London. Here she is with Buster Collier in a Fox film



Maid In America

MIRIAM SEEGAR was trumpeted into Hollywood, with all the trimmings, as a clever young English actress.

She had been a success on the London stage, and she had appeared in three English-made pictures.

If that didn't add up into a young English actress, how's your Aunt Martha doing?

But on the very first day of September, about twenty-one years ago, the population of Indiana was increased by one young lady. Indiana is no part of Great Britain's domains, far-flung as they are. So there is no cause for native born thespians to caterwaul about the foreign invasion—at least, as far as Miriam is concerned.

She is one of the tiniest women in pictures. Just five feet, one in height, and weighing one hundred pounds to the ounce. In many ways she resembles the other split-pint star, Betty Bronson. Only Miriam has blonde hair and blue eyes.

Her first appearance before the Hollywood cameras was in the Adolphe Menjou picture, "Fashions in Love." She has twice been leading lady for Richard Dix, in "The Love Doctor" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate." She supported Reginald Denny in "What a Man!" and provided the pictorial interest with Charlie Murray in "Clancy in Wall Street." She was a featured member of the Fox "Movietone Follies of 1930," in which she appeared with William Collier, Jr. Miriam can sing, and, much to her own surprise, she has found that she can also dance.

Her preliminary stage training was gained in a very genteel manner—in Chautauqua.

"All my life I had wanted to go to England," she said. "I was playing the ingénue rôle with Blanche Yurka in 'The Squall' when I was offered a rôle in the London production of 'Crime.' I was just beginning to get a start in New York, but I was glad to be transferred to England."

But Indiana sent Miriam Seegar to success in London before Hollywood snared her

For nearly three years Miriam shivered through London winters, groped her way through London fogs, and loved every moment of it. Between stage engagements she appeared in three English pictures. She was playing with Ernest Truex in a new stage play, when she signed her name on the

dotted line of an American screen contract.

HOLLYWOOD has seemed a strange place to her. She does not understand the stellar poses, temperament and other ailments of the cinematic famous. She almost lives the life of a recluse in the colony.

"It's difficult to know what to do," she said. "I was criticized for being up-stage, but if I spoke to everybody when I met them face to face I would be talked about, too."

Miriam has had no very serious love affairs, although she does admit that she has been in love. In fact, several times. The only trouble is that she falls out of love so easily.

She says that she believes married men are far more interesting than the young eligibles, but she's an old-fashioned girl and does not care to be the "heavy" in a real life triangle drama.

Like all very small women, the question of clothes is a problem to her. Everything must be specially made, since she has no desire to step out in twelve-year-old dimities from a department store. She sees a gown model she likes and has it duplicated in a more miniature form. She likes frocks of rich material, but made without fuss and furbelows.

She steadfastly refuses to change her name, although she does not consider it good for screen purposes. People are inclined to accent the last syllable, as if it were "cigar."

But Miriam is a firm believer in the Rooseveltian theory—it doesn't matter so much what people say as long as they say something.

By Eugene Earle



Now I have a brand-new reason

for protecting my busy hands as if they were babies!

The precious reason arrived nearly six weeks ago. He is a very pink, very small, very sleepy and hungry son! Of course, I adore him. But I know that taking care of him is going to put my hands in soap-suds more than ever!

But I'm not worried about my hands. For I use Ivory for all my work. So the baby's daily washings won't mean anything but *more* Ivory tasks. That's the beauty of using Ivory—it is as gentle to my hands as it is to my baby's skin or his downy silk-and-wool shirts. (If my young son only knew it, his shirts aren't new. He's wearing his sister's baby shirts. But Ivory has kept them as soft as if they'd just come from the store.)

But please don't think that I've always been sensible about soaps! For over a year of housekeeping I struggled along with the idea that hard work

needed harsh soap. I remember the first time I cleaned the white woodwork with common "kitchen" soap. The dirt came off. But the gloss came off, too. And I wondered what on earth was the matter with my hands. They looked sore, and they *were* sore. And that strong soap ruined my cuticle!

And now? I often smile . . . for my hands certainly are busier with two babies and a husband and a home depending upon them! Yes, if you should ring my doorbell any morning, you'd find me deep in work.

But whatever I'd be doing—washing dishes or wiping the linoleum, or putting through the weekly wash—I wouldn't feel apologetic for my hands. For my Ivory tasks are as gentle as my babies' Ivory baths!

If *you* decide to use Ivory for every-

thing, I'm sure you will quickly learn that a gentle rich soap can do really hard work. And more—that Ivory *protects* while it cleans. It will keep your home looking new, and it will keep your hands *young*!

And so, in the long run, isn't Ivory really *economical*?

Yes, and when you go to a party and some one makes a pretty remark about your hands, you'll be glad that Ivory protects them as if they were your babies!

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